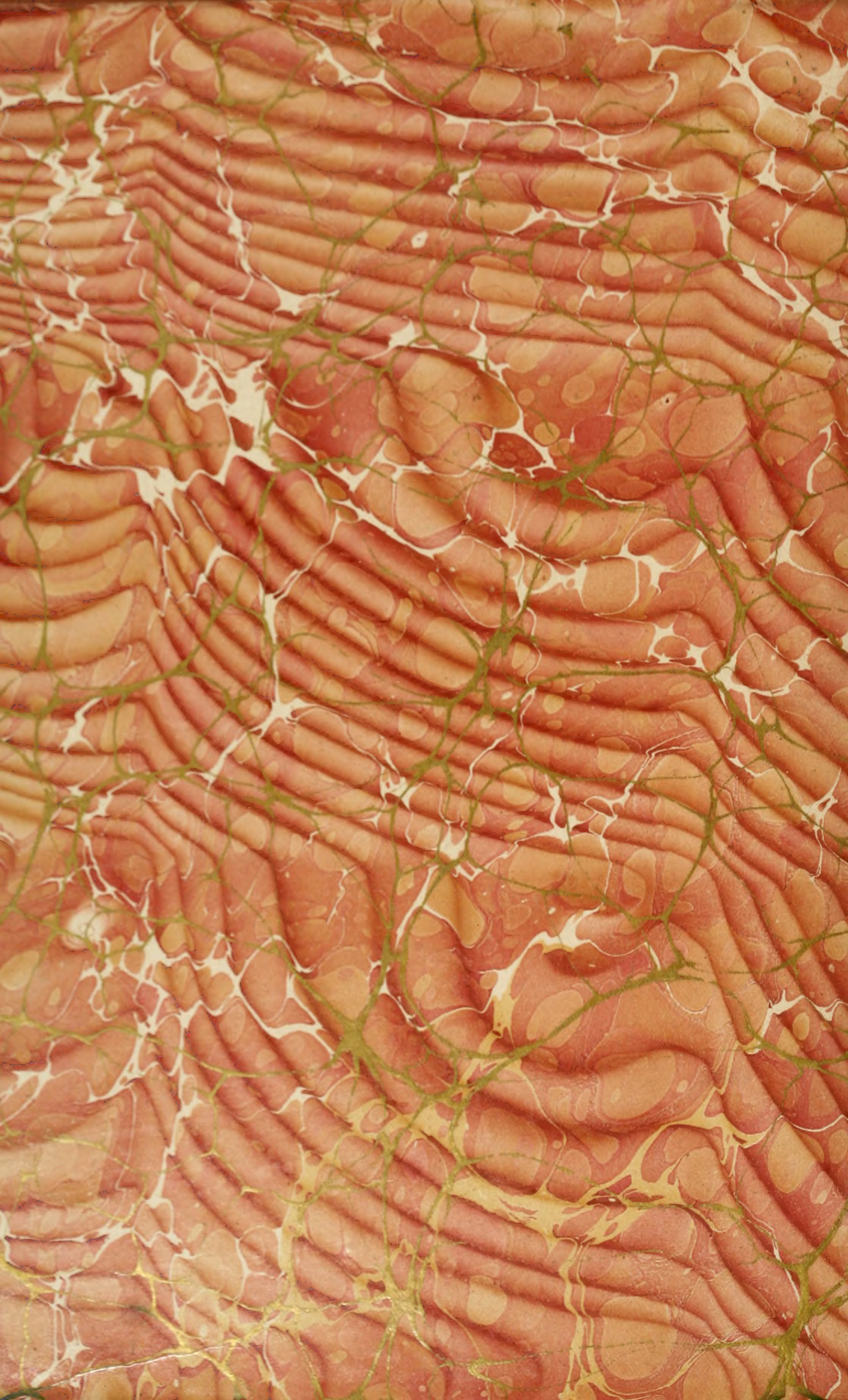

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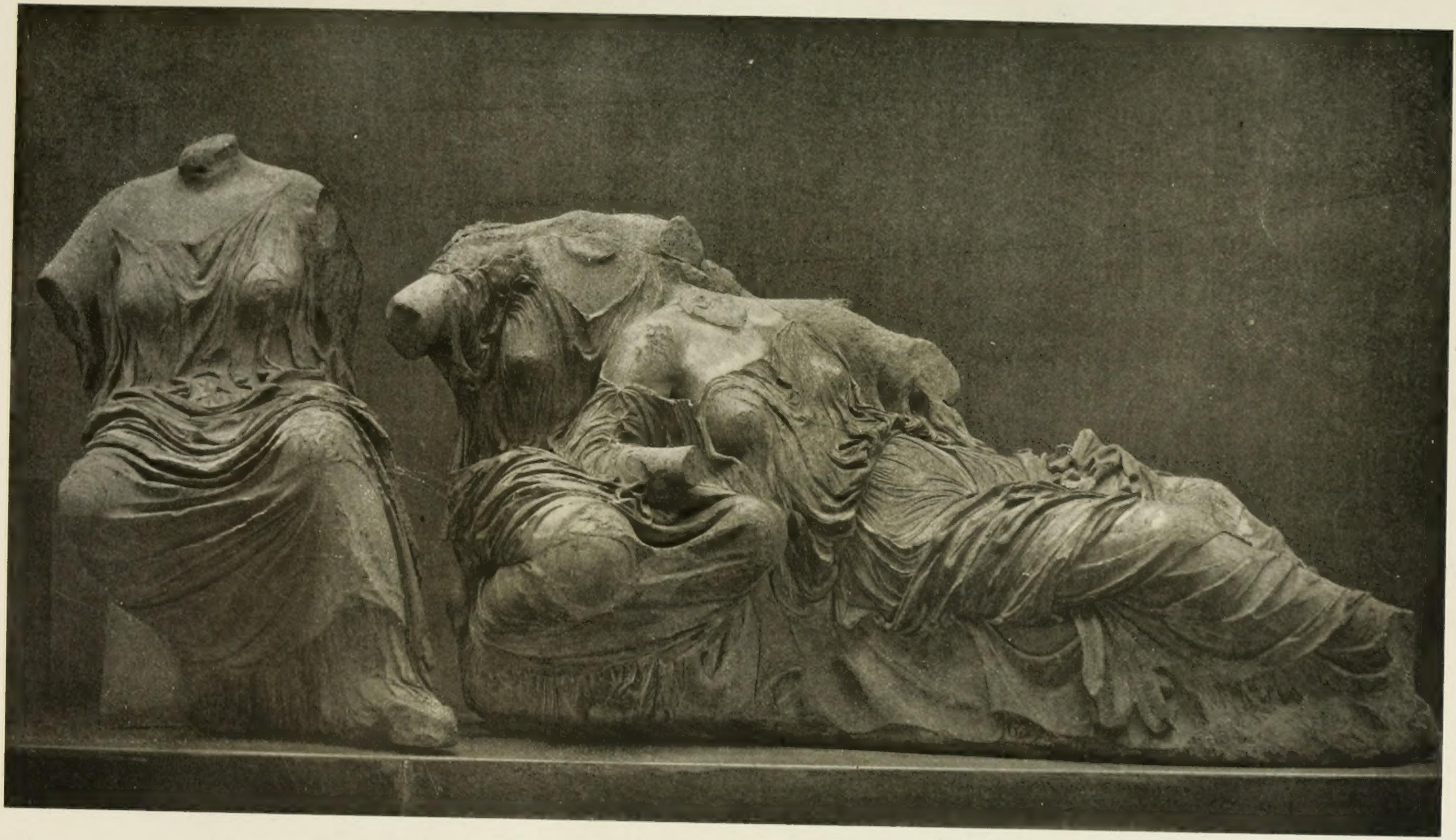
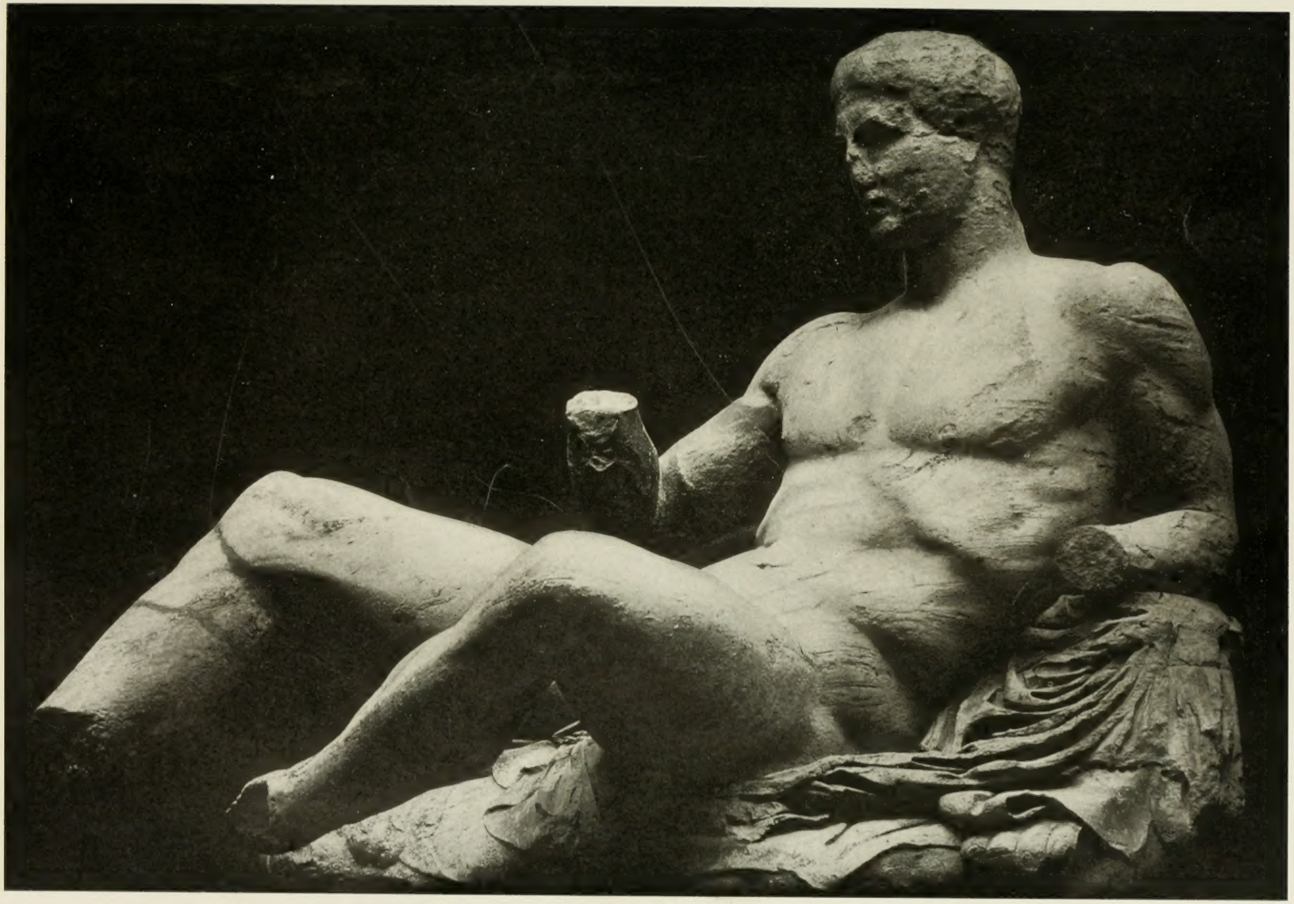

MASTERS IN ART PLATE I
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

'THE FATES'
FROM EAST PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON
BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON



MASTERS IN ART PLATE II
PHOTOGRAPH BY A. W. ELSON & CO., BOSTON
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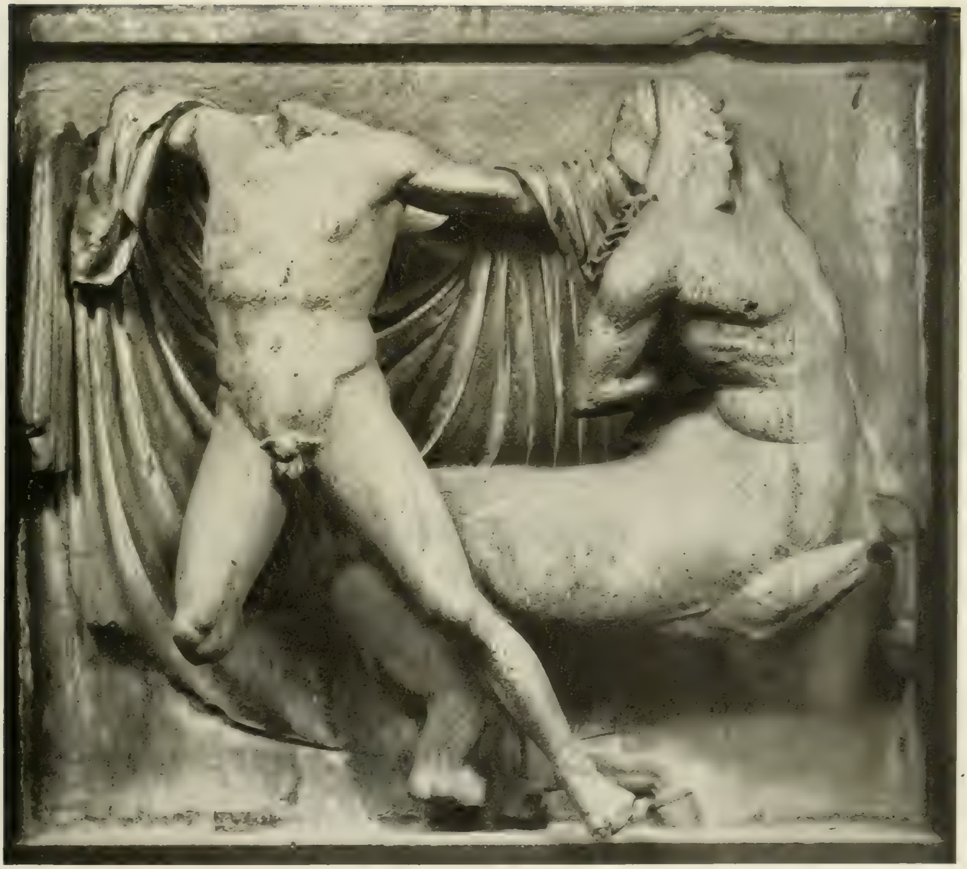
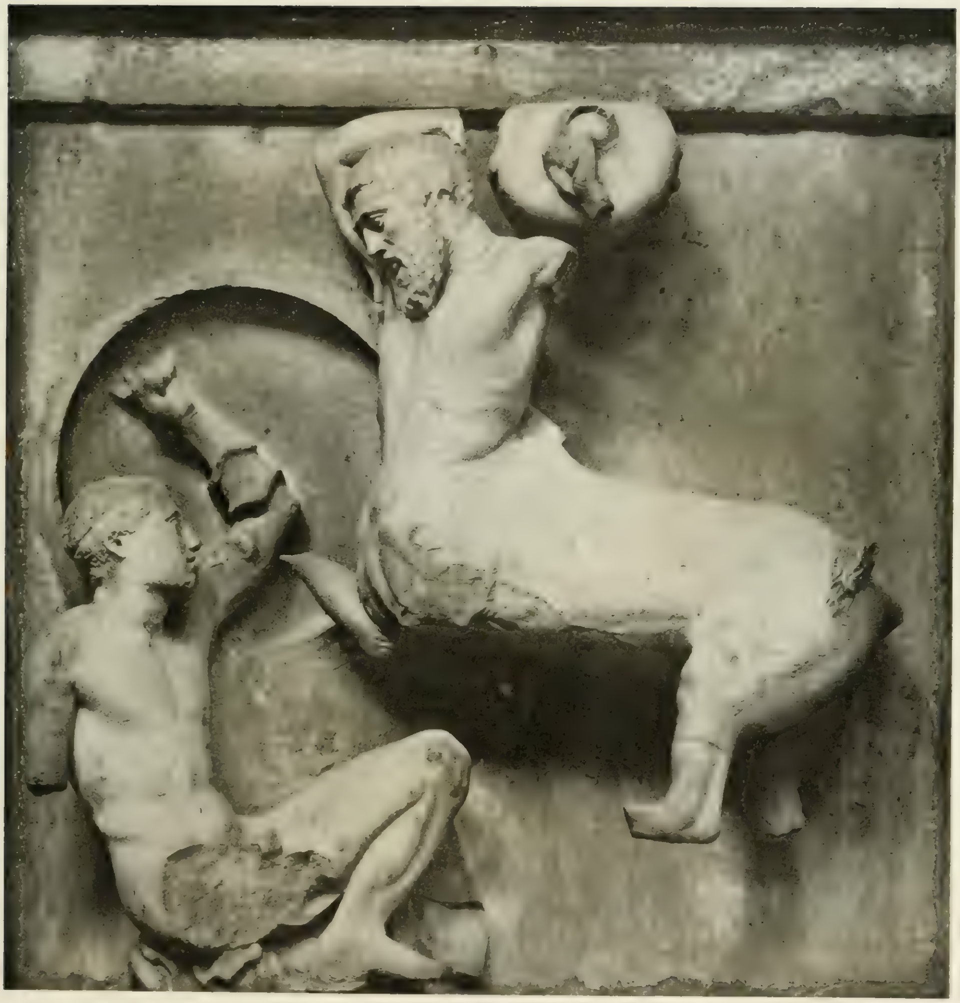
THESEUS (?)
FROM EAST PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON
BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON



MASTERS IN ART PLATE III
PHOTOGRAPH BY MANSELL & CO

CENTAUR AND LAPITH
METOPE FROM THE PARTHENON
BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON



ASTERS IN ART PLATE IV
TOGRAPH BY A. W. ELSON & CO., BOSTON
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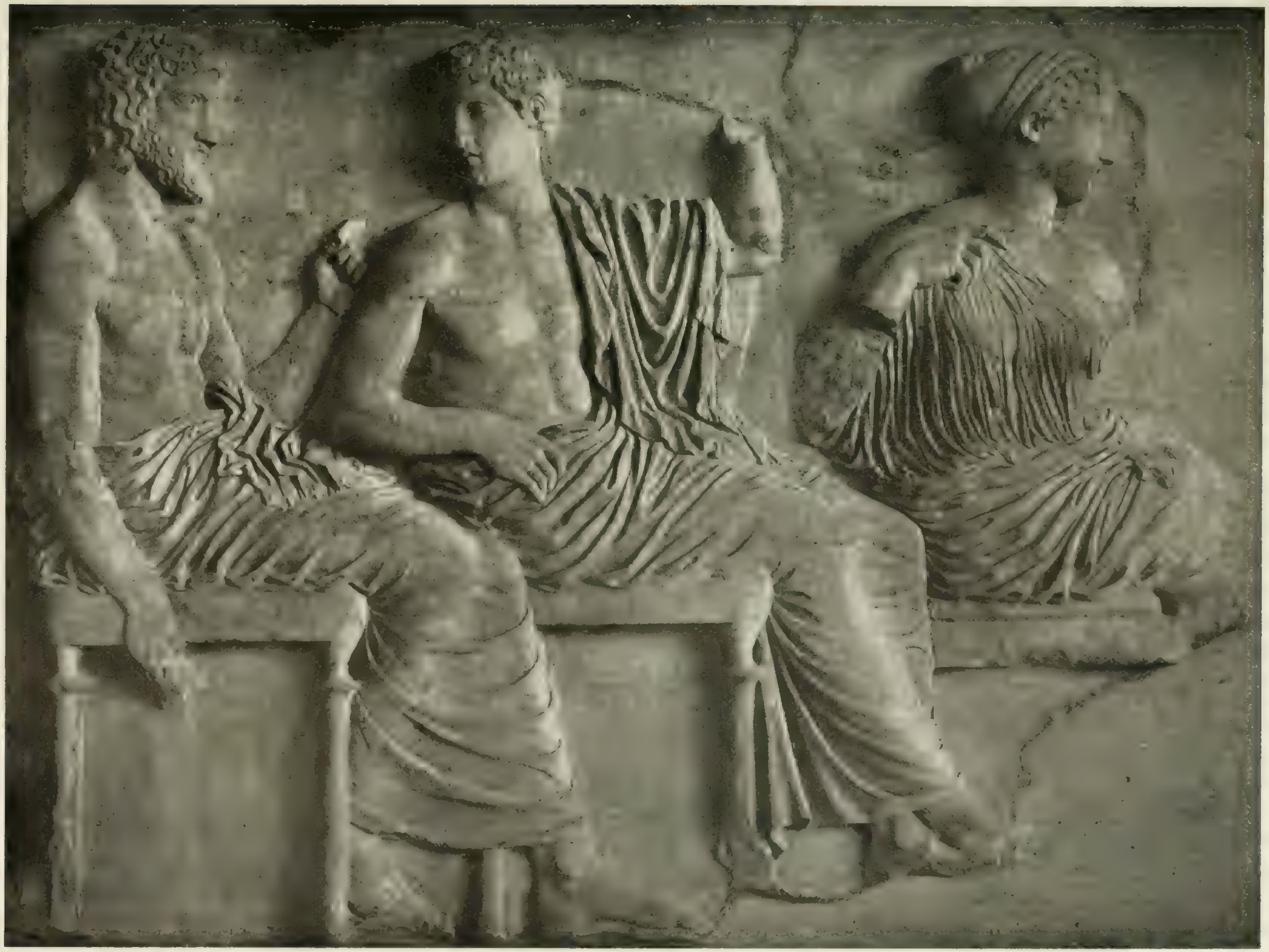
CENTAUR AND LAPITH
METOPE FROM THE PARTHENON
BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON



MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. W. ELSON & CO., BOSTON

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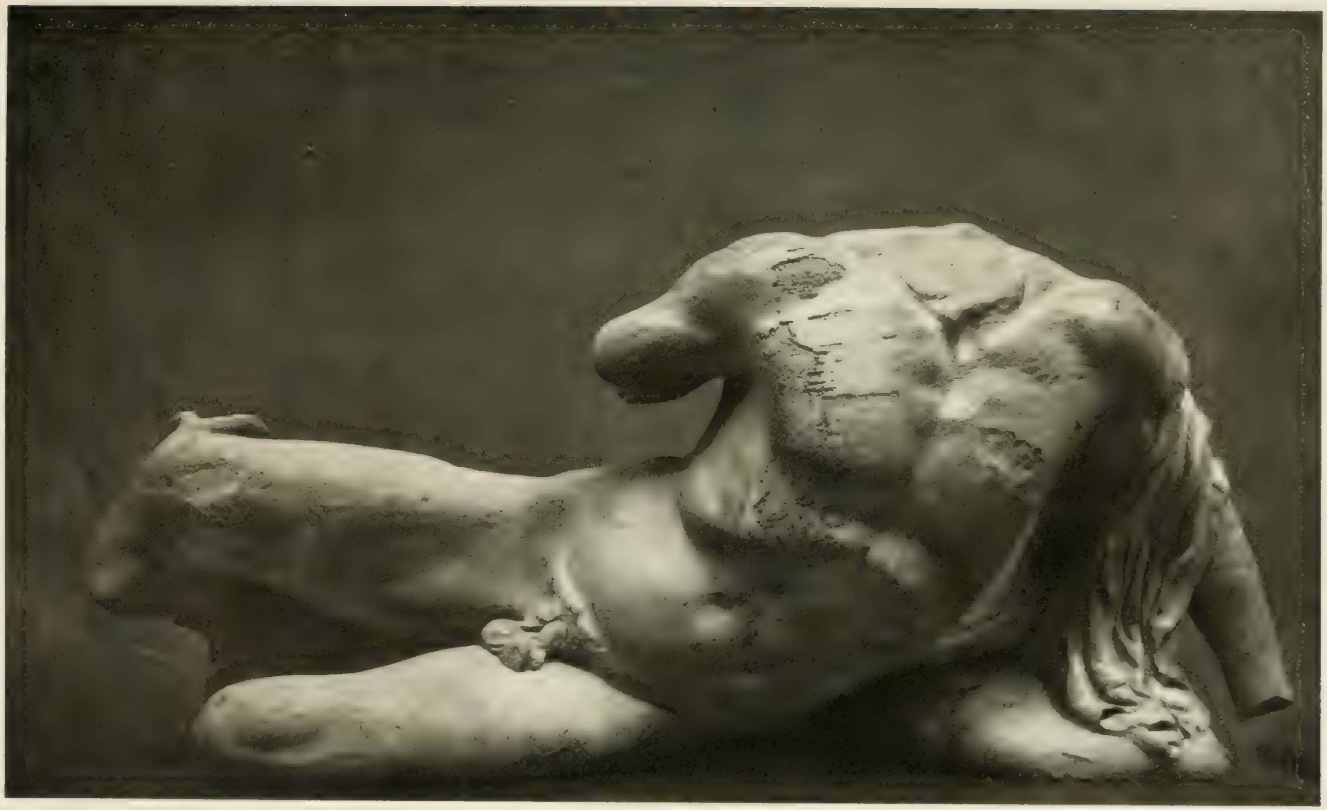
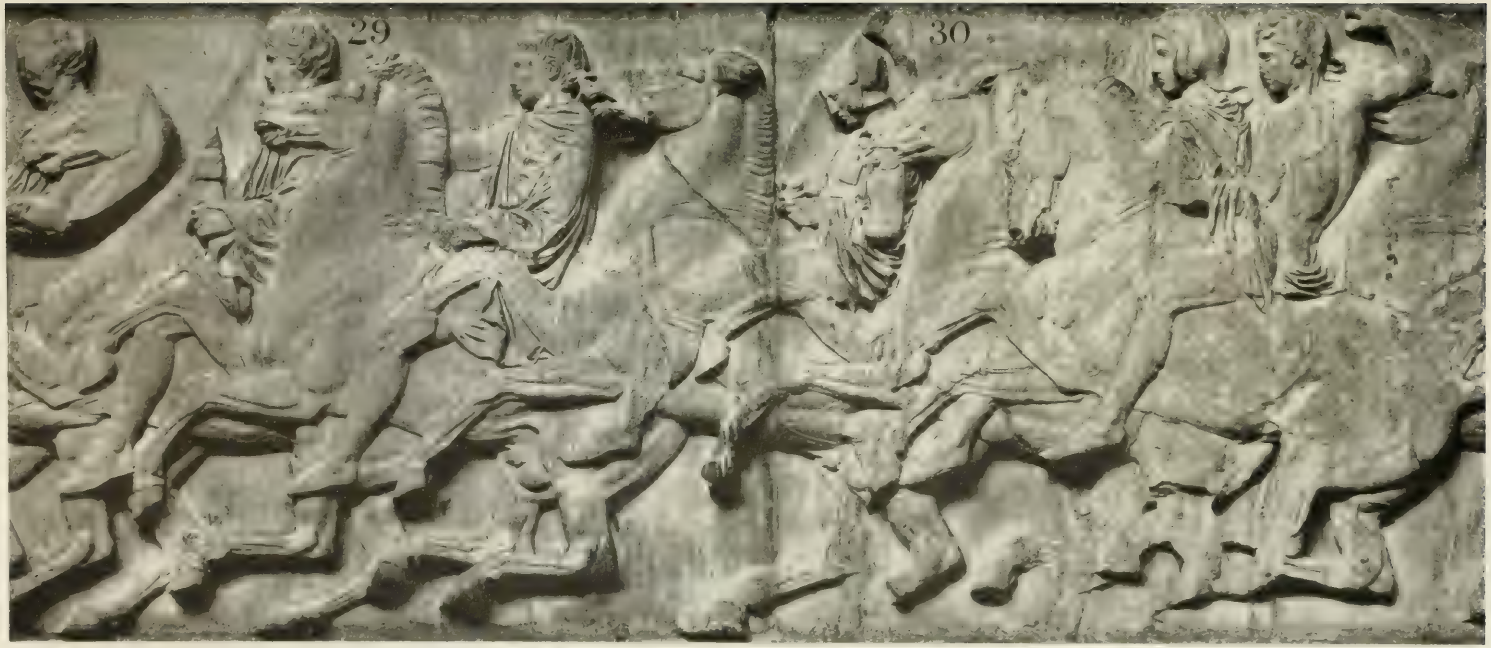
GROUP OF GODS
DETAIL FROM EAST FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON
ACROPOLIS MUSEUM, ATHENS



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

CEPHISSUS (?)
FROM WEST PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON
BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII
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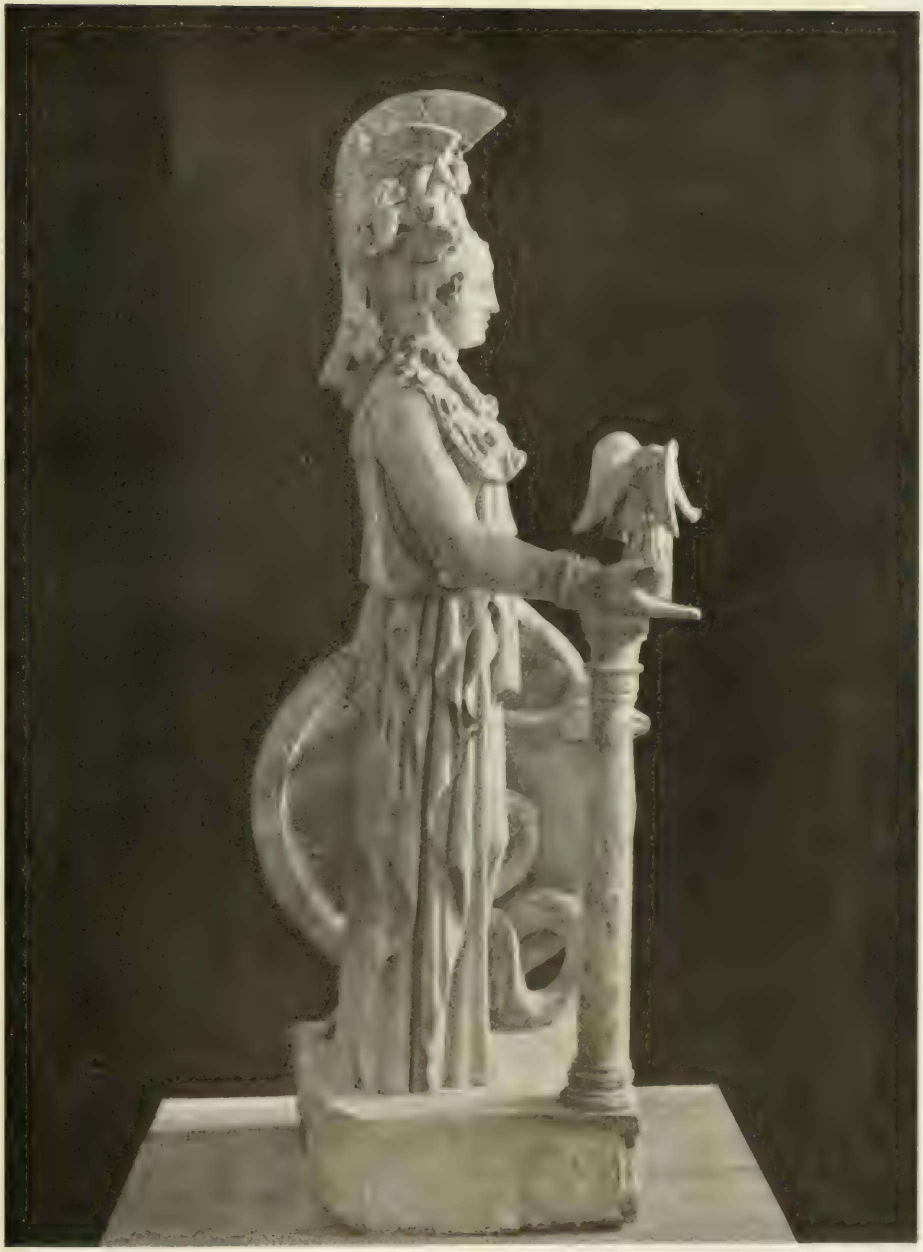
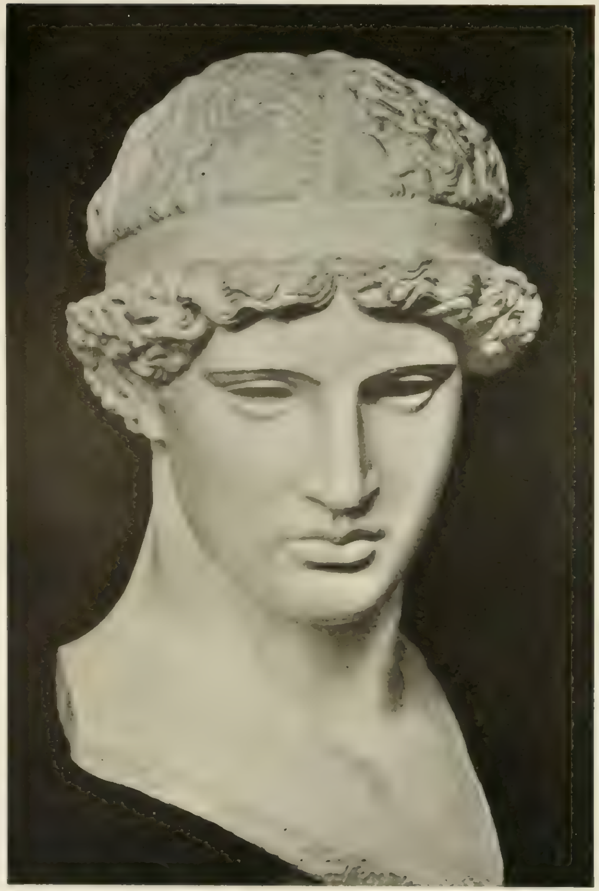
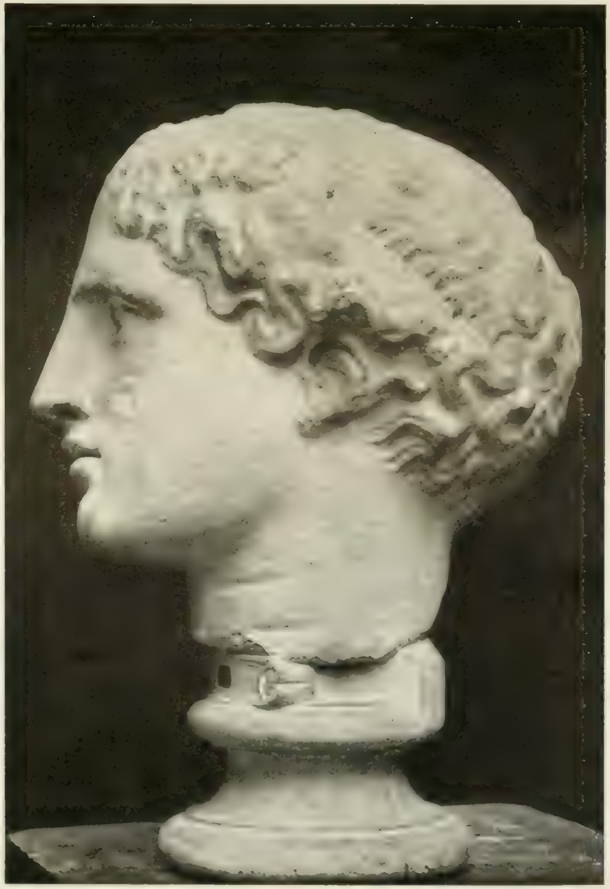
PANATHENAIC PROCESSION
DETAILS FROM NORTH FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON
BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII
PHOTOGRAPH BY RHOMAÏDES

VARVAKEION STATUETTE
AFTER THE 'ATHENA PARTHENOS' OF PHIDIAS
NATIONAL MUSEUM, ATHENS





MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX

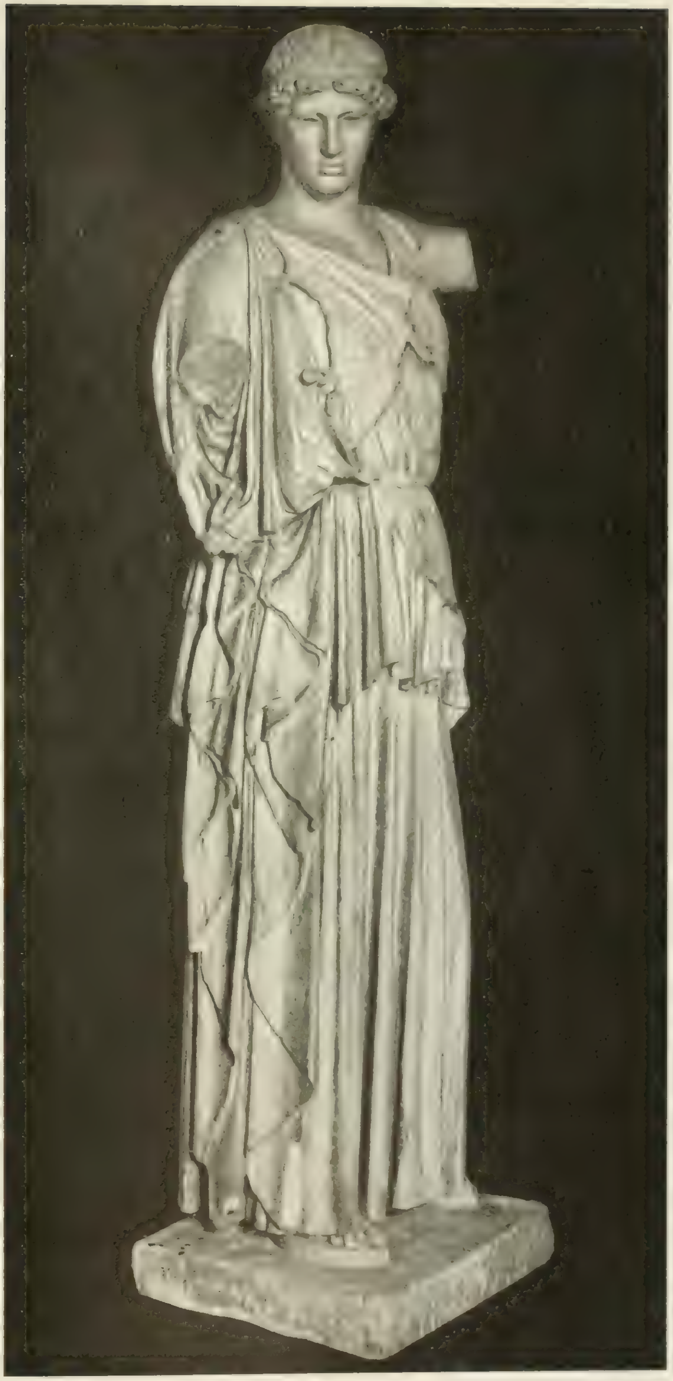
PHOTOGRAPH [illegible]

'BOLOGNA HEAD'

[illegible]

'DE LABORDE HEAD'

[illegible]



MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

PHOTOGRAPH FROM FURTWÄNGLER'S MEISTERWERKE

SUPPOSED COPY OF
THE 'LEMNIAN ATHENA' OF PHEIDIAS

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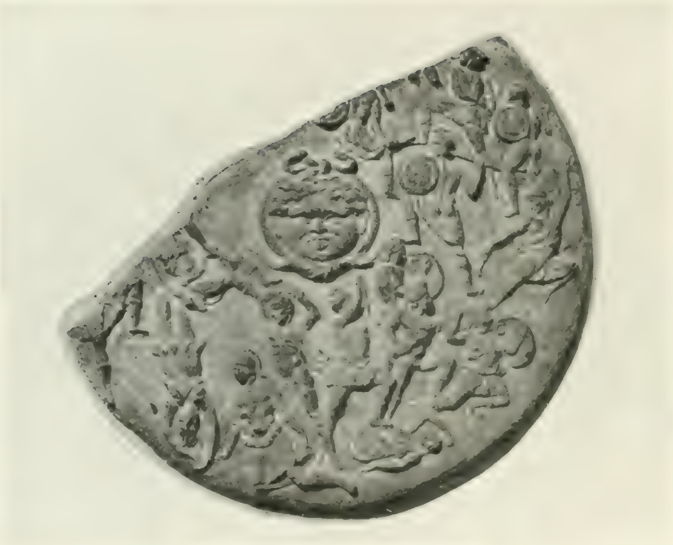

SUPPOSED COPY FROM THE 'ATHENA PARTHENOS' SHIELD
CONTAINING THE PORTRAIT OF PHIDIAS

This fragment, which was found in Athens, and is now in the British Museum, is supposed to be a copy of the 'Athena Parthenos' shield, which, according to Plutarch, caused Phidias' downfall because he sacrilegiously introduced in the 'Battle of the Amazons,' which it depicts, likenesses of himself as a bald old man raising a stone, and of Pericles, whose uplifted arm conceals his face. These figures may be recognized immediately below the Medusa-head. If, as most critics believe, this fragment is an actual copy, it contains the only portrait of any Greek artist; but Murray has recently expressed the conclusion that both the shield and Plutarch's story are inventions of a later age.

Phidias

BORN 500(?) B.C.: DIED 430(?) B.C.

AMONG all the innumerable antique statues that have come down to us there is no least fragment which we can certainly identify as from the hand of the greatest of all Greek sculptors,—Phidias. Indeed, we have not even a single adequate copy of any of his celebrated works; for the supposed copy of his 'Lemnian Athena' has not yet had its claims generally admitted, the copies of his 'Athena Parthenos' are the wretched attempts of bunglers, and his 'Zeus' is chiefly known through small reliefs on coins. On the other hand, the information which ancient writers have bequeathed to us concerning his life and works is, if inexact, considerable; and above all, we possess, in the sculptures of the Parthenon, works some of which may have been touched by his own chisel, which were certainly executed under his immediate supervision, if not after his designs, and which bear the direct impress of his genius.

LUCY M. MITCHELL THE CENTURY MAGAZINE: 1882

OF the life of Phidias little is known; calculating from contemporary events, his birth may be placed at about 500 B.C. When the word "Marathon" was sounding from the lips of every exulting Athenian he was a mere lad. When he was approaching manhood the vengeance of the Persians broke out afresh upon his native land, and the immense army of Xerxes crossed the Hellespont and approached on the north, while Persian galleys swarmed in Greek waters. Anguish and distress accompanied their course. Athens became a waste, the Athenians were fugitives on the neighboring shores, their homes and sacred places a prey to the flames. Again the Persians were driven back, but they carried off many art-treasures sacred to the Athenians. Such memories could not have failed to leave their impression on the young Phidias. His pulse must have quickened with feverish anxiety when the news came that Greek soldiers had defended to the death the Pass of Thermopylæ, and his soul must have glowed with patriotic fervor as the shouts of victory rang through the streets after the battles of Platæa, Salamis, and Mycale.

Old Athens had been destroyed, but, fired with new life, it was to be made glorious and powerful for the future. Under Themistocles her walls steadily rose. Her port, the Piræus, was laid out as became the centre of a great naval power, and although her private houses were hastily thrown together for the returning fugitives, her public buildings were begun in a truly monumental spirit. With the wisdom of a far-seeing statesman, Themistocles gave all strangers at work on Athenian buildings immunity from taxation, and artists of all kinds from different parts of Greece flocked to her opened gates. Such, then, were the favorable circumstances under which Phidias came to manhood. Though his father, Charmides, seems to have been an artist, the youth was put under the tutelage of Hegias.[1] The works of this sculptor are reported to have been stiff; we are not, then, surprised to learn that the fame of a greater man, Ageladas of Argos, early attracted Phidias, as it had done Myron and Polycletus, and from this Argive master the young Attic sculptor learned those principles of proportion and correctness characteristic of Peloponnesian art, and which, grafted on his native Attic genius, were to produce works of rare richness and perfection.

In the beginning of his career Phidias seems to have enjoyed the patronage of Cimon, Miltiades's great son, as appears from the subject of his first work. This was a bronze group for Delphi, commemorative of the battle of Marathon, and representing Miltiades, its victor, among gods and heroes. It was doubtless, also, while Cimon ruled that Phidias executed two other thank-offerings for victory, statues of the goddess Athena—one for Platæa, the decisive battle-field of the Persian war, and the other the familiar bronze colossus called 'Athena Promachos' or 'Athena the Champion,' whose gleaming helmet and spear shone far over the waters, even to Cape Sunium.

His prime, however, was to be spent in the friendship and service of one greater than Cimon, and that was Pericles. The old temples and many sacred images had perished in the fires of the Persian invasion. Twenty years had elapsed, and though Themistocles and Cimon had commenced the work of restoration, many temples still lay in ruins, and many vows remained unfulfilled. It was to rebuild and repeople these temples that the powers of Phidias were now called into play. But for their full exercise was needed the patronage of a Pericles, guiding the helm of state. As the Greeks had united against the barbarians, so Pericles believed that they should unitedly celebrate their triumph, and he sent, therefore, ambassadors to invite delegates to Athens for the purpose of deliberating upon the restoration of the national sanctuaries. Jealousy of Athens causing the failure of this plan, Attica concentrated her energies upon rebuilding her own capital and wasted temples, and although a few of the other states were aroused to activity they fell far short of their sister commonwealth. In Attica the wealth of the citizens was not to be devoted to private luxury, but to the public weal and the honoring of the gods. To the same objects was extensively applied the Persian booty—a treasure so great that the frugal Greeks marveled how the oriental monarch could have desired their barren, rugged land. The silver-mines of Laurium and the annual tribute from a thousand Greek towns and cities, paid into the national treasury at Athens as a return for her protection, constituted still other sources of revenue. Prosperous and wealthy, Athens now, more than ever, must have been the centre of attraction to artists, for whose works abundant materials were collected. Costly woods and ivories were brought from the far East. The imported Parian marble used by earlier sculptors was supplanted by a golden-toned but cheaper sort from the neighboring Pentelicus. In the short space of twenty years there arose temples, theatres, and other buildings, with richly sculptured decorations, sheltering statues of sacred import and new beauty. It was at this time that the glorious structure of the Parthenon (Virgin's Shrine) was built. Could we have visited Athens then, we should have seen the people thronging the site of the building, and the artists' workshops. We should have seen blocks of Pentelic marble pass up the steep sides of the Acropolis, drawn on carts or carried on the backs of mules. If we may believe an ancient story, even these beasts of burden took an interest in the raising of the structure. We are told that an octogenarian mule, dismissed from service on account of age, still joined the procession of carts, plodding energetically by the side of its younger comrades, and, as a reward for faithfulness, received a lifelong pension from the state. Even if the marvels of architecture and sculpture studding Attic soil had perished, the immense sums of money expended upon them would alone bear witness to the munificent spirit in art matters of the Athenian state in this the time of her glory. The brilliant reigns of Pope Leo X. and Pope Julius II., when Raphael and Michelangelo adorned Rome and artists flocked to the Eternal City, pale before these magnificent yet fleeting years in the history of Athens.

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[1] The common tradition, which Mrs. Mitchell here follows, that Hegias was the first teacher of Phidias, rests on dubious authority. — EDITOR.

This stupendous artistic activity was guided, we are told, by Phidias, to whose ruling mind men of celebrity, architects, sculptors, and painters gladly yielded. To him was intrusted the highest mission which Attica could offer. This was to erect a statue of the virgin goddess of Athens, Athena Parthenos, to be set up in her new shrine, the Parthenon. For this costly materials were placed at his disposal,—gold, ivory, silver, gems, and choice woods,—making its execution most complicated. A genius for grand composition was required for conceiving the whole, an architect's skill in building up the colossal wooden framework, the carver's subtle fancy and fingers to give form to the delicate ivory, and a metal-worker's knowledge in dealing with the broad masses or elaborate finish of the gold work. The wooden frame-work was supported by inserted iron stays, and without was incrusted with thin sheets of ivory, made pliable by fire and then modeled and fitted together with consummate skill, its creamy color and texture well representing the natural skin. Appurtenances of drapery, weapons, and hair were of massive gold, or of gilded silver, and the eyes were of lambent gems. All these materials were used in constructing the chryselephantine colossi of the gods, which were the masterpieces of the Phidian age.

When the statue of 'Athena Parthenos' stood resplendent in its temple, even her jealous sister states were forced to acknowledge the primacy of Athens in art. Athenian masters were called in different directions to execute great works for sacred places. The highest honor was, however, awarded to Phidias himself, who was invited to Elis to erect for the temple at Olympia, the religious centre of Greece, a statue of Zeus, the supreme god of Hellas.[1] To this quiet vale the master now repaired, accompanied by his kinsman, the painter Panænus, and some of his scholars. Near the holy grove a workshop was built for his use. Its foundations, long buried beneath the ruins of a Byzantine church, have been at last made visible by modern excavations. The master had expressed the ideal of the goddess of Attica, but the task now required was much greater. The god to be represented was not the ruler of a single state, but of all Greece, the Olympian Zeus, "whose power," as Homer says, "surpasses all the power of gods and men." Phidias constructed this statue of the same costly materials as those used in his 'Athena Parthenos,' and represented the god as seated on an imposing throne, which rested on a low pedestal. The sacred grove being damp, oil was used to prevent the decay of the wooden framework; but even with this precaution and the care with which the descendants of Phidias watched over the statue, about sixty years after its completion cracks appeared in the ivory, rendering repairs necessary. Still later, two of its ponderous golden locks were stolen. In Cæsar's time, the statue was struck by lightning. Caligula, seized with a desire to remove it to Rome and to supplant the head by a portrait of himself, was prevented from carrying out his impious designs, as was popularly believed, by miracles. The workmen put hands to the statue to remove it. But, according to Suetonius, a tremendous peal of scornful laughter burst from its lips, and put them to flight, fearful and trembling before the anger of the god, who, hurling a thunderbolt at the same time, consumed the ship waiting to receive the sacred form. The statue occupied its temple until the time of Theodosius II., about 408 A.D., in whose reign the celebration of the Olympic games ceased, and the temple fell a prey to the flames. The statue doubtless perished either in that fire or in the devastations of the Goths, who shortly after swept over the Peloponnesus. The most faithful representation of it is to be found on a small coin of Hadrian's time. This colossus, though seated, towered to the height of forty-two feet, the sublime head almost touching the temple ceiling. Peacefully enthroned, the god held in one hand the scepter, crowned with his eagle and glittering with precious metal. On the other hand, which rested on the arm of his seat, a 'Victory' appeared, bearing a fillet, and doubtless, as in the statue of Athena, flying toward the worshiper. The nude parts of the great Zeus were of fine ivory; a golden mantle fell over the left shoulder and arm, and lay in folds over the legs. It was studded with lilies and small figures in enamel. Sandals of gold shod the feet; an olive wreath, symbolical, perhaps, of the Olympic prize, rested on the golden locks.

It is related that Phidias, upon the completion of the statue, humbly prayed the unseen Zeus to grant some sign of favorable recognition, when suddenly a thunderbolt flashed from the high heaven through the open roof and struck the temple floor. Antiquity marked the spot by an urn placed in the pavement, and a curious rent still exists to recall the memorable story.

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[1] Authorities differ as to the chronological sequence of the works of Phidias. It is believed by some that the execution of the colossal statue of Zeus preceded that of the 'Athena Parthenos.'— EDITOR.

But in spite of his fame, Phidias had much to suffer. Scandalous reports were spread about his private life; he was charged with having appropriated to his own use some of the gold intrusted to him for the drapery of the 'Athena Parthenos.' Fortunately, in compliance with the advice of Pericles, the drapery had been so constructed that it could be removed and weighed, which being done, the gold was found intact, and the sculptor's innocence proved. But it had been discovered that, on the goddess's golden shield, Phidias had represented himself and Pericles as warring with mythic heroes. Even the influence of his powerful friend Pericles could not save him from charges of blasphemy. The people demanded his arrest, and Phidias, who had immeasurably increased the glory of Athens, was led to prison, while his lying accuser, Menon, received favor and distinction. It is said that before the completion of the trial, perhaps about 430 B.C., Phidias breathed his last within his dungeon, a victim of grief, or age, or poison. Another account is that similar charges were brought against the master in Olympia. But this seems hardly probable, since his workshop there was regarded with devotion, and his descendants in charge of the 'Olympian Zeus' were especially honored. It is more than probable that, in that unhappy time, when party strife and bitter contention filled Athens, and disastrous civil wars tore the land, Phidias fell before the political enemies of his great patron Pericles. But, in spite of his country's ingratitude, later ages have done him the honor which is his due, holding that had Greece produced but one great man, and that one Phidias, her mission would have been fulfilled.

The Art of Phidias

MAXIME COLLIGNON 'PHIDIAS'

NO name in the history of art is surrounded with a prestige like that which belongs to the name of Phidias. It awakens in our minds the idea of artistic perfection realized in an epoch privileged above all others. But if we must pay to the great name of the Athenian sculptor a traditional respect, how imperfectly can we ever hope to know his work! The history of his life is honeycombed with obscurities, and in the instances where the ancient writers have spoken of him their references have merely served as starting-points for learned and sometimes acrimonious discussions. But upon these scattered references, and the very few more or less faithful copies of his works which have come down to us, we must base our whole judgment upon his achievement,—an achievement over which all antiquity seems to have shown a unanimous enthusiasm that but makes our curiosity the greater and our regret the more poignant. In the sculptures of the Parthenon we may, it is true, see a most imposing manifestation of the master's genius. But though his personal influence is plainly visible in the vast conception as a whole, we are sure that his pupils had at least a great share in the actual workmanship, and it would be as paradoxical to believe that we recognize the master's hand in every figure as it would be to refuse to believe that Phidias imbued the whole with his genius. It will be evident, therefore, that we cannot undertake the study of the art of Phidias with the same feeling of confidence with which we may study the unquestioned works of, for instance, some artist of the Renaissance; and the critic who would be both just and sincere must guard himself from dogmatic assertion.

It would be impossible, even had we the necessary data, to describe in detail, within any restrained limits, all the various characteristics of the art of Phidias, or to demonstrate why not only his contemporaries but subsequent writers have accorded him the first place among the sculptors of antiquity; but we can well afford to consider his preëminence as proven.

Phidias arrived at his maturity at the very time when Pericles had become able to carry out those embellishments to Athens of which his predecessor Cimon had dreamed, and his friendship with Phidias opened to the latter the noblest opportunity that has perhaps ever fallen to the lot of an artist. And the artist was worthy of the task. To Phidias only has it been given to realize with such mastery the expression of beauty at one of those moments, so rare in human history, when all things seem to conspire to create conditions favorable to the activity of a superior genius,—strength of natural sentiment, fervor of religious faith, great works to be accomplished, an art young, original, full of vigor, which seemed merely to be awaiting the coming of him who should be capable of expressing at last, in perfect form, its highest aspirations. This was the part reserved for Phidias to play. He came at that nick of time when the culture of his race was at its apogee, and he himself was accomplished in every attainment of plastic art. He had no rival in chryselephantine sculpture; Pliny accords him the honor of having first revealed all the resources of work in bronze, and the pediments of the Parthenon show what life marble took under his chisel. When the hour came, therefore, for the newly ripened art of Greece to manifest itself in a magnificent entirety, it was through Phidias that the manifestation took place. The greatest contemporary sculptors recognized his authority and accepted his direction. Pupils were formed in his school whose ardor to approach his style bears witness to the power of his genius.

It will be evident, then, how vain would be an attempt to try to define in any formula the genius of a man so great and multifarious,—and of whose actual handiwork not one least fragment remains! Perhaps the best way in which we can appreciate his work is to endeavor to show wherein he differed from the other Greek sculptors of the fifth century, and to discriminate, if we can, what he added to the art of his time; in other words, to separate what was personal in his genius from what was common to the sculpture of his age.

Before Phidias, about 480 or 470 B.C., Greek sculpture had been marked by two dominant characteristics,—on the one hand a strenuous endeavor toward the truthful presentment of nature, and on the other a sort of instinct, confusedly groping its way toward some shadowy ideal. By their striving after nature through conscientious study of the human body the artists who preceded Phidias had acquired a surprising command over form and movement; but, on the other hand, their efforts toward the production of an ideal type seem only to have succeeded in creating a certain conventional type. They were not yet superior enough to their new-won science to use it freely, and from this lack of freedom sprang those incoherences and awkwardnesses which gave to their works (as it does to all archaic work) the peculiar charm of naïveté, but which also barred them from that ideal which can only be attained by those whose minds and hands are freed from technical restraints. Yet it would be indeed unjust to overlook what Phidias owed to these old masters. He derived from them that knowledge of form and of the structure of the human body without which great art is impossible. He took from them all they knew; but what he added was his alone, and derived solely from his own genius. To forms truthfully rendered, but with a freer sentiment and a higher beauty than they had been able to attain, he communicated that interior life without which form may perhaps express movement and action, but without which it remains powerless to express a thought. Apparently without effort he realized the *ideal* toward which the ancient Greek sculptors had been blindly groping—realized it in works in which the nobility of the thought equaled the mastery of the execution.

Phidias is indeed *par excellence* the idealist master, and this is what Plato meant when he called him the "creator." It is proved by his marked predilection for those divine types from which art may exclude all which is but accidental and variable in the form and individual in the character. It should be added here, however, that the ideal he expressed was not personal to his genius alone. It was the same ideal toward which the older sculptors had, consciously or unconsciously, been striving. It was, in fact, the ideal of the race—a race passionately in love with beauty, and to which reality never contributed more than the basic elements of this beauty. "The style of Phidias," as M. Ronchaud has excellently said, "is at once real and ideal: real in its admirable analysis of pose and gesture, and in the characteristic truth of movement; ideal in the profound sentiment of dignity and the beauty of human form which breathes from his figures." His art has none of that archaism, at once naïvely realistic and at the same time conventional, of the sculptors who preceded him. With him observation of nature, which shows so markedly in the figures of the pediments of the Parthenon, is dominated by the conception of a type superior to all reality. He borrows from nature the exterior expressions of life, its movements and attitudes, but he informs these exterior attributes with an inward flame which is his alone.

In comparing the art of Phidias with that of his most illustrious contemporaries, Myron and Polycletus, one may first discriminate, and without much difficulty, a quality which all three possess in common,—a love of symmetry and restraint; and this quality indeed belongs in general to all the Greek art of the fifth century. But the differences between the art of Phidias and the art of his contemporaries are also as easily to be discriminated, if one considers what individual ideals were pursued by his two great rivals. Myron was famous for rendering the intensity of life, but his life was purely that of the body. The subjects of his choice were athletes like the 'Discobolus,' and he had no rival in modeling a figure in which all the muscles were in action, nor in expressing by vigor of movement such purely instinctive sentiments as the stupor and astonishment which we recognize in his 'Marsyas.' Beyond this he did not go, and he remains the most brilliant master of the realistic school. Polycletus, whom the ancient writers frequently compare to Phidias, sought perfection in the harmony and justness of proportions. In his celebrated statue of 'Doryphorus' he formulated beauty into mathematical laws, and seems to have set his ideal in a sort of geometrical conception of form and in finish of execution. He lacked, however, a quality which the ancients called *pondus*; that is to say, largeness of conception and of style,—that splendid and magistral breadth which we recognize in Phidias.

Phidias, on the other hand, was neither a realist, like Myron, nor a theorist, like Polycletus. It was his province to combine both movement and form with the expression of thought. His 'Olympian Zeus,' the sight of which seems to have produced so strong an emotion upon those who beheld it, must have been the work of a meditative, thoughtful genius, a man bred in the highest philosophy of his time, and for whom art which did not express the innermost sentiments and sentient convictions of the soul was lacking. No ancient artist has so sounded the depths of the moral world; no other has in the same degree possessed the inward vision and reflected it in his works. It is the glory of Phidias to be counted among those rare spirits in the domain of art who have apperceived what is divine in their own natures and who have expressed it, in so far as such expression is possible to our weak human endeavor.

Transcendental as was his genius, it was also one of the freest which has ever existed. The statues of the pediments of the Parthenon show us to what degree he could ally vigor of conception with ease and largeness of style. In seeing them we recognize the truth of Cicero's striking dictum, that one "approves of a statue by Phidias immediately on first sight of it." There is no mark of painful study or effort. All is so simple and so broad that the perfection seems to have cost no effort. We must wait until the coming of Raphael to again encounter anything like the indefinable grace of an art so sure of itself and which flows so naturally through its means of expression.

The style of Phidias was not one of those which could be transmitted even to the most gifted disciple. It was composed of qualities too strong and too personal to survive in any school. The great Athenian sculptor summed up in himself all the highest qualities of the Greek spirit, and his genius surpassed the limits, however wide, of any particular style. Through all the centuries that have elapsed up to the present time Phidias has not yet found his rival. Others have led art into new byways; they have created, as did Praxiteles, types of exquisite delicacy; they have, like Lysippus, brought the science of modeling to the pitch of perfection; or they have, like Michelangelo (if we may leave the sculptors of antiquity), conceived grandiose figures, writhing with the effort of utterance of a burning and tormented soul.

But, whatever their claims upon our admiration, Phidias remains the serene master of them all. Alone among them he possessed the secret of that majestic simplicity, that proud and puissant grace, that divine nobility, which have given to the statues of the Parthenon their radiant beauty and eternal youth. They are the inimitable models of which we must, after so many hundreds of years, say, with the Latin poet: *Longe sequere, et vestigia semper adora.*

CHARLES WALDSTEIN 'ESSAYS ON THE ART OF PHIDIAS'

IN keeping with the spirit of his age and with his own character, Phidias represents in his works the widest and most lasting aspect of the things of life. Both in his extant works and in those that have not come down to us, so far as we can judge from the literary records of them, two chief characteristics are to be noted,—width and grandeur coupled with simplicity. It is above all to Phidias and his works that Winckelmann's perfect summing-up of the attributes of Greek art applies,—"noble naiveté and placid grandeur." Coupled with all the grandeur and width is that most striking feature of Greek art, the simplicity which adds to the silent greatness, and gives a monumental rest to these gods of stone. It arises from that unreflective, unanalytical, unintrospective attitude of mind which drives it simply to do what it feels and thinks with serene spontaneity of action, without analyzing its own power, not "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." On this account Phidias is the type of the plastic mind among all artists and sculptors, and this simplicity and unreflectiveness can best be appreciated when we compare him with Michelangelo, who, though possessed of the greatness, lacked the simplicity. The thoughts and conceptions of Michelangelo preceded and ran beyond his active and executive power. This manifests itself not only in his life, not only in the confession of his thoughts through his sonnets, but also in his works in painting and sculpture. Every one of them tells the story of struggle; and though so much is expressed, we feel, what he felt so strongly, how much more remains unexpressed in the labyrinthine recesses of his ever active brain. Frequently his heart failed him at the impotency of his sluggish hand; the work remained unfinished, the hand dropped with disgust and depression at the sight of the gulf that lies between the thinking and feeling and the doing and creating. His greatness then sought an outlet in numerous spheres of thought and action separately followed and intermingled. When sculpture failed to express all that he felt, he called to his aid the pictorial element with which he transfused his plastic works, and when painting was too weak he strengthened his pictures with plastic forms, spreading over all his works a dim veil of deep thought and solemn poetry. Of this the works of Phidias have nothing. Grand or sublime or awful as they may be, they are ever serene; they have coupled with all their greatness the truly Greek element of grace, in which the creations of Michelangelo are sometimes wanting; and in all his works there is that simplicity which is ever the outcome of perfect harmony between the conception and the power of expression, between the spiritual aim and the physical means, between form and matter. But man, even the great man, is not isolated or unaffected by his surroundings and the spirit of his age, and we must, before all things, study and recognize the spirit of the age of which Phidias was the child in its bearing on the character of his genius.

The chief features of the age of Phidias are those of grand and powerful life, conducive to width of thought and feeling coupled with simplicity of purpose and action. About the time of his birth began the contest between Greeks and Persians in the Ionian revolt, and this brought flocks of refugees from the Ionian cities to Athens, placing before the eyes of the Athenians a varied culture, and with it the widening feeling of a relationship with that which was in many ways so different from themselves. When Phidias was a boy the news of the victory of Marathon thrilled the hearts of the Athenian people. When he was a youth three of the most stirring events in history were crowded into the period of a little more than a year — the battle of Thermopylæ, the victory of Salamis, and the final overthrow of the Persian supremacy at Platæa and Mycale.

The effect of the Persian war upon the political spirit of the Greeks may be summed up in two words: width (of vision) and definiteness (of purpose). For the time being the narrow limits of the cramped interests of each individual state were torn down. In this period of Panhellenic unity they could not feel the narrowness of the interests of the petty state, or party, or family, or self; they saw the strength and realized the blessings arising from a united Greece, over which floated, as superhuman guardian, the Panhellenic Zeus, a divinity really only conceived by the religious imaginations of the united Greek people after the Persian victories.

And when the war was over, while lifting their souls on high with the enthusiasm of victory, there was no room for idle luxury in Athens; for the victory had brought with it the total destruction of their homes and city, and, filled with this high spirit, and with all the vast experience of a great history, the Athenians were forced to recolonize their own country; to begin life again, as backwoodsmen instinct with long culture and old traditions of home, as an ancient community moved with the new tasks, vigor, and energy of emigrant settlers. It is the combination of these two apparently contradictory elements, a combination unparalleled in the annals of the world, which lies at the root of the splendid growth of the Periclean age. No wonder that such an age was productive of the greatest works in all spheres of culture, and that all these works bear stamped upon them the great sign and token of width and grandeur. . . . .

The rebuilding and fortification of Athens presented a spectacle of activity of which history rarely presents an equal display. From all parts of Greece and Asia Minor artisans and artists flocked to Athens, sure of finding occupation and remuneration. And the wealth of Athens enabled the people to undertake whatever they desired, and to carry into effect whatever they undertook. An artist bred in this world of human exertion and of its products could but feel the desire for great, immense works, such as should correspond to the simultaneous uprising of a whole nation for the purpose of peaceful exertion.

The realization of great artistic conceptions, which were growing and budding in the mind of Phidias, was reserved for the time of Pericles, whose striking figure stands out boldly against the softened after-glow which followed the resplendent noontide of Athens' war-like glory. The dwellings of Athens had been rebuilt, the needed homes were established, the walls were completed, and security was afforded to the city. There was now room for artistic adornment, and with Pericles the task of the artistic decoration of the city became the one great aim, as under Themistocles its fortification had driven all the citizens to united action. Pericles' subtle taste and delicate tact, combined with his universal culture and practical energy, made him the fittest person to help and encourage a genius like Phidias, who under him became not only the chief sculptor, but counselor to the political leader in all matters of public work, and the supervisor, or, as we might call it, the Minister of Public Works. . . .

All this surrounding greatness and simplicity of action and purpose was no doubt favorable to the development and growth of his artistic imagination, to the conception of and desire for great works, to the fostering of a lofty imagination, modified and kept in health by the continuous presence of the practically possible. But such desires and predispositions, which give their tone to the artist's productions when once he has mastered the technicalities of his art, are not enough in themselves actually to produce great works of art; they can only take effect and bear fruit when the artist has gained the power to express in the material forms of his art whatever his eye meets with in nature and considers worthy of such expression. Phidias individually had every opportunity of receiving and acquiring these technical advantages and of advancing upon his predecessors even in this direction.

The more general circumstances which were conducive to an advance in the technical sphere of sculpture were manifold. In a negative way, the Persian wars and the ensuing revival of activity at Athens were conducive to an emancipation from the strict bonds of school tradition. In a positive way, the new impetus that was given to the palestric exercises and the sacred games (especially those of Olympia and the Panathenaic festivities) and the growing custom of associating sculpture immediately with these games, in making it commemorate the victories, were among all events and institutions those which most immediately advanced the study of the human figure and its representation in the sculptor's material. Furthermore, the numerous public buildings which were erected in those times and had to be adorned with plastic decorations taxed the sculptor's manipulative skill in all directions; and finally, we must not forget that Athens was the central point through which passed all the roads by sea and land from all directions, and that the refugees who flocked there brought with them not only their work but also their peculiar modes of technique. The artistic votive offerings and dedications from the north and east to Olympia, and from the south and west to Delphi, passed through Athens and trained the eyes of the Athenian sculptors.

The technical training of Phidias in particular was of the most favorable kind. Though the age in which he lived encouraged his emancipation from the shackles of the school, he did not, as is often the case with a barren "genius," begin with opposition and ever continue in it; but he began with the regular *school*, which forced upon him its priceless training, and then at least he had something positive upon which his original power could exercise itself — could fix, modify, or in part cast away, what the school had given him. But with all his training in the craft side of his art, he ever found time to cultivate his susceptibility, appreciativeness, and active comprehension of the other spheres of thought and culture, as is evident from his intimacy with Pericles and his acquaintance with the works of the great poets. Without robbing him of naïveté of feeling and the freshness of a constructive imagination, these varied interests and occupations had the effect of widening his intellect, giving a loftier stamp to his conceptions, and making him more completely and entirely a representative of the spirit of his age. Although all his great works have been destroyed, and nothing more remains of the art of Phidias than the plastic decorations of the Parthenon, nevertheless even in these comparatively meagre relics of his work we can trace in every stroke of the chisel his characteristic grandeur, width, and simplicity. It was breathed into the character of the man by the spirit of a great age. The sculptures of the Parthenon are transfused with this spirit. Massive and large in their lines, they are free from everything that points towards the petty tricks of the craft, and they are solemn and simple as the measures of a great work of Bach, only less formal and more full of life. Never do they suggest to us the labored and painfully wrought; and though they are massive and large in character, they are never heavy. It is the indescribable something which is inherent in the execution of these Parthenon sculptures, and in some of the works of Michelangelo, which can only be hinted at by such words as "breadth" and "largeness," and negatively indicated by saying that they are free from half-tints and half-lines. It is felt most readily by comparing one of the Parthenon figures with an 'Apollo Sauroktonos,' the 'Venus of Melos' with the 'Venus de' Medici,' a Sibyl from Michelangelo's fresco of the Sistine Chapel with one of Watteau's shepherdesses, a stanza of Milton's with a song of Béranger's, or a symphonic movement of Beethoven's with an impromptu by Chopin.

This grandeur of character in the works of Phidias is heightened and partly produced through the absence of all conscious striving and straining after effect by means of the small tricks and byways of technical skill. It is their simplicity which makes, or adds to, their power. Yet all these qualities in the work cannot be immediately produced by one act of the will of an artist; they are to be traced back to the same characteristics in the man. And such a man was Phidias — the offspring and typical representative of the age of Greek history most characterized by loftiness of feeling and directness of purpose.

The Works of Phidias

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

SCULPTURES OF THE PARTHENON PLATES I TO VII

"IT probably would not have occurred to the Greek," writes Mr. E. A. Gardner, the former Director of the British School of Archæology at Athens, "to quote the sculptures of the Parthenon as among the finest examples of the art of his country, still less to point to them as preserving the worthiest record of the genius of Phidias. While such works as the 'Athena Parthenos' and the 'Olympian Zeus' were still extant, mere architectural sculptures, however perfect their execution, and however eminent the master to whom they owed their design, could only occupy a secondary position. But now that the great statues from the master's hand are either entirely lost or only preserved in copies that can convey but a poor and inadequate notion of the originals, sculptures like those of the Parthenon have acquired a value which they did not possess in classical times. Mutilated and fragmentary as they are, they yet preserve the direct impress of the genius of Phidias if not the touch of his hand. They are no late copies, contaminating the character of the highest period of Greek sculpture with many features belonging to later times, but were made under the direct supervision of the designer, although their execution may in some cases show the signs of other handiwork; and we may be confident that any peculiarities which we may notice in them are due, if not to the master himself, at least to the group of pupils and craftsmen who lived under his influence and formed his immediate surrounding. . . .

"There are, in different parts of this sculpture, especially the metopes and some portions of the frieze, not only inequalities of execution, but actual differences of style and design, such as imply a considerable amount of freedom in the work of the various individual sculptors employed. But, on the other hand, there is a character about the whole sculpture, and especially about the more conspicuous parts of it, such as the pediments, which has impressed all artists and critics as differing essentially from everything else which we possess, and as worthy of attribution to the greatest of all sculptors. We are informed that Phidias was entrusted with the general supervision of the wonderful artistic activity which marked the supremacy of Pericles in the Athenian state. The crowning work of all was the Parthenon. There can be no doubt that it was intended, not only as the worthy shrine of Athena in the midst of her chosen city, but also as the monument that summed up and contained in itself all the glory of Athens, and all the beauty, moderation, and wisdom of life of her people. The gold and ivory statue within the temple was made by Phidias himself. It is hardly conceivable that he should have left entirely to others the design of the sculptures which decorated the building, for they were clearly part of one harmonious whole, intended to prepare the mind of the spectator, and to lead up to the final contemplation of the perfect embodiment of the goddess herself.

"Even after the removal or destruction of the great statue, and the conversion of the Parthenon into a Christian church, most of its external sculpture appears to have remained intact. It was not until the disastrous explosion of the Turkish powder magazine within it, in 1687, that a completer destruction began, followed by the even more disastrous attempt of the victorious Veneto-German army to take away some portions of the sculpture that their cannon had already damaged. What was left remained exposed to weather, vandalism, and neglect, until, in 1801-1802, Lord Elgin, British Ambassador to the Porte, obtained leave to carry it off to England. Owing to his action, the bulk of this sculpture is now in the British Museum; a few pieces are in the Louvre, and a few others were taken elsewhere by earlier marauders. A good deal, especially at the two ends, still remains on the building itself.

"It will be best to describe the various parts of the sculptured decoration of the temple in the order which is probably the order of their execution,—(1) the metopes, (2) the pediments, and (3) the frieze.

"The Metopes were sculptured all around the building, thirty-two on each side, and fourteen on each front. Only those on the south side are sufficiently preserved to offer material for our study. On this side the twelve metopes at either end represent the assault of the Centaurs upon the Lapith women at the bridal of Pirithous, and the consequent battle between Centaurs and Lapiths (Plates iii and iv). The metopes vary in style more than any other part of the sculptural decoration of the Parthenon. In some cases we see a comparatively tame and lifeless design, or, if the combat is more vigorous in conception, yet the pose of the combatants is awkward or strained; some, on the other hand, are unsurpassed for the admirable balance of their composition, the perfect adaptation of design to field, and above all, for the wonderful life and beauty of the figures. In their details there is more originality and less perfection of finish than elsewhere in the Parthenon sculptures,—more of the exuberance of Attic art of the period, and less of the controlling genius of Phidias himself.

"The Pediments of the Parthenon are described by Pausanias only in the most summary manner: 'What one sees on the pediment as one enters the temple,' he says, 'is entirely concerned with the birth of Athena; while at the back is the strife of Poseidon against Athena, for the land.' If we were left only to this meagre description, and to the scanty, though precious remains that survive, we should have considerable difficulty in getting any satisfactory notion of the composition as a whole.[1] For the eastern or front pediment, this is unhappily the case. Though the French artist, Jacques Carrey, who visited the Parthenon in 1674, shortly before the explosion which destroyed the middle of the building, made a drawing of the eastern pediment as he then saw it [see the accompanying folded plate], he could record even less than may still be seen in the galleries of the British Museum. With the western pediment it is otherwise, and Carrey's drawing, in spite of some minor errors, shows us its composition almost complete.

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[1] For an interesting theory of new discoveries concerning the pediments see Professor Waldstein's article in 'Harper's Magazine' for December, 1901.

"The story of the contest of Athena and Poseidon for the land of Attica represented on this western pediment has a mythological significance. Poseidon and Athena both laid claim to the land. Zeus referred the quarrel to the decision of Cecrops and other heroes of the Attic land, or, according to another version, to the twelve gods; they decided in favor of Athena, and Poseidon retired in wrath.

"The two central figures, Athena and Poseidon, stood, as it were, in a space by themselves; behind Athena was her chariot, driven probably by Victory, her constant attendant; the chariot of Poseidon was also driven by a female charioteer, who may well be identified as his consort Amphitrite. His chariot and its team were destroyed before Carrey's sketch was made. Other figures stand just in front of the charioteer on either side; and it has been suggested that these may be Hermes and Iris, sent to declare the result of the contest. The subordinate figures behind the charioteers have met with as many identifications as there have been writers to discuss them. As to one or two figures, perhaps a more definite conclusion is possible; it has been generally agreed to recognize a river-god (Plate VI) and a nymph—probably Cephissus and Callirrhoe—in the recumbent figures at the ends.

"The central group of the eastern pediment is irretrievably lost. Its subject, the birth of Athena from the head of Zeus, is a common one on early Attic vases. It seems likely that Phidias here discarded the conventional type, which showed the goddess springing from the head of Zeus, and represented Athena as standing beside her father, already, as in the legend, full-grown and armed. The subordinate figures of this pediment are still in great measure preserved, and are, perhaps, the most perfect works of sculpture that exist. Just as, in the west pediment, a local setting is provided for the scene of contest, so here the birth of Athena is framed with appropriate circumstance. The scene is in heaven, the time sunrise, and so, while Selene, the Moon, descends with her chariot at the right corner of the pediment, Helios, the Sun, rises with his team from the sea at its left corner. Facing the rising horses of the Sun is the noble reclining figure familiarly known as Theseus (Plate II), a name that has little beyond its familiarity to commend it. Here too the true identification has been much disputed; the suggestion of Brunn that the figure represents Mount Olympus, illuminated by the rays of the rising sun, has much in its favor. Such reclining figures are not uncommon as personifications of mountains; and the suggestion is thoroughly in harmony with the conventions of Greek art. The identification of the remaining figures in this pediment is as problematic as in the western. We may regard them either as mythological personages, present at Athena's birth, or as more or less fanciful personifications. Brunn has suggested that the two seated figures next Theseus (or Olympus) are the Horæ, to whom the gate of heaven was intrusted, and past whom Iris is hastening out to bear the message to the world. Corresponding to Iris, on the other side, most authorities agree to restore another figure in rapid motion, sent to tell abroad the news of the birth of Athena. Next to this messenger is, as Carrey's sketch shows, a seated figure. She may or may not form part of a single group with the two that are between her and Selene. One of these sits on the end of a couch, along which the other is reclined, leaning on her companion's lap (Plate I). The three have been called 'The Fates;' but in the absence of attributes, no such identification can be proved. More fanciful meanings, drawn from the marvelous delicacy and richness of the drapery, especially of the reclining figure, have been suggested. They have been interpreted as personifications, not indeed of places or rivers, but of nature in a more general aspect.[1]

"No heads are left on any of the figures, excepting that of the so-called 'Theseus'; and its surface is so damaged that we can judge of little but its proportions. A female head (Plate IX) now in Paris, in the De Laborde collection, was brought to Venice by the secretary of the Venetian general, Morosini, at the time of the siege of Athens, in 1687, and there is every probability that it belonged to some figure from the Parthenon pediments, to which its style seems appropriate. In spite of its restored nose and chin, we can recognize in this head a noble and intellectual type, a breadth and simplicity of modeling, coupled with the most delicate play of surface, and perfect skill in the treatment of marble, which can only be matched by the similar qualities that we may recognize in the draped figures, to one of which it must probably belong.

"For the modeling of the nude male form we have the 'Theseus' and the 'Cephissus.' The surface of the latter is wonderfully soft and flowing. The 'Theseus,' on the other hand, presents, as it were, the sum of all that Greek sculpture had hitherto attained in the rendering of the male figure. There is nothing about him of the dry and somewhat meagre forms that characterize the athletic art of early masters, nor of that unduly square and massive build that was chosen by the sculptors of the Peloponnesus. It is the absolute freedom from exaggeration of any sort that marks in him the perfection of sculptural technique. Above all, in his pose, with its combination of grace and dignity, we see that Attic art has lost none of its feeling for beauty of composition and pleasantness of effect, while acquiring the more vigorous and severe excellence of other schools. But it is in the treatment of the draped female figure that the art of Athens reaches the most marvelous attainments of its prime. Here the mastery over the material is so perfect as to make us forget the slow and laborious process by which it has been attained. The marvelous rendering of the texture of the drapery and the almost infinite multiplicity of its folds does not obscure or even modify the dignity and breadth of the whole conception, but only adds to it a new delicacy and grace. We can see those characteristics most clearly in the group of 'The Fates,' especially in the reclining figure, which, perhaps more than any other, even among these Parthenon sculptures, shows the most marvelous translation into marble of flesh and of drapery. The nobility and breadth are, of course, in great measure due to the proportions of the figures, which are very different from those of later Greek art. There is nothing hard or unwomanly about them; only in their combination of grace with majesty they seem to imply a higher ideal of womanhood than we find elsewhere in Greek art. The drapery reveals, by its modeling and by the flow of its folds, the limbs which it seems to hide; yet it never clings to them so as to lose its own essential character. And its folds, however minute in themselves, are always divided into clear and definite masses, which save it from the crumpled confusion one often sees in an attempt to paint or carve so delicate a texture.

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[1] Brunn calls them clouds; Professor Waldstein suggests Thalassa (Sea) in the lap of Gaia (Earth).

"THE FRIEZE of the Parthenon consists of a band of low relief, going all around the outside of the cella, within the peristyle. It is about three feet and four inches high, and the depth of the relief averages only about an inch and a half. The subject is the Panathenaic Procession,—the most brilliant ceremony of the great Panathenaic games, held every fourth year in honor of Athena. This procession, which led beasts for sacrifice to the Acropolis, and also carried the peplos, or sacred robe of the goddess, woven for her by chosen Athenian matrons and maids, was representative of all that was best and noblest in the Athenian state and society. The magistrates of the city, bands of men and youths chosen for their dignity and beauty, maidens of the noblest families, the representatives of allied and tributary states, the resident aliens in the city,—all had their places in the festal procession, which was escorted by chariots and by the Athenian knights in military pomp. . . . Artistically the frieze is distinguished at once by its unity and its variety of design. A principle of contrasts marks the different parts,—the majestic repose of the gods, who are seated in assembly in the centre of the eastern side of the frieze as Athena's guests at her high festival (Plate V), and their subtle characterization in pose and feature, the slow and stately advance of the maidens and of the men, and the impetuous rush of the cavalry, again moderated by the graceful seat and perfect ease of the riders (Plate VII). . . . In style it is the most perfect example of Attic grace and refinement. More human and less exalted in conception than the pediments, as befits its subject, it embodies the ideal representation of the people of Athens, uniting in the honor of the goddess whose birth and exploits were celebrated in the more conspicuous groups. In design it is not unworthy of the same master; and the unity of decorative effect as well as of religious conception which distinguishes all the sculpture of the Parthenon seems to claim as its author Phidias. And the assistants that helped him in the execution, though not all equally skilful, were such a band as Phidias alone could have trained and influenced. So complete and so successful was their coöperation that the sculpture of the Parthenon stands in a connected series as the most perfect example of the art of Greece."

'VARVAKEION' COPY OF 'ATHENA PARTHENOS' PLATE VIII

OF one of Phidias' chief works, the great gold and ivory statue of Athena to which the Parthenon served as a shrine, we possess several copies, more or less remote in detail and intrinsically of very little artistic worth, but valuable as evidently intended to reproduce the 'Athena Parthenos' as Pausanias has described it. The best preserved and most detailed of these copies is the so-called 'Varvakeion Statuette' (found in 1880 near the Varvakeion, Athens, among the ruins of a house of the Roman epoch), which even to the preservation of traces of color gives all accessories with a precision that has completely settled many disputed points. On the other hand, it is, as Gardner has said, "perhaps the most extreme example of the base mechanical way in which a copyist of Roman times could utterly lose all the grandeur and beauty of his original while reproducing its details correctly. It bears the same relation to Phidias' statue as the coarsest German oleograph after the 'Sistine Madonna' bears to the picture which it affects to reproduce."

"Together with the Zeus which he made for Olympia," writes Mr. Edward Robinson, "the statue of 'Athena Parthenos' was considered the greatest work of the master. It was, with its base, about thirty-eight feet high, made of a kernel of cedar, over which was laid gold and ivory, the latter in the nude parts of the figure. The goddess stood upright, clothed in a long chiton and wearing the ægis. On her head was a helmet adorned with a sphinx, and on either side of this a griffin. The right hand, extended, held an image of Victory. The left rested on her shield, which was of gilded silver decorated with reliefs on both sides [that on the outside being the one in which Phidias is supposed to have carved his own portrait, see page *20*]. In the left hand, or leaning against the arm, was a long spear, near which, on the ground, was the serpent symbolic of Erichthonius, the original hero of Attica, who was supposed to have sprung from the soil of that country, and to have become the foster-son of Athena." Most authorities cannot believe that the clumsy and ugly column under the right hand in the statuette formed a part of the original statue, but regard it as either having been differently treated by Phidias, or placed in position in after-years because some support to the arm had become necessary.

SUPPOSED COPY OF THE 'LEMNIAN ATHENA' PLATE X

THE Athenian colonists of the island of Lemnos, probably at the time of their departure from the mother city, set up on the Acropolis a votive statue of Athena to assure her protection in their absence. This statue was by Phidias and made of bronze. It is mentioned by Pausanias and Lucian. The former considers it to be the best worth seeing of all the creations of Phidias, while the latter regards it as undoubtedly his masterpiece, and borrows for his ideal beauty the outline of the statue's face, the delicacy of her cheeks, and the fine proportions of her nose.

One of the foremost German authorities on Greek sculpture, Professor Furtwängler, believes that by a combination of three fragments, which he made in 1891,—two of them, the upper and lower part of the body, found in the Dresden Museum, and the third, the head, found in Bologna,—he has practically reproduced a copy of Phidias' masterpiece. The upper part of the torso and the head, undoubtedly parts of the same statue, actually belonged together, for the fractures in the core of the neck fitted together accurately; while the two halves of the torso were unquestionably copies from the same original. It seems indisputable, then, that in the cast made from these three joined fragments we have an undoubted copy of *some* fine original. That this original was the 'Lemnian Athena' of Phidias is, however, not yet considered proven. All authorities admit that the statue dates from the best period of Greek sculpture, and, from the treatment of the drapery, the pose, the expression and the modeling of the features, commonly agree to date it in the Phidian epoch. Further than this, however, they will not go. None of the ancient writers who have spoken of the 'Lemnian Athena' have described it in sufficient detail to make the identification certain; and, moreover, the shape of the head and the spacing of the features do not wholly correspond with the type which the best authorities are agreed to consider as the Phidian. On the other hand, Professor Furtwängler believes that the variation of type was in this instance intentional with Phidias to correspond with the variation of motive; for in the Lemnian version Athena was reproduced as a personal goddess rather than as an official personification of the Attic empire. He brings forward a great mass of evidence to support his theory; and indeed asserts positively that the figure shown in our plate is a more or less accurate copy of the 'Lemnian Athena' by Phidias.

In spite of the weight which such a considered statement must have, coming from an authority of Furtwängler's standing, we cannot, however, consider his claim as substantiated; the most that can be safely admitted is that the statue reproduced in our plate is undoubtedly a copy of some masterpiece of the Phidian period, showing indisputable traces of the master's influence. It is, moreover, the most beautiful statue of Athena which the world now possesses.

The pose of the broken arms is clearly indicated by numerous fifth and sixth century vase-paintings of Athena in a similar attitude. The left arm was raised and supported by a lance; the right was lowered and extended. In her right hand the goddess held her helmet. She was represented thus, not as a warlike protectress, ready for combat, but as the peaceful patroness of Athens.

The beautiful head known as the 'Bologna Head' (Plate IX) is of marble, and belongs to the Museo Civico at Bologna. Its previous history is unknown. Whether it be actually a copy of the head of the 'Lemnian Athena' or not, it is a work of great merit, and one of the most beautiful and fascinating examples of Greek sculpture that has been preserved to us.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF PHIDIAS

WITH the exception of the fragments of the Parthenon sculptures, which although not wholly by his own hand were executed under his supervision and probably from his design, no works of Phidias are in existence. The following list enumerates his principal work of which some record has come down to us.

THIRTEEN bronze figures at Delphi representing Miltiades surrounded by gods and heroes — An Athena at Pellene mentioned by Pausanias — 'Athena Arcia' at Platæa — Bronze statue of 'Athena Promachos' on the Acropolis — Chryselephantine statue of 'Athena Parthenos' (Plate VIII) — Sculptures of the Parthenon: Metopes (Plates III and IV);

Pediments (Plates I, II, VI, and IX); Frieze (Plates V and VII) — Chryselephantine statue of the 'Olympian Zeus' in his temple at Olympia — 'Aphrodite Urania' — The 'Lemnian Athena' on the Acropolis (Plates X and IX) — Marble Aphrodite mentioned by Pliny — 'Hermes Pronaos' at Thebes — Bronze Athena mentioned by Pliny — An Amazon for the temple of Artemis at Ephesus — Two draped bronze statues and one nude bronze statue mentioned by Pliny — Gold and ivory Aphrodite at Elis — Statue of a victor at Olympia.

Phidias Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND PERIODICALS DEALING WITH PHIDIAS

THE literature devoted to the Phidian age of sculpture is so extensive that it is impossible in the present space to include more than a limited selection from it. In the following list a few of the general works upon Greek sculpture are named, together with some of the principal books dealing exclusively with Phidias and his works. To these is added a short list of periodicals in which articles relating to the subject may be found.

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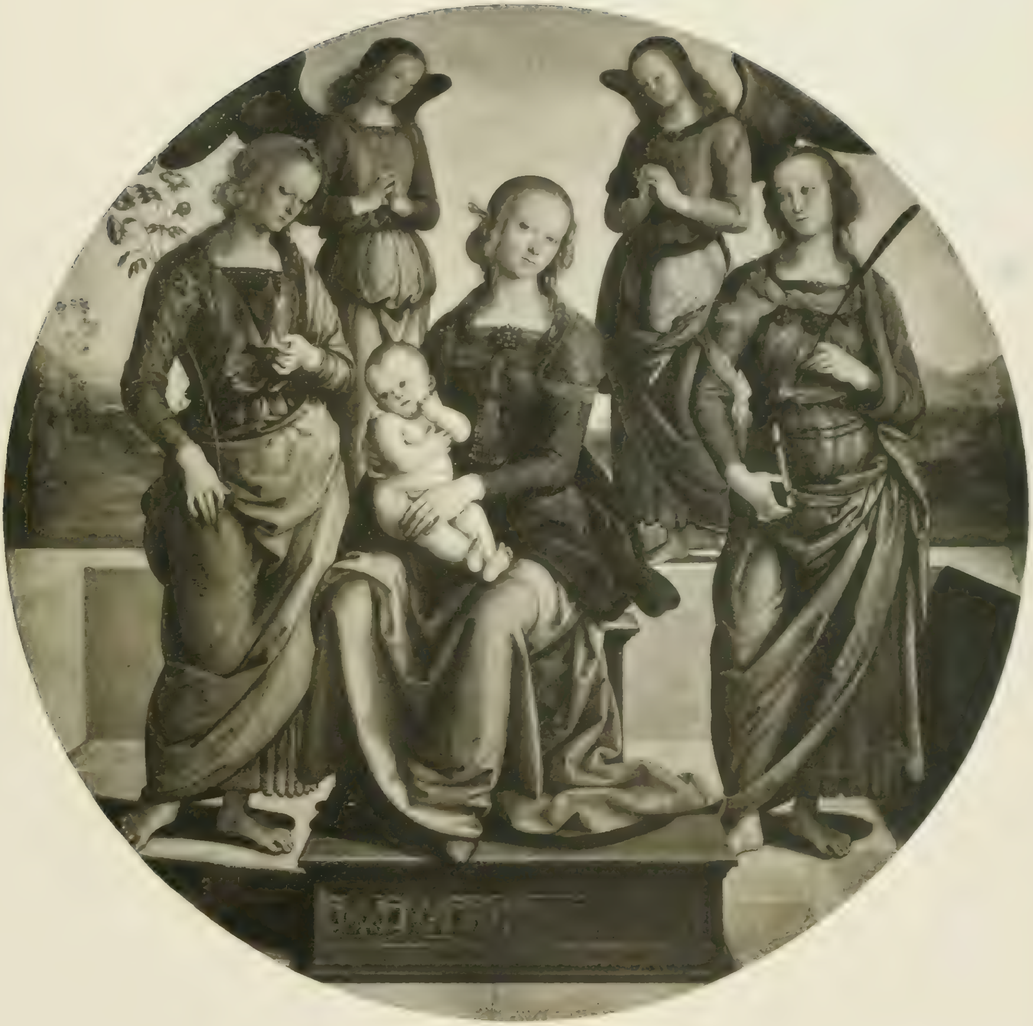
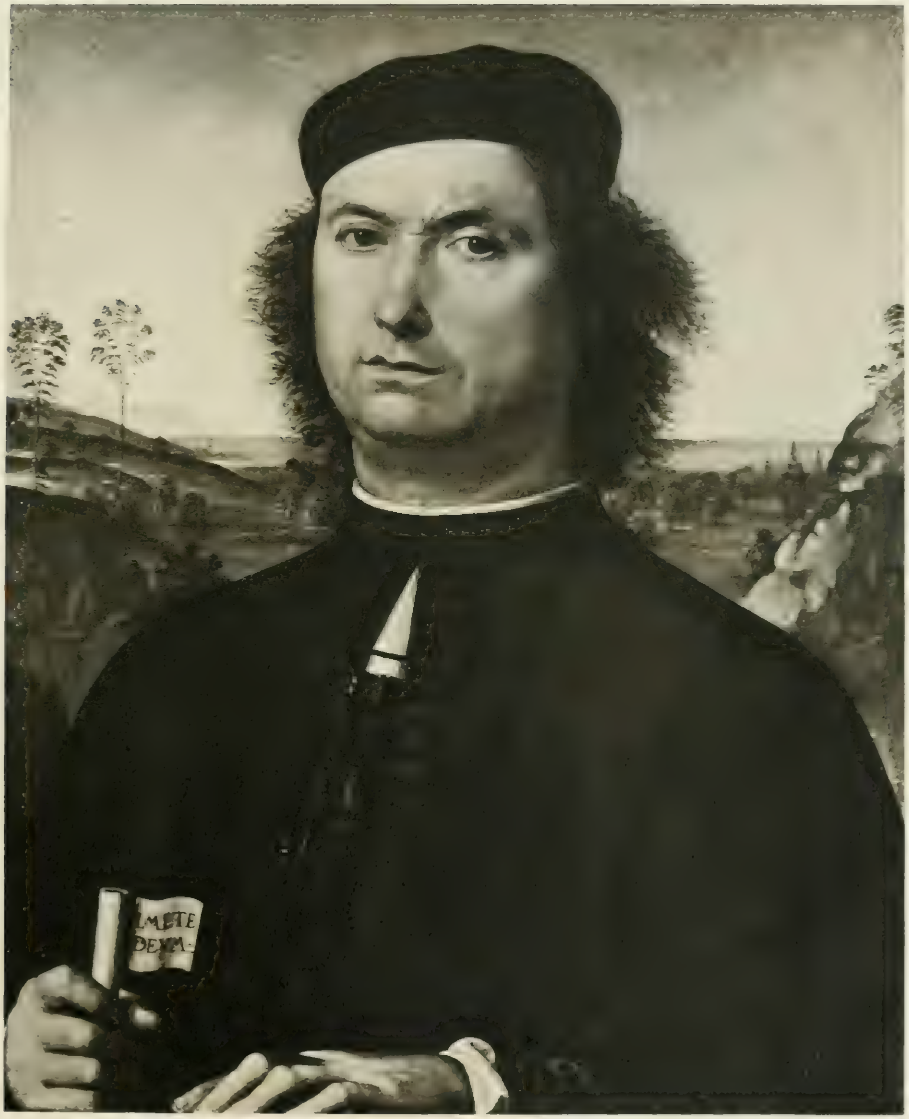


MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

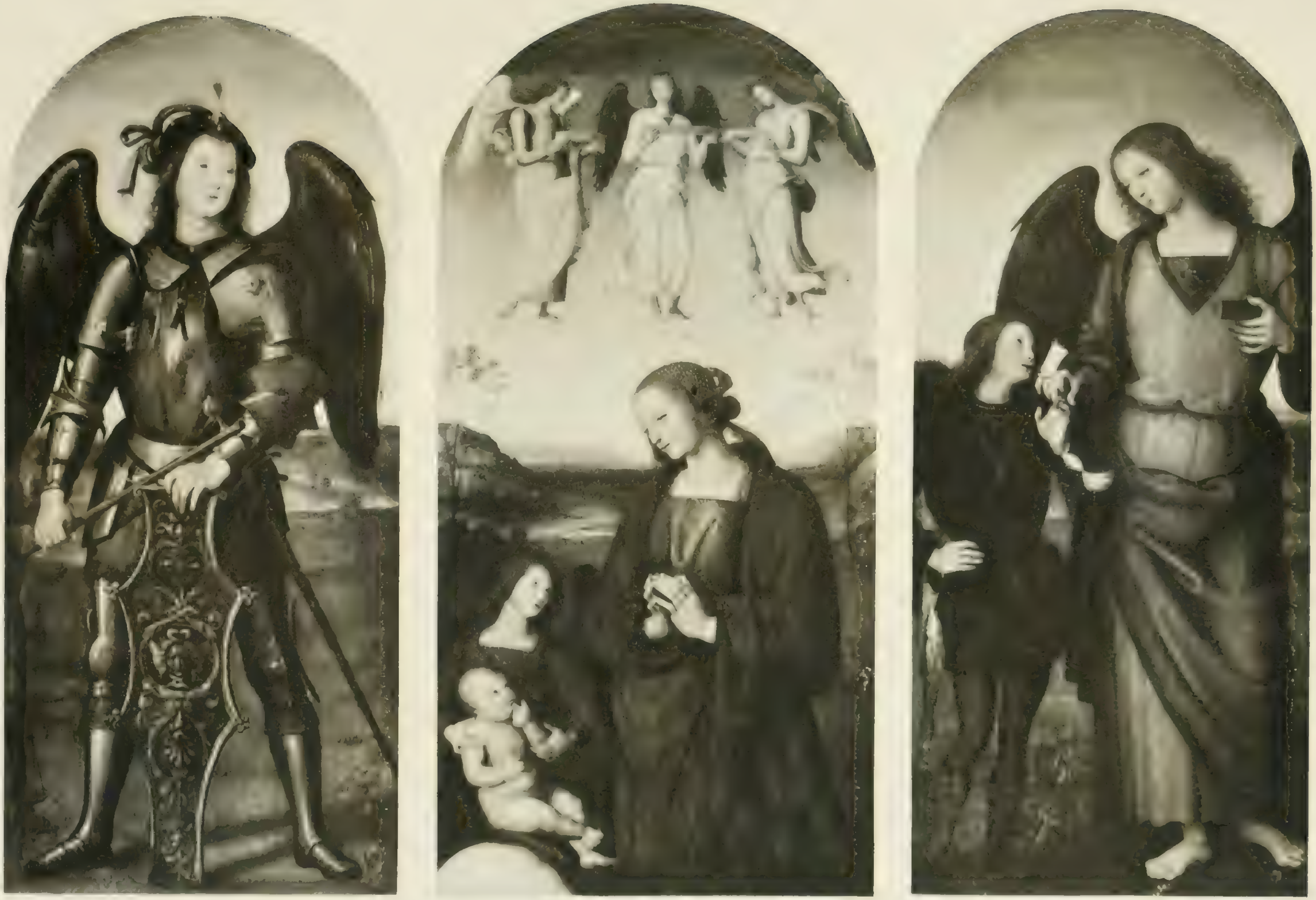
PERUGINO
MADONNA, SAINTS AND ANGELS
LOUVRE, PARIS



MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

PERUGINO
PORTRAIT OF FRANCESCO DELLE OPERE
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE



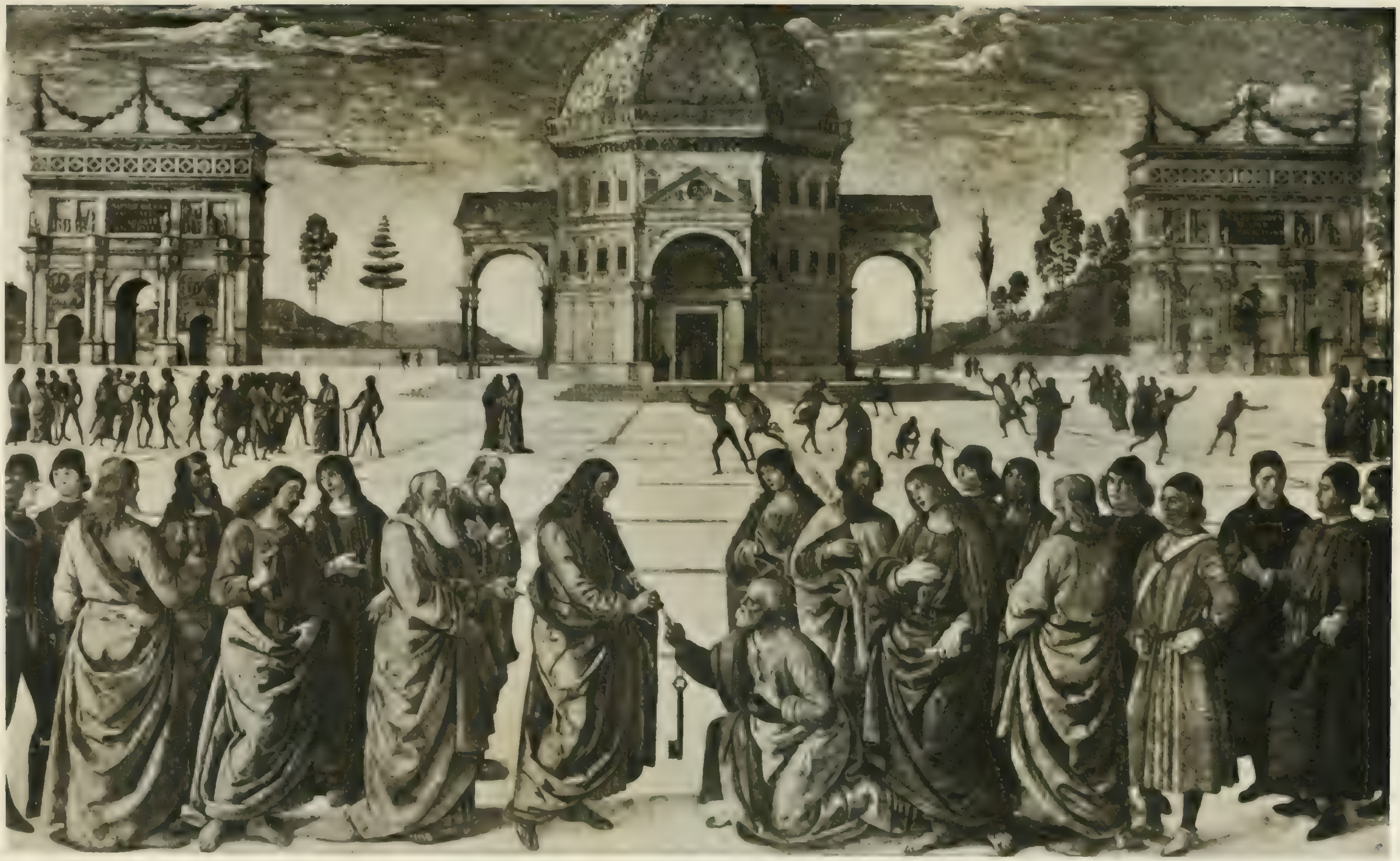
MASTERS IN ART PLATE III

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

PERUGINO

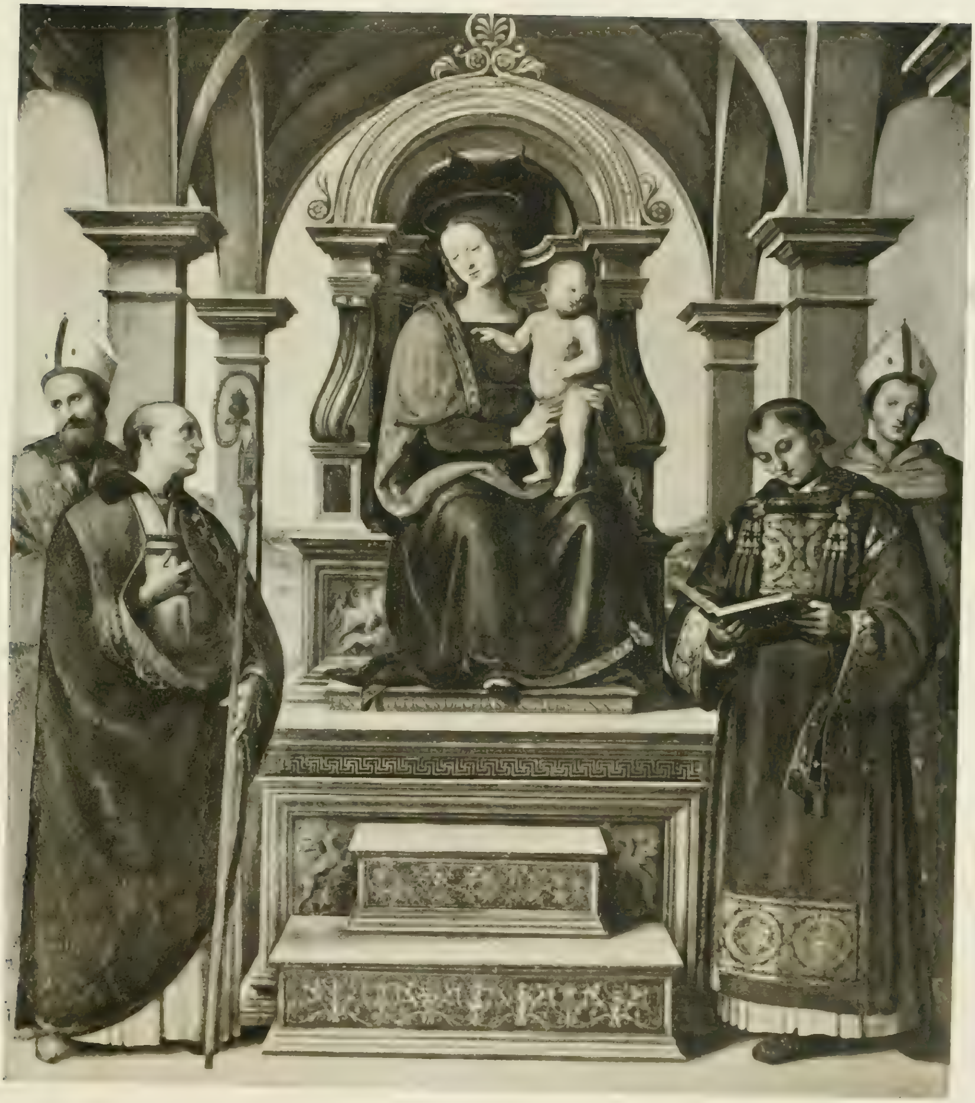
TRIPTYCH FROM THE PAVIA ALTAR-PIECE

NATIONAL GALLERY LONDON



MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

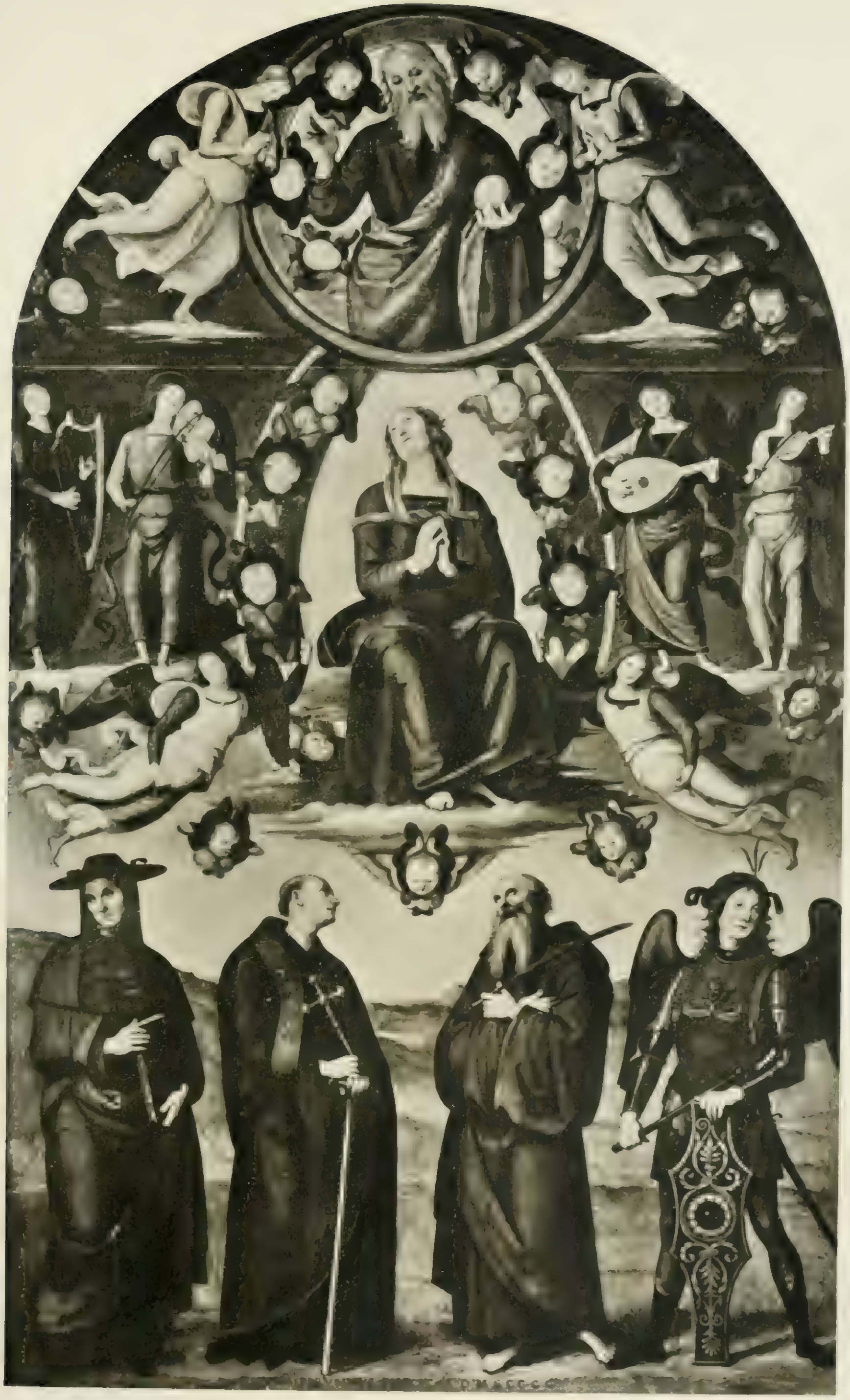
PERUGINO
CHRIST DELIVERING THE KEYS TO ST. PETER
FRESCO, SISTINE CHAPEL, VATICAN, ROME



MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

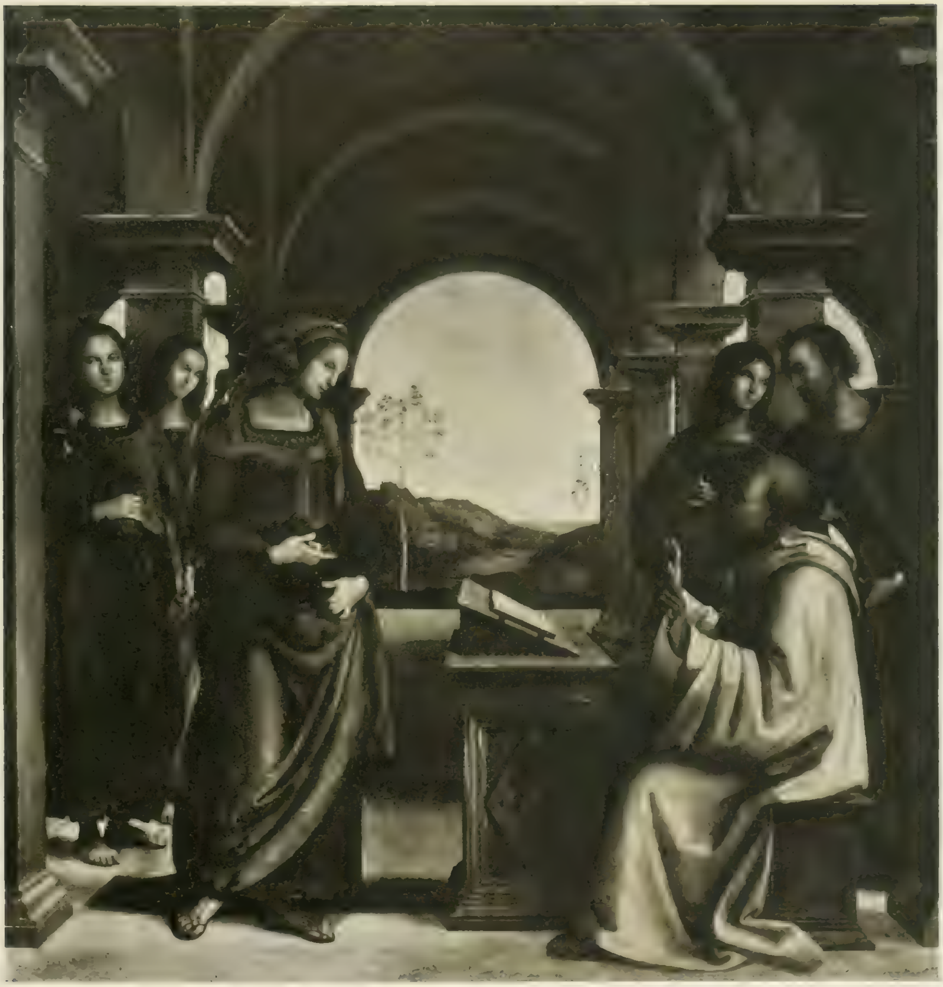
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

PERUGINO
THE MADONNA WITH FOUR SAINTS
VATICAN GALLERY, ROME



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

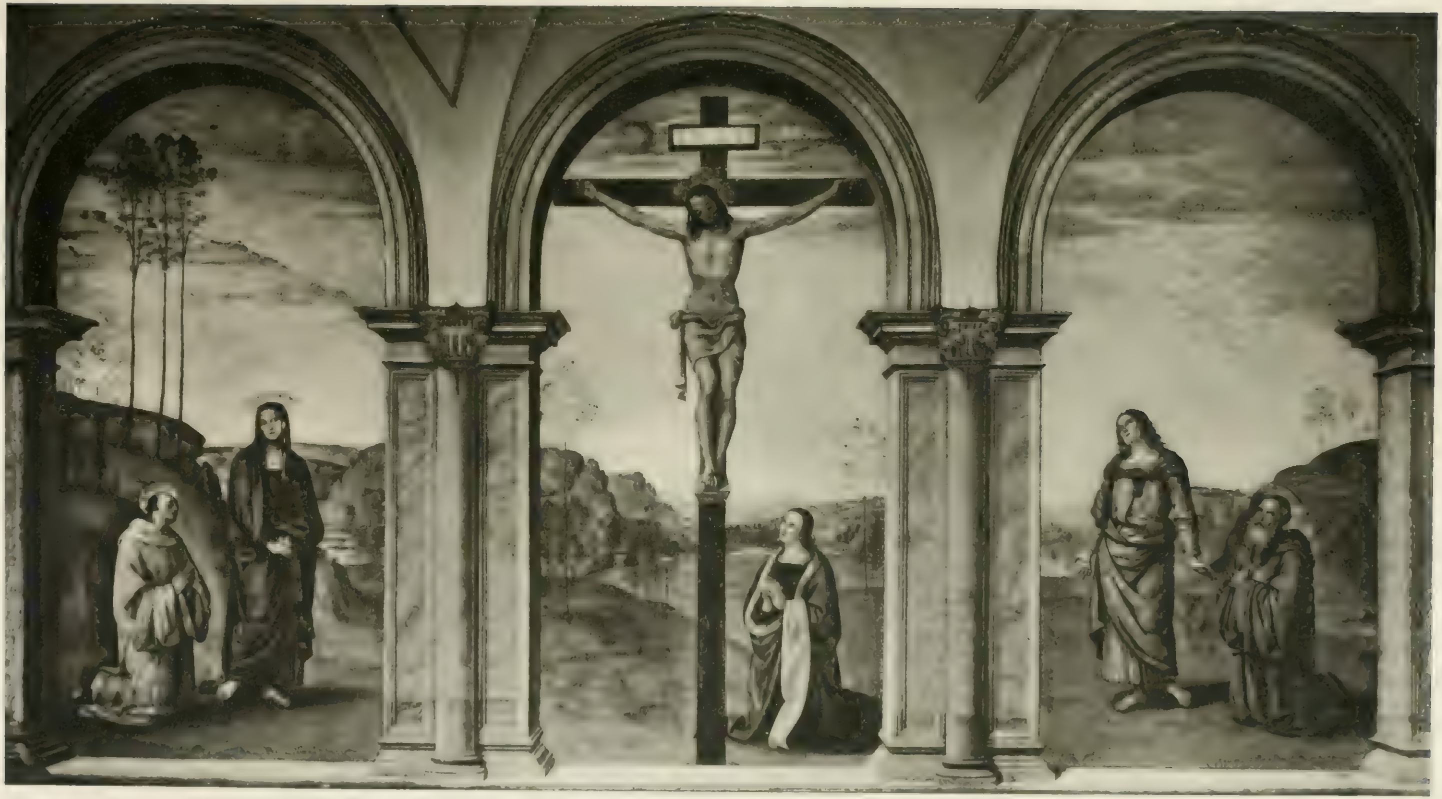
PERUGINO
THE ASSUMPTION
ACADEMY, FLORENCE



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

PERUGINO
THE VISION OF ST. BERNARD
MUNICH GALLERY



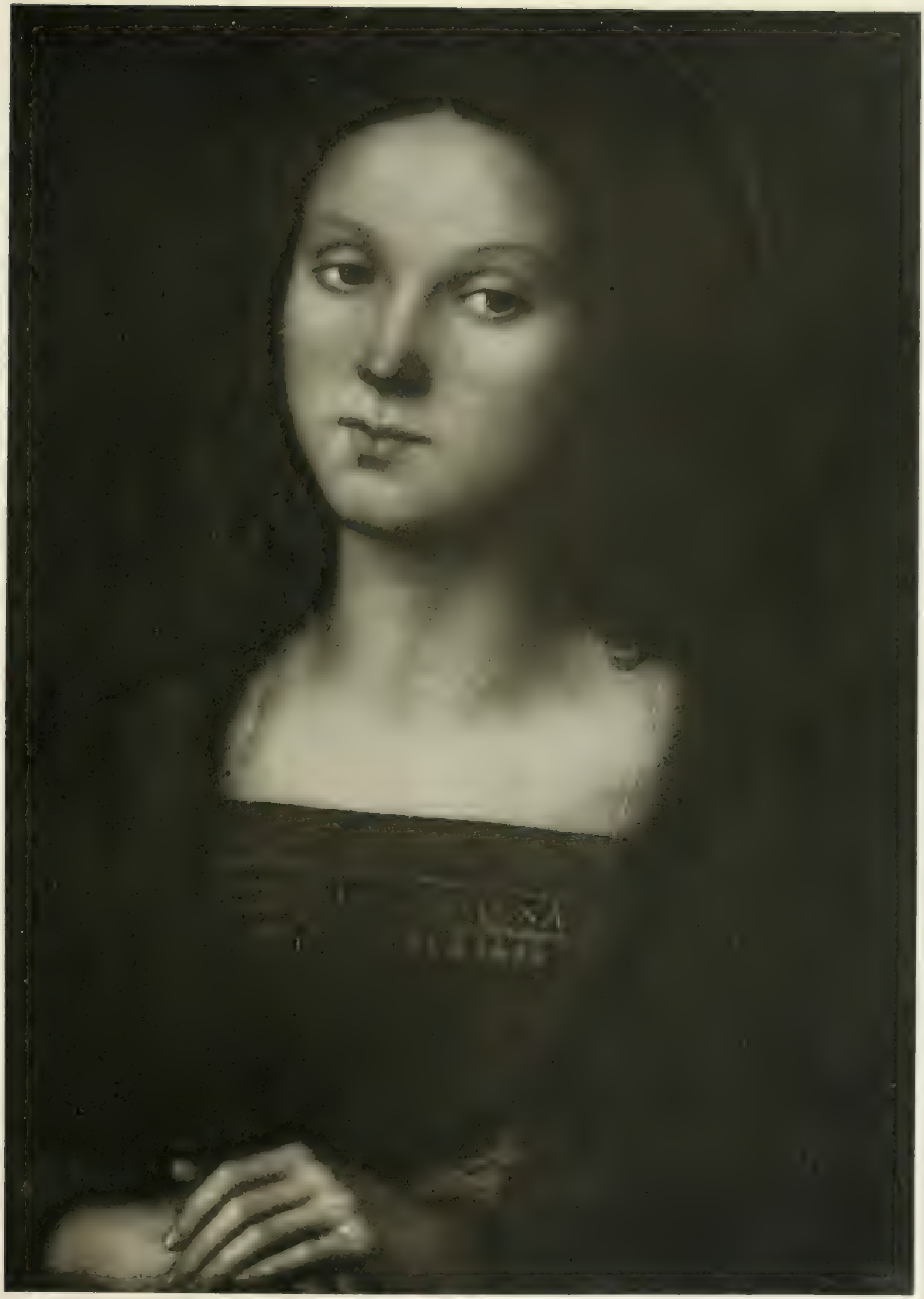
MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

PERUGINO

THE CRUCIFIXION

FRESCO, STA. MADDALENA DEI PAZZI, FLORENCE



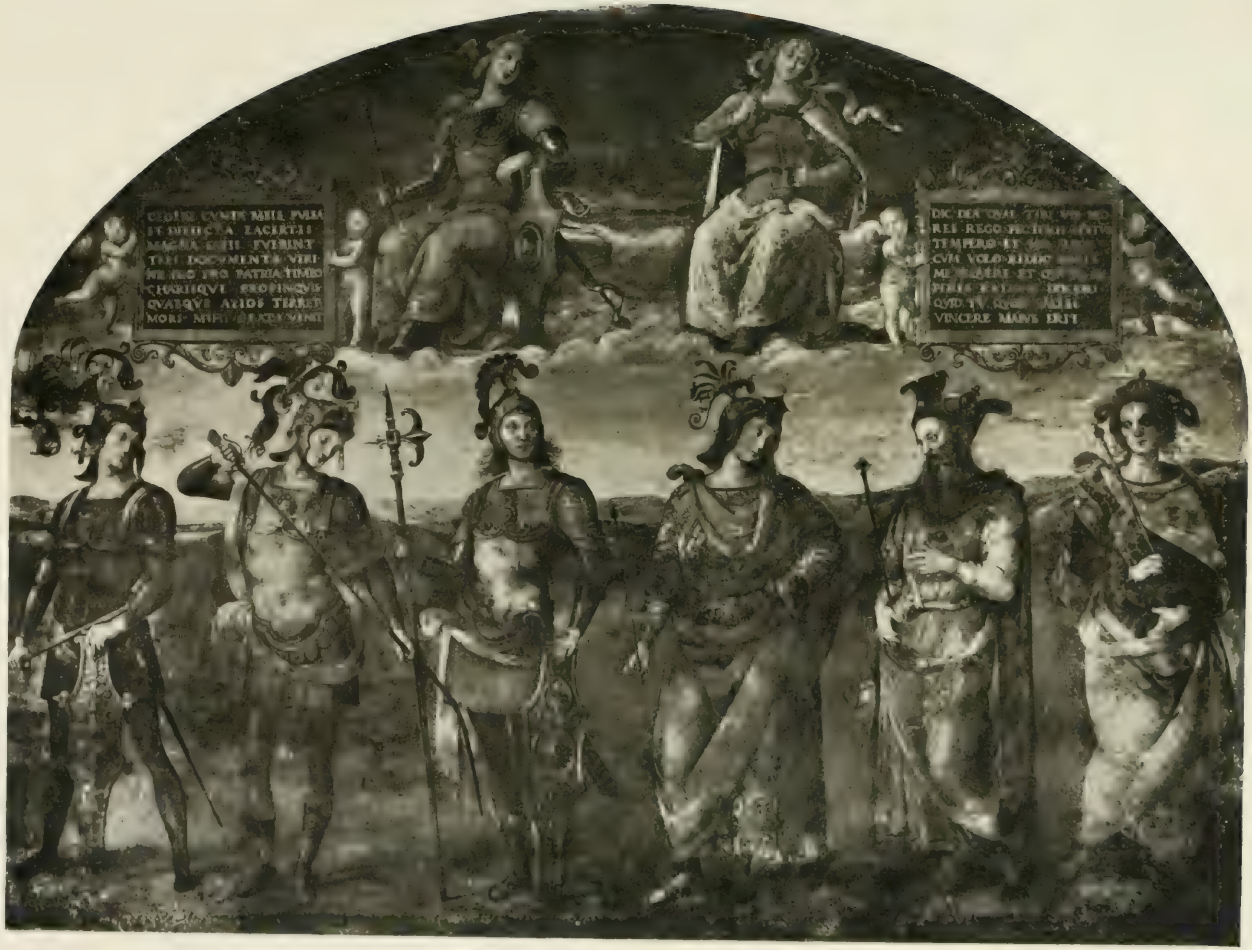
MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

PERUGINO

MARY MAGDALENE

PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE



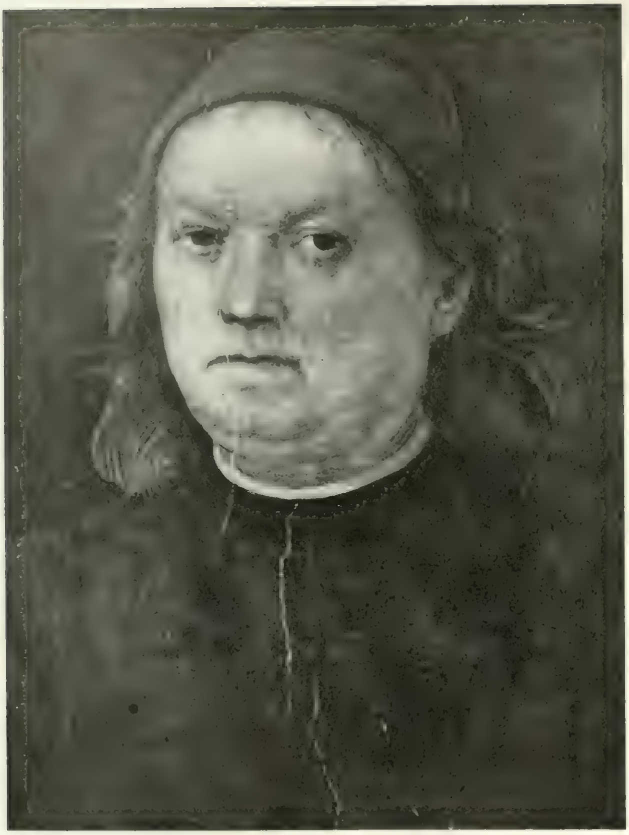
MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

PERUGINO

FORTITUDE AND TEMPERANCE WITH WARRIORS

FRESCO, COLLEGIO DEL CAMBIO, PERUGIA



PORTRAIT OF PERUGINO BY HIMSELF COLLEGIO DEL CAMBIO, PERUGIA

At the request of his fellow citizens, Perugino painted his own portrait in fresco on one of the pilasters of the Sala del Cambio, or Audience Hall of the Exchange of Perugia, in which some of his most important work had been executed. This portrait, painted with striking force and realism, shows, without flattery, the rugged personality of the man whose face is marked with the strong determination of a resolute and practical nature. Perugino was at this time fifty-four years old.

pietro Vannucci called

Perugino

BORN 1446: DIED 1523
UMBRIAN SCHOOL

JULIA CARTWRIGHT 'CHRIST AND HIS MOTHER IN ITALIAN ART'

THE mystic poetry which was from the first the leading note of Umbrian art attained its highest perfection towards the close of the fifteenth century in the work of Pietro Vannucci, called Perugino. This great master, who set the seal of technical completeness upon the devotional art of an earlier age, was born in 1446, at Città della Pieve, a little town in the mountains near Perugia. One of a large and struggling family, Pietro was, at nine years old, sent to Perugia to learn painting, probably in the studio of Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, the master with whose style his early works show the closest affinity, and afterwards worked with Piero della Francesca and Luca Signorelli at Arezzo.[1] But, like both those Umbrian masters, Perugino later went to Florence to complete his training. According to Vasari, he worked with Leonardo da Vinci in Andrea Verocchio's shop, and Giovanni Santi, the father of Raphael, in his rhyming chronicle, thus alludes to the friendship that existed between the two young painters:—

> . . . "Two youths, equal in years, equal in affection,
> "Leonardo da Vinci and the Perugian,
> "Pietro della Pieve, — both divine painters."

Soon after 1470, Pietro, who was already known as "il Perugino," from the city of his adoption, returned to Perugia, where, in 1475, he painted one series of frescos in the Palazzo Pubblico, and three years later another in the neighboring town of Cerqueto. Both of these frescos have perished, and the only examples left of the master's early style are a few small tempera paintings, the best of which is the round 'Madonna, Saints and Angels' in the Louvre.

The popularity which Perugino enjoyed at this period of his career is shown by the vast number of commissions which he received. In 1482 he was given an order by the Signoria of Florence for the decoration of the

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[1] Bonfigli and Alunno have also been named as his masters. — EDITOR.

Palazzo Pubblico, but never executed the work, and was summoned to Rome before the end of the year to assist in the decoration of the Sistine Chapel.

In 1486 Perugino left Rome, and the next twenty years of his life were spent in continual wanderings. The practical business qualities of the man, his energy and industry, were as remarkable as his artistic genius. He had workshops both in Perugia and Florence, where he employed a number of scholars and assistants to execute the orders which reached him from all parts of Italy; while he himself traveled backwards and forwards between the two cities, and found time to visit many other places and to undertake many other commissions. In 1489 he went to Orvieto, where he agreed to finish the work that Fra Angelico had left undone in one of the chapels of the cathedral. In 1491 he was back in Rome, decorating the palace of Cardinal della Rovere, who had imperiously desired the citizens of Orvieto to send him back his favorite artist. In 1494 he visited Venice, and entered into an agreement (which he never fulfilled) to paint the Council Hall of the Ducal Palace. In March, 1496, he was at Perugia; a few months later he paid a second visit to Venice, and in the following year spent several months at the little town of Fano, painting a large altar-piece.

The immense demand which had arisen for his pictures is proved by the long delays to which his clients submitted and the high prices which they paid. The Signoria of Perugia waited twelve years before they could obtain an altar-piece for their chapel. The Board of Works of the Cathedral of Orvieto negotiated with the painter during nine years, after which, in despair, they sent for Signorelli; and yet the sum of 1,500 ducats, which they had agreed to give Perugino, was largely in excess of that which they ultimately paid Signorelli, and the work which Perugino promised to undertake for 800 florins in the Ducal Palace at Venice was later executed by Titian for exactly half that price.

All Perugino's early works are in tempera; but in the 'Madonna and Saints,' which he executed in 1493, and which is now in the Uffizi in Florence, and in the 'Madonna' of the same year at Vienna, the painter first tried a mixture of oils; and the success that attended his experiment led him to adopt oil-painting in all his subsequent work.

An exquisite sense of color combined with the most poetic feeling for landscape marks the great series of altar-pieces which he painted in Florence during the last years of the fifteenth century. Chief among these are the 'Pietà,' now in the Pitti Palace in Florence, 'The Vision of St. Bernard,' in the Munich Gallery, the altar-piece that once belonged to the Certosa of Pavia, and of which the three principal panels are now in the National Gallery, London, 'The Assumption' in the Academy of Florence, and the beautiful fresco of 'The Crucifixion' painted for the chapter-house of Santa Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi in Florence. In 1498 Perugino returned to Perugia, where honorable tasks had long been awaiting him. He was employed by the Guild of Merchants to decorate the hall of their Exchange with a series of frescos. It was about this time, 1499 or 1500, that the young Raphael became Perugino's pupil.

Contemporary records throw a strange light on the personality of this painter of ideal saints and heavenly-faced Madonnas. He was, it appears, noted for driving hard bargains, and had a keen eye to his own interests. He bought houses at Florence and Perugia, where he owned considerable property, and, in 1493, married a young and beautiful wife, Chiara Fancelli, who brought him a dowry of 500 florins, and whose fair form he loved to see adorned in rich clothes and jewels, and whom he often attired with his own hands. But he was always in debt, and was constantly mixed up in brawls and quarrels.

After his return to Florence, in 1503, he quarreled with Michelangelo, whom he publicly charged with having called him "a blockhead in art," "*goffo nell'arte*." The magistrates before whom both painters appeared dismissed the charge, but the great Florentine's remark indicated a very real change in popular feeling, and one which Perugino may well have resented. The Umbrian master had outlived his popularity and was no longer the favorite painter of the day. Besides this, there can be no doubt that soon after 1500 a rapid deterioration became visible in his works. The constant repetition of the same types, and the ceaseless manufacture of sacred subjects to order, could not fail to produce a bad result. The freshness of his early inspiration passed away, his style became formal and mannered, his attitudes affected, and his faces insipid; although the large share which his assistants had in the production of the pictures that issued from his workshop under his name may partly account for this falling off.

Towards the end of 1505 Perugino finally left Florence, and early in 1507 was invited to Rome by Pope Julius II., who employed him to paint the ceiling of the Stanza dell' Incendio in the Vatican. But here again the older master had to give way to the younger, and although Raphael dutifully refused to efface his teacher's work, Perugino had the mortification of seeing his scholar preferred to himself. He returned to his native Umbria, and spent the remainder of his life working in the neighborhood of Perugia. He painted pictures at Spello, at Trevi, and at Assisi, and in 1521 was employed to finish a fresco at San Severo which Raphael had begun sixteen years before. In 1522 he painted 'The Transfiguration' in the gallery at Perugia, and in February, 1523, was employed upon a fresco at Fontignano, half-way between Perugia and Città della Pieve, when he died of the plague. He had reached the age of seventy-seven, and had three years outlived his great scholar, Raphael.

VASARI is our chief but not our sole authority for saying that Perugino had but little religion, and was indeed an open disbeliever in the immortality of the soul. A sixteenth-century painter, Gasparo Celio, quotes one Niccolò delle Pomerance, whose wife was a relative of Perugino's wife, as having made the following statement regarding the death-bed refusal of the aged master to accept the last sacraments: "When Pietro came to die it was urged upon him that he should confess himself; but Pietro answered: 'Nay, I am curious, rather, to know how one who died unconfessed, nor wished to do otherwise, will fare beyond.'" This refusal may account for the burial of his body in unconsecrated ground (it is said that he was buried under an oak by the wayside), although it is not unlikely that, dying as he did at a time when the plague was daily sweeping away great numbers, the necessity of a hasty interment may have been the real reason.

KENYON COX THE NATION: 1900

VASARI represents Perugino as of a resolute, pushing and practical nature, a man who, through early poverty and struggle, had come to put a high value upon material success; and he represents this incentive as a good thing, and "an assistance in the cultivation of the faculties and for the attainment of excellence." Perugino, he says, was furiously industrious, "turning night into day, and laboring without intermission," and "placed all his hopes in the goods of fortune, and would have undertaken anything for money;" but he was also rigidly and even scrupulously honest and touchy on the point of commercial honor. Finally, he "possessed but very little religion, and could never be made to believe in the immortality of the soul; nay, most obstinately did he reject all good counsel, with words suited to the stubbornness of his marble-hard brain." There is nothing here about atheism or avarice in the strict sense of the words; only a material and practical nature and a hard-headed skepticism. The character answers very well to the features that look down at us from the wall of the Cambio, and it corresponds well enough, it seems to us, to the kind of man that should have painted the pictures we know. For if there is one thing plainer than another, it is that Perugino was a commercial painter, as truly as any modern that ever sold himself to a dealer. Most of his best work was done early in life, while he was striving for a reputation. When he had got it, and had found a pattern of religious picture that was in demand, he ceased to make any progress, supplied the demand by wholesale as rapidly as possible, and degenerated, while those around him were progressing rapidly.

The Art of Perugino

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS 'RENAISSANCE IN ITALY'

PERUGINO knew exactly how to represent a certain mood of religious sentiment, blending meek acquiescence with a prayerful yearning of the impassioned soul. His Madonnas worshiping the infant Jesus in a tranquil Umbrian landscape, his angels ministrant, his pathetic martyrs with upturned holy faces, his sexless St. Sebastians and immaculate St. Michaels, display the perfection of an art able by color and by form to achieve within a narrow range what it desires. What this artist seems to have aimed at was to create for the soul amid the pomps and passions of this world a resting-place of contemplation tenanted by saintly and seraphic beings. No pain comes near the folk of his celestial city; no longing poisons their repose; they are not weary, and the wicked trouble them no more. Their cheerfulness is no less perfect than their serenity; like the shades of Hellas, they have drunk Lethean waters from the river of content, and all remembrance of things sad or harsh has vanished from their minds. The quietude of holiness expressed in this ideal region was a legacy to Perugino from earlier Umbrian masters; but his technical supremacy in fresco-painting and in oils, his correct drawing within certain limits, and his refined sense of color enabled him to realize it more completely than his less accomplished predecessors. In his best work the Renaissance set the seal of absolute perfection upon pietistic art.

Early in the course of his career Perugino seems to have become contented with a formal repetition of successful motives, and to have checked the growth of his genius by adhering closely to a prescribed cycle of effects. The praises of his patrons and the prosperity of his trade proved to his keen commercial sense that the raised ecstatic eyes, the upturned oval faces, the pale olive skin, the head inclined upon the shoulder, the thin fluttering hair, the ribbons and the dainty dresses of his holy persons found great favor in Umbrian palaces and convents. Thenceforward he painted but little else; and when, in the Sala del Cambio, he was obliged to treat the representative heroes of Greek and Roman story he adopted the same manner. Leonidas, the lion-hearted Spartan, and Cato, the austere Roman who preferred liberty to life, bend their mild heads like flowers in Perugino's frescos, and gather up their drapery in studied folds with celestial delicacy. Already Perugino had opened a manufactory of pietistic pictures, and was employing many pupils on his works. He coined money by fixing artificially beautiful faces upon artificially elegant figures, placing a row of these puppets in a landscape with calm sky behind them, and calling the composition by the name of some familiar scene. His inspiration was dead, his invention exhausted; his chief object seemed to be to make his trade thrive. . . .

The place occupied by Perugino in the evolution of Italian painting is peculiar. In the middle of a positive and worldly age, declining fast to frigid skepticism and political corruption, he set the final touch of technical art upon the devotion transmitted from earlier and more enthusiastic centuries. The flower of Umbrian piety blossomed in the masterpieces of his youth, and faded into dryness in the affectations of his manhood. Nothing was left on the same line for his successors.

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD 'ITALIAN CITIES'

FEW Italian masters are more universally known than Pietro Vannucci, the Perugian, and yet among lovers of Italian art he is not always rated highly, even by the least critical of artistic appraisers. The stereotyped character of much of Pietro's work, and a kind of mawkish sentimentality not unoften found in it, lessen its value and qualify our admiration. The direct reason for this repetition and insipidity was Perugino's popularity during his lifetime. This popularity was prodigious, and Pietro, great artist as he was, was not great enough to resist the evil effect of the universal demand for his pictures. Perhaps in all Italy only Michelangelo's, Raphael's, and Titian's works were so sought after in their own day as were Perugino's in his time. Michelangelo disdained to be commercial; Raphael was filled rather with the desire to create than with the wish to acquire fortune; Titian was often frankly interested, but so superlatively gifted that all that he did partook in some degree of his greatness. Theirs in fact was fame rather than popularity. Perugino deserved both; and he had the former in some measure, the latter in such a flood that it diluted his average; so that when every convent wished his work, and the supply of earnest pictures — pictures into which he had put his best capacity — could not equal the demand, he, as it were, watered his talent to increase the volume of his work, and put more sugar into it to take the place of hard study of expression.

This popularity was probably one reason, also, that Pietro's early pictures were among his best; his saints smiling sweetly, musing sweetly, grieving sweetly, were in the beginning serious and sincere for all their sweetness, often gravely sweet, sometimes sweetly ardent. They were the very things that the friars and nuns wanted. The people, too, of Perugia — who had seen often and again in their battle-filled streets beauty distorted by fury and grimace upon the faces of their fighting young Baglioni nobles; beauty lying dead and bloody, where in one day twenty-seven youths of that noble house lay stretched upon the cathedral square — these people, once within their oratories, wanted the mildest of faces on their triptychs; and Perugino, where it was so desired, could paint even a militant hero that should roar you as gently as a sucking dove. What wonder that first Umbria, then all Italy, and lastly transalpine states desired his pictures.

Vasari says that Perugino's enormous reduplication of studio work, his feverish love of incessant labor, was caused by his memory of early poverty, his fear of future need. It is much more likely that he simply made hay while the sun shone. Many another artist is likely to have been quite as timid and forecasting as he, but Perugino had the greater success. He could sell a great many more pictures than his fellows; he proposed to furnish them, and he therefore established a picture-factory in the Via Deliziosa in Perugia.

The man who is an artist straight through his being can never become wholly mercenary. The wonder and the pity is that Perugino gave way so much to commerciality; but he is of all painters the most anomalous, far more so than Andrea del Sarto, whose moral excellence has been so disputed; for if in much of Andrea's work there seems to be something lacking, something that keeps it from reaching the highest point the artist was capable of attaining, we cannot quite put our finger upon that something, whereas Perugino's shortcoming is as plain to see as a church by daylight, — he deliberately repeated worn-out motives, and allowed inferior work to go upon the market.

This anomalousness is puzzling enough, but we are disposed to-day to give him, in the light of certain modern documents, the benefit of a somewhat wider charity than Vasari accorded; for Vasari represents him not only as avaricious, but as atheistic, "his porphyry-hard brain" impervious to all religious influence. Many modern writers have, as often elsewhere, accepted Vasari's verdict without question; but whatever the general critic may imply by "irreligious," Perugino must as a painter have been at once reverent and sincere during a long period of his life, for his work proves this unmistakably. He was certainly an interesting psychological problem,—a leader in pietistic art, and yet taxed with being infidel; a man capable of the most dignified and monumental compositions, and yet willing to repeat himself and to coin money by the use of worn-out material. . . .

The more we consider conditions, the less difficult it grows to free Perugino from the charges of irreligion and avarice. From the readiness to sacrifice to the mercantile spirit, the easy willingness to furnish poor wares to customers who in turn were willing to accept them, we cannot free him. But we have said that the true artist can never be wholly commercial, and Perugino was, in some respects, as true an artist as ever lived; therefore he had to find a mode of expression for the best that was in him. He found it now and again in such pictures as the beautiful Pavia altar-piece; but it is probable that he felt that he best atoned for a mercenary spirit and most satisfied his artistic consciousness when he was engaged upon those great works for corporations and cities and popes, his monumental frescos.

Until within the last twenty-five years the histories of Italian art have, as it were, wreaked themselves upon easel-pictures, and yet the true glory of the Italians has been in nearly every case their mural paintings. No artist has suffered more misapprehension by this separation of easel-painting from monumental work than has Perugino. He was one of the first to successfully handle the new medium of oil. The depth and transparency, as well as the novelty of the latter, combined with the painter's own personal and temperamental contribution to make his work popular, and the facility attainable in oil resulted in an enormous multiplication of his pictures. This reduplication has hurt our estimate of Perugino in two ways: first, because among so many works relatively few are of the first order; secondly, because their great number has caused their author to be regarded almost wholly as a painter of small panels or canvases, whereas only a few of his easel-pictures deserve comparison with his works in fresco, and even when we examine the most beautiful of his panels, such as those of the 'Triptych from the Pavia Altar-piece,' we must admit that their qualities are repeated upon a grander scale on the walls of the Sistine Chapel and of the Maddalena dei Pazzi chapter-house.

Nevertheless, both as painter of frescos and of panels, his technical capacity was of a hiigh order. His art was first and last the child of the Umbrian landscape, the landscape with the low horizon line as seen from some hill town, with its tremendous sweep of sky. It is the sense of serene, far-reaching space framing his figures that charms us most of all in his work. As a colorist Perugino was a typical Umbrian; his color was warm, transparent, golden. Leonardo's was more delicate, and of the latter's magical chiaroscuro Perugino had no knowledge, indeed he never even gave a thought to it; but Leonardo's very seeking after that same light and shadow turned his color to blackness, while Perugino's remained transparent and admirably fitted to his purpose of expression. In this last quality of expression he was past master, but although it made him for a while the most popular painter in Italy, and reached great heights of fervor and pathos, it descended also to affectation and even to mawkishness. As a draughtsman he was elegant but rarely forceful, and sometimes feeble; his compositions when at their best were full of dignity, but more often they were conventional and thin, being lacking in a feeling for the disposition of mass, while, on the other hand, they were always restrained and never overcrowded. . . .

In his earlier years the mastery of the oil medium, which he achieved sooner than other men, and the intrinsic charm of his work, made Perugino one of the most popular masters not merely in Italy but in Europe. Later, after he had formed his style, there came upon all the schools of Italy a complete change of manner; the gentle and amiable spirit of Raphael still found something to admire in the work of such painters as Perugino and Francia, but Michelangelo and the men of the new school fiercely contemned it. It is quite possible that Perugino, finding his pictures despised by the famous artists and eagerly sought for by laymen, gave up striving and became the commercial painter that we know him to have been in later years, and that, without more of avarice or of irreligion than were to be found in his fellows. The fact remains that the earlier works of Perugino are his best, and that the multiplication of his pictures has hurt his reputation because the tendency is to judge him by his average: that is to say, when the art-lover thinks of Perugino a number of inferior works crowd into his mind; but if he will go through a mental process of elimination, and recall the 'Delivery of the Keys' in the Sistine Chapel, 'The Crucifixion' in Santa Maddalena dei Pazzi, the series in the Cambio at Perugia as the representation of the artist as fresco-painter, then will consider what Pietro could do as portraitist when he chose to take the time for such work; lastly, if he will review the best panel pictures, the 'Triptych from the Pavia Altar-piece,' 'The Vision of St. Bernard,' an enthroned 'Madonna' at Bologna, and not a few others, the student will assuredly give to this master one of the highest places in the secondary group, and will admit that the man who in quattrocento composition could in his 'Delivery of the Keys' say the last word before the new order of things came in with Raphael's frescos in the Stanze of the Vatican, and who could in his 'Crucifixion' of Santa Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi exhibit a new feeling for landscape, was worthy to become the master of Raphael.

VERNON LEE 'BELCARO'

PERUGINO'S is the painting of solitude; of the isolated soul, alone, unaffected by any other, unlinked in any work, or feeling, or suffering, with any other soul, nay, even with any physical thing. The men and women of Perugino are the most completely alone that any artist ever painted—alone, though in fours, or fives, or in crowds. Their relations to each other are purely architectural: it is a matter of mere symmetry, even as it is with the moldings or carvings of the frame which surrounds them. Superficially, taken merely as so many columns, or half-arches of the pinnacled whole of the composition, they are, in his larger works, more rigorously related to each other than are the figures of any other painter of severely architectural groups. The scarf floating in strange snakelike convolutions from the shoulder of the one angel flying, cutting across the pale blue air as a skater cuts across the ice, floats and curls in distinct reference to the ribbons which twist, like lilac or yellow scrolls, about the head and neck of the other angel; the lute, with down-turned bulb, of the one seraph, his shimmering purple or ultramarine robe clinging in tight creases round his feet in the breeze of heaven, is rigorously balanced by the viol, upturned against the stooping head, of his fellow seraph; the white-bearded anchorite stretches forth his right foot in harmony with the outstretched left foot of the scarlet-robed cardinal; the dainty archangelic warrior drolly designated as Scipio, or Cincinnatus on the walls of the Sala del Cambio, at Perugia, turns his delicate, quaintly crested head, and raises his vague-looking eyes to match the upturned plumed head of the other celestial knight. All the figures are distinctly connected with each other; but they are connected as are the pillarets, various, but different, which balance each other in length and thickness and character on the symmetrically sloping front of some Lombard cathedral; the connection is purely architectural; and the solitude of each figure as a human being, as a body and a mind, is only the more complete. There is no grouping in these cunningly balanced altar-pieces; there is no common employment or movement, no action or reaction. Angels and warriors and saints and sibyls stand separate, the one never touching the other, each alone against the pale greenish background. The very bodies seem reduced to the least possible. It is the embodiment, with only as little body as is absolutely required, of a soul; and that soul simplified, rarified into only one condition of being,—beatitude of contemplation. And as the bodies are separate, isolated from all physical objects, so is the soul: it touches no other human soul, touches no earthly interest; it is alone, motionless; space and time and change have ceased for it; contemplating, absorbing for all eternity that which the eye cannot see, nor the hand touch, nor the will influence,—the mysterious, the ineffable.

Are they really saints and angels, and prophets and sibyls? Surely not—for all such act or suffer; for each of these there is a local habitation, and a definite duty. These strange creatures of Perugino's are not supernatural beings in the same sense as are those robed in the iridescent, impalpable glory of Fra Angelico; or those others, clothed in more than human muscle and sinew, of the vault of the Sistine Chapel. What are they? Not visions become concrete, but the act of vision personified. They are not the objects of religious feeling; they are its most abstract, intense reality. Yes, they are reality. They are no far-fetched fancies of the artist. They are the souls and soul-saturated, soul-molded bodies which he saw around him. For in that Umbria of the dying fifteenth century—where the old cities, their old freedom and industry and commerce well-nigh dwindled to nothing, had shrunk, each on its mountain-side, into mere huge barracks of mercenary troopers or strongholds of military bandit nobles, continually besieged and sacked and torn with massacres by rival families and rival factions—in that terrible Umbria, Umbria of the days of Cæsar Borgia, the soul developed to strange, unearthly perfection. The city of Perugia, which was governed by the most rapacious and treacherous little mercenary captains; whose dark, precipitous streets were full of broil and bloodshed, and whose palaces full of evil, forbidden lust and family conspiracy, was one of the most pious in all Italy. Wondrous, miraculous preachers, inspired and wild, were forever preaching in the midst of the iniquity; holy monks and nuns were forever seeing visions; churches and hospitals were being erected throughout town and country; novices crowded the ever-increasing convents. Sensitive souls were sickened by the surrounding wickedness, and terrified lest it should triumph over them. Resist it, bravely expose themselves to it, prevent or mitigate the evil of others, they dared not: a moral plague was thick in the air, and those who would escape infection must needs fly, take refuge in strange spiritual solitude, in isolated heights where the moral air was rarified and icy. Active good there could now no longer be: the pure soul became inactive, passive, powerless over the evil around, contemplating forever a distant, ineffable excellence. This solitary and inactive devotion, raised far above this world, is the feeling out of which are molded those scarce embodied souls of Perugino's. . . .

There is the destructive wrath of righteousness in the prophets of Michelangelo, the gentleness of candor and charity in the Florentine virgins of Raphael; there is the serenity and solemnity of moral wisdom in Bellini, and the sweetness and cordiality of domestic love in Titian; there is even half-animal motherly love in Correggio; there is, in almost all the schools of Italian painting, some character of human goodness; but in Perugino there is none of these things. Nothing but the one all-absorbing, abstract, devotional feeling,—intense, passive contemplation of the unattainable good; souls purged of every human desire or will, isolated from all human affection and action, raised above the limits of time and space;—souls which have long ceased to be human beings and can never become angels, hovering, half pained, half joyful, in a limbo of endless spiritual desire.

BERNHARD BERENSON 'CENTRAL ITALIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE'

PERUGINO produces his religious effect by means of his space-composition. Of his figures we require no more than that they shall not disturb this feeling; and if we take them as we should, chiefly as architectonic members in the effect of space, they seldom or never disturb us. Their stereotyped attitudes and expressions we should judge, not as if they were persons in a drama, but as so many columns or arches, of which we surely would not demand dramatic variety. He had a feeling for beauty in women, charm in young men, and dignity in the old, seldom surpassed before or since. Then there is a well-ordered seemliness, a sanctuary aloofness, in all his people which makes them things apart, untouched and pure. Great reserve also does much for him. Violent action he doubtless avoided because he felt himself unequal to the task—indeed, so little did he ever master movement that his figures when walking dance on tiptoe, and on their feet they never stand; but he as carefully kept away from unseemly expression of emotion. How refreshingly quiet are his Crucifixions and Entombments! The still air is soundless, and the people wail no more; a sigh inaudible, a look of yearning, and that is all.

Space effect, however, plays so important a part in Perugino's compositions that it becomes difficult to say just how much of their quality is due to other factors. I doubt whether we should rank him among the great artists for his other qualities alone. They are not sufficient to make up for a deficiency in feeling either for form or movement. But so potent was his charm as a *space-composer* that we never take his figures seriously as figures — or, if we do, we are wrong; for to quarrel with them is no wiser than to make ado about silly words set to solemn music. These figures got worse and worse as he grew older, and, finally, when art already was awhirl with the revelation of Michelangelo, Perugino, altogether retiring from the struggle to count among artists, ceased visiting Florence, and lost what sense he ever had possessed for the figure and the nude. But his feeling for space he could not lose; nay, it gained in strength when, no longer wasting vitality on the effort of painting the figure as for itself it should be painted, — an effort repugnant to his nature, — he gave loose rein to his native impulse. He spent the last years of his life wreathing the Umbrian hills with his golden art, leaving on the walls of many a wayside shrine skies and horizons ineffable.

And now let us look at a few of his compositions. One of his earliest works is the fresco, in the Sistine Chapel, of 'Christ Delivering the Keys to St. Peter,' a work in which he has given more attention to structure than you shall find him doing again. Yet you will not find even these persons life-enhancing by means of their tactile values or their movement. And still among the paintings of the Sistine Chapel Perugino's is certainly not the least agreeable. Nay, is there one more delightful? It is the golden, joyous color, the fine rhythm of the groups, and, above all, the buoyant spaciousness of this fresco that win and hold us. Our attention first falls on the figures in the foreground, which, measured against the pavement, cunningly tesselated for the purpose, at once suggest a scale more commensurate with the vastness of nature than with the puniness of man. Nor do these grand figures crowd the square. Far from it. Spacious, roomy, pleasantly empty, it stretches beyond them, inward and upward, over groups of men, surely of the same breed, but made small by the distance, until, just this side of the horizon's edge, your eye rests on a temple with soaring cupola and airy porticos, the whole so proportioned to the figures in the foreground, so harmonized with the perspective of the pavement, that you get the feeling of being under a celestial dome, not shut in, but open and free in the vastness of the space.

It is this exaltation of the human being over the landscape that not only justifies but renders great paintings otherwise so feeble as the frescos in the Cambio of Perugia — the one, for instance, where you see two lovely women, unrecognizable, save for their symbols, as 'Fortitude' and 'Temperance,' and on the ground below them dreamy, lackadaisical, pretty knights and captains, still less recognizable as renowned exemplifiers of these virtues, yet grand and columnar in their relation to the vastness of the landscape. Far better, despite its somewhat gaunt blues, is the 'Triptych of Pavia' of the National Gallery, mellow in its gold, with the adoring Virgin supereminent over nature, and the singing angels turning the sky they float in to the apse of some aërial cathedral. Without the transmuting power of the spacious pavilion opening out on the Umbrian vale, what would be the value of the Munich panel representing 'The Vision of St. Bernard'? What but the uplifting skies and soothing distances draws your steps at Florence to 'The Crucifixion' in Santa Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi?

KENYON COX THE NATION: 1900

PERUGINO'S figures had half-a-dozen attitudes which occur over and over again, and only one face, subject to the accidents of age and sex. Not only are his pictures nearly all on one plan, but certain figures occur again and again, line for line, and detail for detail. St. Michael appears repeatedly with slight variations of costume but no essential change of attitude. Certain angels turn up again and again with no more variation than in the pose of the hands. It is even one of the best proofs of the authenticity of the much-discussed 'Resurrection' of the Vatican that whoever painted the picture had access to Perugino's cartoons and used them for these angels. There are four other angels, playing on musical instruments, in 'The Ascension' at Borgo San Sepolcro that occur again, exactly copied, in 'The Assumption' of the Florence Academy, only their relative positions have been changed and one of them is reversed, the cartoon having evidently been turned wrong side out and pounced through from the back. St. Sebastian has always the same pose, only reversed on one occasion; the Christ of the Academy 'Crucifixion' is not only from the same model as that of the Santa Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi 'Crucifixion,' but has identically the same folds of drapery, and so has the Christ of 'The Crucifixion' in Sant' Agostino's, Siena; and there are almost countless other instances of a similar economy.

These repetitions were notorious in the artist's own day, and he was reproached for them, his answer being, in substance, "These are the same figures you once admired; why are they not good now?" But even when the figures are not literal copies of each other, they are so mannered as to show that Perugino can have made little fresh study from nature after his earliest days.

But there was one spark of the true artist in Perugino, one great quality which he possessed, one thing which he painted with heart. This thing was landscape, of which he is one of the great masters; and this quality is a truly wonderful sense for and power of expressing space. Picture after picture of his is saved and rendered impressive by its background; in picture after picture you escape past the feeble and perfunctory figures into the large and tranquil landscape beyond, and breathe deep with pleasure and exaltation of feeling.

The Works of Perugino

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'MADONNA, SAINTS AND ANGELS' PLATE I

ONE of the best examples of Perugino's early style is this circular painting, in tempera, now in the Louvre. It represents the Madonna and Child enthroned between St. Rosa on the left and St. Catherine on the right. Behind are two angels in adoration. The Madonna's blue robe is fastened with a brooch of elaborate workmanship, and the attendant saints are dressed in gold-bordered and jeweled robes very beautiful in design. "Here we already see Perugino's peculiar types," writes Julia Cartwright, "the broad brow, dovelike eyes, fluttering locks and drooping forms, together with that air of purity and candor, touched with sadness, which is the characteristic feature of his heads." The graceful and slender figures are clearly defined in outline, the hands with their tapering fingers well modeled, though somewhat affected in action; the draperies are crisp in fold, and the color scheme of the picture carefully arranged, delicately graded crimsons being balanced by blue, lavender and sage green.

'PORTRAIT OF FRANCESCO DELLE OPERE' PLATE II

THIS portrait, long supposed to be that of Perugino himself, is now believed to represent Francesco delle Opere, a Florentine gentleman who died in Venice in 1496. In Perugino's painting he wears a black cloak over a red doublet, and on his blond and bushy hair is a small black cap. In one hand is a scroll inscribed with the words "TIMETE DEUM" (Fear God). A typical Umbrian landscape forms the background. For many years this work was attributed to Francia, but, after undergoing a thorough cleaning, an inscription on the back of the canvas was brought to light, which read: "*1494 D'Luglio Pietro Perugino Pinse Franco del Ope.*" A comparison of this writing with that of Perugino proved it to be by the same hand, and when the portrait, in its cleaned and restored condition, was shown to professed judges it was unanimously pronounced to be the work of Perugino. It is painted in oil, and was probably executed during the artist's first visit to Venice. It is now in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

Perugino's many commissions for church pictures may have been the reason for his devoting so little time to portraiture, but in the few examples of his work of this kind that have come down to us he has proved himself a truly great master in that branch of art. Mr. Berenson considers this portrait "one of the most ably interpreted, most firmly characterized, most convincing faces in the whole range of Renaissance art."

'TRIPTYCH FROM THE PAVIA ALTAR-PIECE' PLATE III

ONE of the greatest of Perugino's works was painted, probably in 1499, for the Certosa, or Carthusian Monastery of Pavia. This altar-piece originally consisted of six compartments, of which only the central upper panel, on which is painted God the Father, is still at Pavia, the others being to-day replaced at the Certosa by copies. The original upper side panels, on which Perugino had depicted the Annunciation, have disappeared, and the three lower and principal panels, frequently called the 'Triptych of Pavia,' were purchased from the Certosa by one of the Melzi family, and in 1856 were bought for the National Gallery, London.

"As a work of art," writes Grant Allen, "these three panels are as admirable in technique as anything Perugino ever painted; while in spirit, though perhaps not quite so full of feeling as his earliest handicraft, they are certainly far removed from the mechanical and almost monotonously insipid affectation of his latest manner."

In the central panel the Virgin adores the infant Christ, while three singing angels stand in the clouds above. In the compartment on the left is the archangel Michael. On the right is the archangel Raphael (for whom, it is said, Perugino's wife served as model), leading the young Tobias by the hand.

"As it hangs in the gallery," writes Cosmo Monkhouse, "surrounded by the works of his predecessors, his contemporaries and pupils (including Raphael himself), this beautiful triptych proclaims the complete individuality of its painter, and his distinction as a colorist, a landscape-painter, and a master of religious sentiment. A charm of sacred peace broods on the whole composition, descends from its pure blue sky, spreads over the lovely background of hill, tree, lake and river, and inspires angels, archangels, Virgin, and even Tobit with a calm rapture, as though they were all listening to some strain of celestial music. The unusual fullness and richness of its color suggests that of Venice rather than of Florence or Umbria, and it is at least worth notice in connection with this unwonted scale of chromatic harmony that the painter had visited Venice and there completed his mastery over painting in oil,—a method which he carried, as seen in this picture, to a greater perfection than any contemporary of his school."

'CHRIST DELIVERING THE KEYS TO ST. PETER' PLATE IV

ABOUT 1482 Perugino was summoned to Rome by Pope Sixtus IV. to join in the decoration of the Sistine Chapel,—a work in which many of the most eminent artists of Italy were at that time engaged. The three frescos painted by Perugino on the altar-wall of the chapel were afterwards destroyed to make way for Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment,' and it is now generally conceded that the only remaining work in this chapel by the Umbrian master is that representing 'Christ Delivering the Keys to St. Peter.'

In the 'Delivery of the Keys' Perugino reveals himself in the fullness of his powers. "The incident depicted is simple," write Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "yet demands, from the deep meaning attached to it as related to the history of the Roman Church, a certain grandeur and solemnity of treatment. Christ gives the keys to Peter the fisherman; the apostles attend, displaying in movement and glance their conviction of the weight and greatness of their mission, and the idea of the Church in its victorious might is symbolized by the temple in the centre and the triumphal arches at its sides."

The recent editors of Vasari consider that, in spite of its being slightly academic, and notwithstanding the fact that the small figures in the background make spots which attract the eye away from the main action, this work of Perugino's is as a composition unequaled by any fifteenth-century fresco in the Sistine Chapel, and that its balance and restraint can be paralleled by very few works even of the golden period of the first years of the sixteenth century.

'THE MADONNA WITH FOUR SAINTS' PLATE V

PERUGINO painted this altar-piece in 1496 for the Chapel of the Magistracy at Perugia. It was taken by the French to Paris in 1797, but at the peace of 1815 was returned to Italy—not, however, to Perugia, but to Rome, where it now hangs in the Gallery of the Vatican.

The Madonna, holding the Child upon her knee, is seated on a canopied throne. On either side stand the patron saints of Perugia; on the left, St. Herculanus and St. Constantius, early bishops of the city; on the right, St. Lawrence, archdeacon to Sixtus II., and behind him St. Louis of Toulouse. "All the figures," writes Professor Massi, "stand out upon a most lovely horizon, which is thrown into greater relief by its well-conceived contrast with the dark and shadowy tone of the simple architecture." The picture is very rich in color, bright daylight suffuses the canvas, and the whole work is full of Perugino's special charm.

'THE ASSUMPTION' PLATE VI

THIS altar-piece, painted in 1500 for the monks of Vallombrosa, is now in the Academy of Florence. In the upper part of the picture is God the Father surrounded by cherubs and angels. The Virgin, clad in a red robe and blue mantle with a white scarf, her figure encircled by a *mandorla* studded with cherubs' heads, is seated upon clouds, while on either side are angels and cherub faces. On the ground stand the archangel Michael, in blue cuirass and red cap, St. Benedict, in the habit of his order, St. John Gualberto, founder of the Order of Vallombrosa, in a green mantle bordered with red, and Cardinal St. Bernard degli Uberti, abbot of Vallombrosa, dressed in red, and holding a closed book.

This work presents many of Perugino's well-known figures and arrangements—indeed, what has been called the "monotony of Perugino" is here apparent, but in speaking of this altar-piece Dr. Williamson says, "Although the general scheme of the picture is the one which Perugino made somewhat hackneyed, yet there are certain special features that must not be overlooked.

The Virgin is seated in the skies within a glowing radiance of pure white light, and this of itself is an unusual feature. Never did Perugino paint the Madonna so finely. There is a celestial beauty upon her face, and her hands and robe are depicted with the utmost skill and care. The angels are somewhat loosely drawn, insipid in countenance, and lacking in proportion, especially in their attenuated legs and in the large size of their hands; but the artist's main attention has been given to three points,—the figure of the Virgin, the four figures on the ground, and the landscape in the rear.

"The four figures of saints are superb; they are well balanced and stand firmly on their feet; their draperies are in easy folds, and painted with unusual care, especially in their delicate gradations of color; the utmost dexterity and feeling are in the painting of the hands, and there is a tender, reverent beauty in the faces."

'THE VISION OF ST. BERNARD' PLATE VII

PERUGINO'S picture of 'The Vision of St. Bernard,' now in the Munich Gallery, belongs to that period of the master's life when his best work was produced; or, as a recent critic has expressed it, "before he realized his own charms, specified and docketed them, stereotyped the smile of his saints, and set his scholars working, so to speak, on the reproduction of the labels he himself had painted."

According to the legend, St. Bernard, noted for his devotion to the Virgin, "whose divine perfections he never wearied of setting forth," was surprised one day, while engaged in writing his homilies,—so weary and ill that he could with difficulty hold the pen,—by a visit from the blessed Virgin, who graciously appeared to him, and comforted and restored him by her divine presence.

In Perugino's painting the saint, clad in the white habit of his order, is seated at his desk, his hands raised with a reverential gesture as he regards the Virgin, who has appeared before him. Her dress is of a deep crimson color, her mantle blue, and around her head is a reddish-brown kerchief. Two angels are in attendance, one robed in deep amber, the other in green and gray. Behind St. Bernard are St. Philip and St. John the Evangelist. The figures are grouped under Perugino's favorite vaulted arcade, and in the distance, seen through a window, is a charming bit of Umbrian landscape.

"Though a little darkened and impaired by cleaning," writes Claude Phillips, "this is one of the most beautiful of all Perugino's works—*the* most beautiful, perhaps, in the extraordinary serenity, the satisfying harmony of the composition, and in the mystic charm with which a purely symbolical subject is pictorially expressed."

'THE CRUCIFIXION' PLATE VIII

THIS fresco, which is not only considered by many to be Perugino's masterpiece, but is one of the greatest works of the Renaissance, covers one whole side of the wall in the secularized chapter-house of the Convent of Santa Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi, Florence. Perugino was given the commission for the work in 1493 by a Florentine citizen, and upon its completion three years later received the sum of fifty-five florins in payment.

In this work we find that religious symbolism, as distinguished from direct dramatic presentation, which was the very essence of Perugino's art. The Crucifixion is not depicted as an actual event, taking place before our eyes, but as a sacred mystery for the contemplation of the devout.

In the central compartment of the fresco Christ hangs upon the cross, a violet cloth about his loins. The Magdalene, in a blue robe and red mantle lined with green, kneels at his feet. On the right are St. John, clad in a violet tunic and red cloak, and St. Benedict, the patriarch of the Monks of the West, in the brown habit of his order. On the left is the Virgin, in black with a purple mantle, and beside her kneels St. Bernard, in white.

The composition is marked by perfect simplicity and symmetry, and the impressive effect of the six figures is enhanced by the calm beauty of the far-stretching Umbrian landscape with its wide expanse of evening skies. What Ruskin has said in speaking of Perugino's distinctive work may be remembered here: "Every color is lovely, and every space is light. The world, the universe, is divine; all sadness is a part of harmony, and all gloom a part of peace."

'MARY MAGDALENE' PLATE IX

THIS picture, the portrait of a lovely woman rather than the ideal representation of a repentant sinner, is painted with great softness in oil on wood. Her green mantle is bordered with fur, and on her red bodice is inscribed the name "S. MARIA MADALENA." The face is an example of Perugino's distinctive type—a type, as Arsène Alexandre has said, "more charming than actually beautiful, with its rounded contour, slightly prominent forehead, eyes far apart, and small, curved mouth—a type so entirely original with Perugino that any other artist might justly be accused of plagiarism in reproducing it." The picture is now in the Pitti Palace, Florence.

'FORTITUDE AND TEMPERANCE WITH WARRIORS' PLATE X

IN the year 1499 Perugino was asked by the Guild of Merchants of Perugia to decorate the Sala del Cambio, or Audience Hall of the Exchange of their city (Collegio del Cambio). He accordingly left Florence, where he was then living, to undertake the work, which with the aid of pupils was completed the following year. The subjects selected were dictated to the artist by Francesco Maturanzio, professor of rhetoric at Perugia. The vaulted ceiling is decorated with mythological figures and arabesques; on the end wall are painted the 'Nativity' and the 'Transfiguration'; one of the side walls is covered by a group of prophets and sibyls, and on the opposite wall are two frescos, one representing allegorical figures of Prudence and Justice with classic heroes standing beneath; the other, the subject of our reproduction, shows Fortitude and Temperance seated upon clouds, while beneath them are standing figures of Greek and Roman warriors,

— Lucius Sicinius, Leonidas, Horatius Cocles, Scipio, Pericles and Cincinnatus.

In depicting these heroes Perugino did not attempt any special composition. The figures stand formally side by side, clad in armor and wearing helmets adorned with curious scroll-work plumes and in long gowns and with fantastic head-gear, while the faces of all are as sweet and gentle as are those of the Umbrian saints Perugino so often painted.

"In the Sala del Cambio the frame equals the picture, or rather there is no distinction between the two," write the recent editors of Vasari. "The whole hall is a setting; the golden brown of the inlaid benches, the cool gray lights and strong shadows of the carved wood, continue and relieve the warm grays, the amber, and the tawny reds and yellows of the frescos; for although not one of these equals 'The Crucifixion' of Santa Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi, or the 'Delivery of the Keys' in the Sistine Chapel, each is richer in color than are the latter and more famous works. Upon entering the room the first impression is one of completeness. Nothing has been taken away and but little added since the first years of the sixteenth century, and the little Perugian Exchange deserves to rank among the treasuries of European art."

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF PERUGINO, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA. Vienna, Imperial Gallery: Baptism of Christ; St. Jerome; Madonna and four Saints; Madonna and two Saints — Vienna, Liechtenstein Gallery: Nativity — BELGIUM. Brussels Museum: Madonna, Christ, and St. John — ENGLAND. Alnwick, Duke of Northumberland's Collection: Two Saints — London, National Gallery: Virgin and Child; Pavia Altar-piece (Plate III); Madonna and Saints; Nativity (fresco) — London, Lord Aldenham's Collection: Virgin and Child — London, Lord Battersea's Collection: Head of a Saint — London, Dorchester House: Virgin and Child — London, Collection of L. Hardy, Esq.: Saint in Prayer — London, Collection of Lord Wantage: St. Jerome; St. Sebastian — London, Collection of F. A. White, Esq.: Resurrection — FRANCE. Bordeaux Museum: Madonna Enthroned — Caen Museum: St. Jerome; Marriage of the Virgin [sometimes attributed to Lo Spagna] — Grenoble Museum: St. Sebastian and St. Apollonia — Lyons Museum: The Ascension; St. Herculanus and St. James — Marseilles Museum: Family of St. Anne — Nantes Museum: Adoration of Christ; Isaiah; Jeremiah — Paris, Louvre: Madonna, Saints, and Angels (Plate I); Holy Family; St. Paul; St. Sebastian (*bis*); Apollo and Marsyas; Combat of Love and Chastity — Paris, Church of St. Gervais: God the Father and Cherubs (lunette) — Rouen Museum: Adoration of Magi; Baptism; Resurrection — Tarbes Museum: St. Lawrence; Virgin and Child — Toulouse Museum: Two Saints — GERMANY. Altenberg, Lindenau Collection: St. Helen; St. Anthony — Dresden, Royal Gallery: St. Crispin — Frankfort, Städel Institute: Virgin, Child, and St. John — Meiningen, Ducal Palace: St. John the Baptist; St. John the Evangelist — Munich Gallery: Vision of St. Bernard (Plate VII); Madonna and two Saints; Madonna and Child; Baptism of Christ; Resurrection — Stuttgart Museum: Nativity — ITALY. Assisi, Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli: Fragment of a Crucifixion (fresco) — Bassano, Civic Museum: Deposition — Bettona, Church of the Minorites: St. Anthony and Donor; Madonna and Saints — Bologna Gallery: Virgin in Glory — Borgo San Sepolcro, Cathedral: Ascension (in part) — Cantiano, Church of Santa Maria della Collegiata: Holy Family — Cerqueto: St. Sebastian — Città della Pieve, Cathedral: Virgin in Glory; Baptism of Christ; Madonna and Saints — Città della Pieve, Church of Santa Maria dei Bianchi: Adoration of Magi (fresco) — Città della Pieve, Church of San Pietro: St. Anthony (fresco) — Città della Pieve, Church of Santa Maria dei Servi: Deposition (fresco) — Corciano: Assumption; Two predella panels — Cremona, Church of Sant' Agostino: Madonna and Saints — Fano, Church of Santa Maria Nuova: Madonna and Saints; Annunciation — Florence, Academy: Assumption (Plate vi); Crucifixion; Entombment; Deposition (begun by Filippino Lippi); Agony in the Garden; Portrait of Don Biagio Milanesi; Portrait of Don Baldassare — Florence, Pitti Palace: Pietà; Adoration of the Child; Mary Magdalene (Plate ix); Portrait of a Woman ('The Nun') — Florence, Uffizi Gallery: Portrait of Francesco delle Opere (Plate ii); Portrait of a Lady; Madonna and Saints; Portrait of Alessandro Braccesi — Florence, Church of the Annunziata: Assumption — Florence, Church of La Calza: Crucifixion — Florence, Chapter-house of Santa Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi: Crucifixion (fresco) (Plate viii) — Foligno, Church of the Annunziata: Baptism of Christ (fresco) — Milan, Poldi-Pezzoli Museum: Madonna and Child — Montefalco, Church of San Francesco: Nativity (fresco) — Naples Museum: Adoration of Magi — Naples, Cathedral: Assumption (in part) — Panicale, Church of San Sebastiano: St. Sebastian (fresco) — Panicale, Church of Sant' Agostino: Madonna and Child (in part) — Pavia, Certosa: One panel of the Pavia Altar-piece — Perugia Gallery: Coronation of the Virgin; Two Saints; St. Sebastian (in part); Pietà; Baptism of Christ; God the Father and Cherubs; Preaching of John the Baptist; Marriage at Cana; Adoration of Magi; Christ in the Temple; David; Daniel; Nativity; Eight pictures of Saints; Madonna and Saints; Archangel Gabriel; Crucifixion; St. James; St. Jerome; Transfiguration; Madonna and Child; Virgin of Consolation; Madonna and Saints; St. John the Baptist and other Saints; Nativity (fresco) — Perugia, Cathedral: Madonna and Saints — Perugia, Chapel of San Severo: Figures of Saints in Raphael's 'Trinity' (fresco) — Perugia, Church of San Pietro: Pietà; Five Saints — Perugia, Nunnery of Sant' Agnese: God the Father with Saints (fresco); Crucifixion; Virgin, Saints, and Angels (fresco) — Perugia, Collegio del Cambio: Prudence and Justice with Philosophers (fresco); Fortitude and Temperance with Warriors (fresco) (Plate x); Prophets and Sibyls (fresco); God the Father (fresco); Transfiguration (fresco); Nativity (fresco); Figure of Cato (fresco); Ceiling decorated in fresco; Portrait of Perugino (fresco) (Page 20) — Rome, Vatican Gallery: The Resurrection [sometimes attributed to Lo Spagna]; Madonna with four Saints (Plate v); Three Heads — Rome, Sistine Chapel: Christ Delivering the Keys to St. Peter (fresco) (Plate iv) — Rome, Vatican [Stanza dell' Incendio] Ceiling (frescos) — Rome, Borghese Gallery: St. Sebastian; Virgin and Child — Rome, Villa Albani: Altar-piece — Siena, Church of Sant' Agostino: Crucifixion — Sinigaglia, Church of Santa Maria della Grazie: Madonna and Saints — Spello, Church of Santa Maria Maggiore: Pietà; Madonna and Saints — Trevi, Church of Santa Maria delle Lagrime: Adoration of Magi — Verona, Museo Civico: Adoration of Magi; Madonna Adoring the Child (in part).

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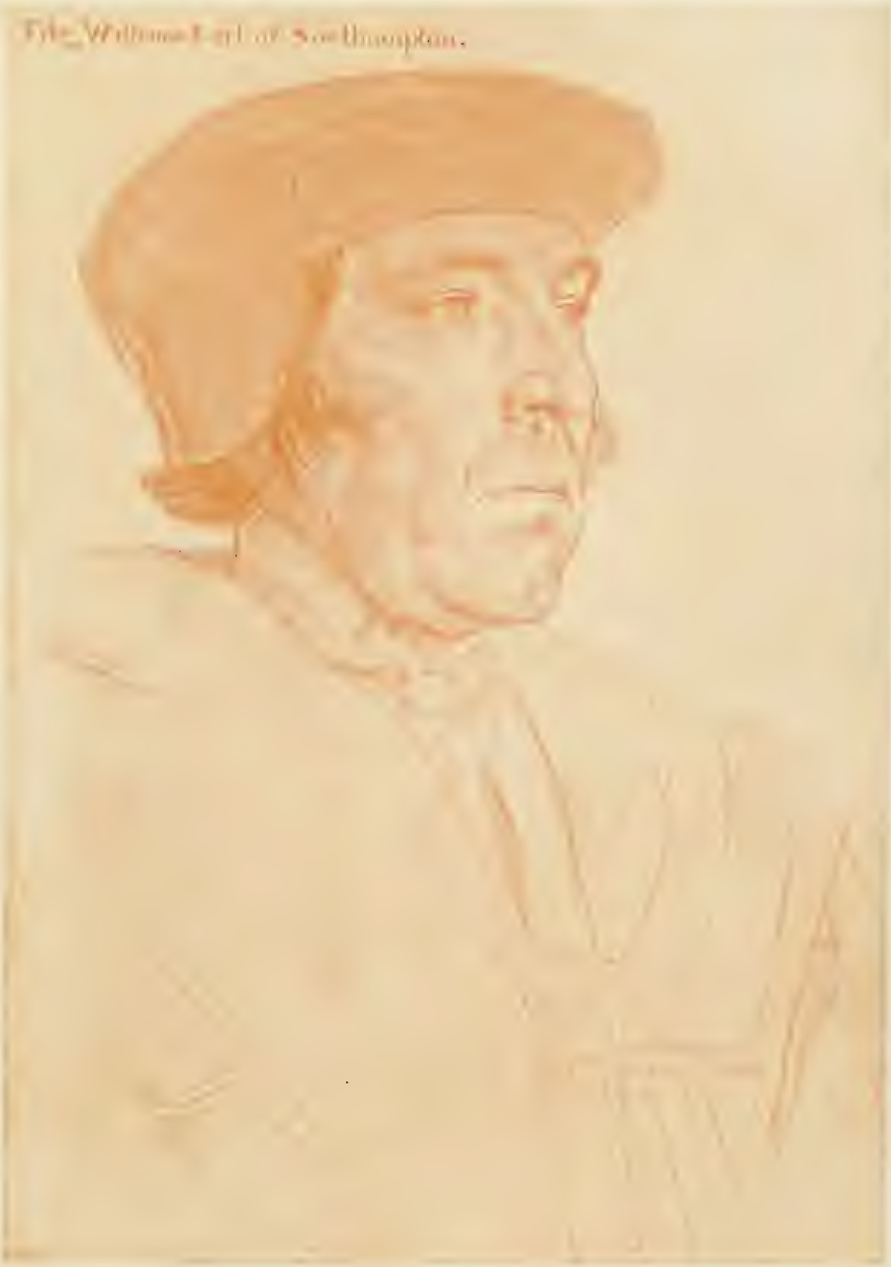
Wylliam Earl of Southampton.

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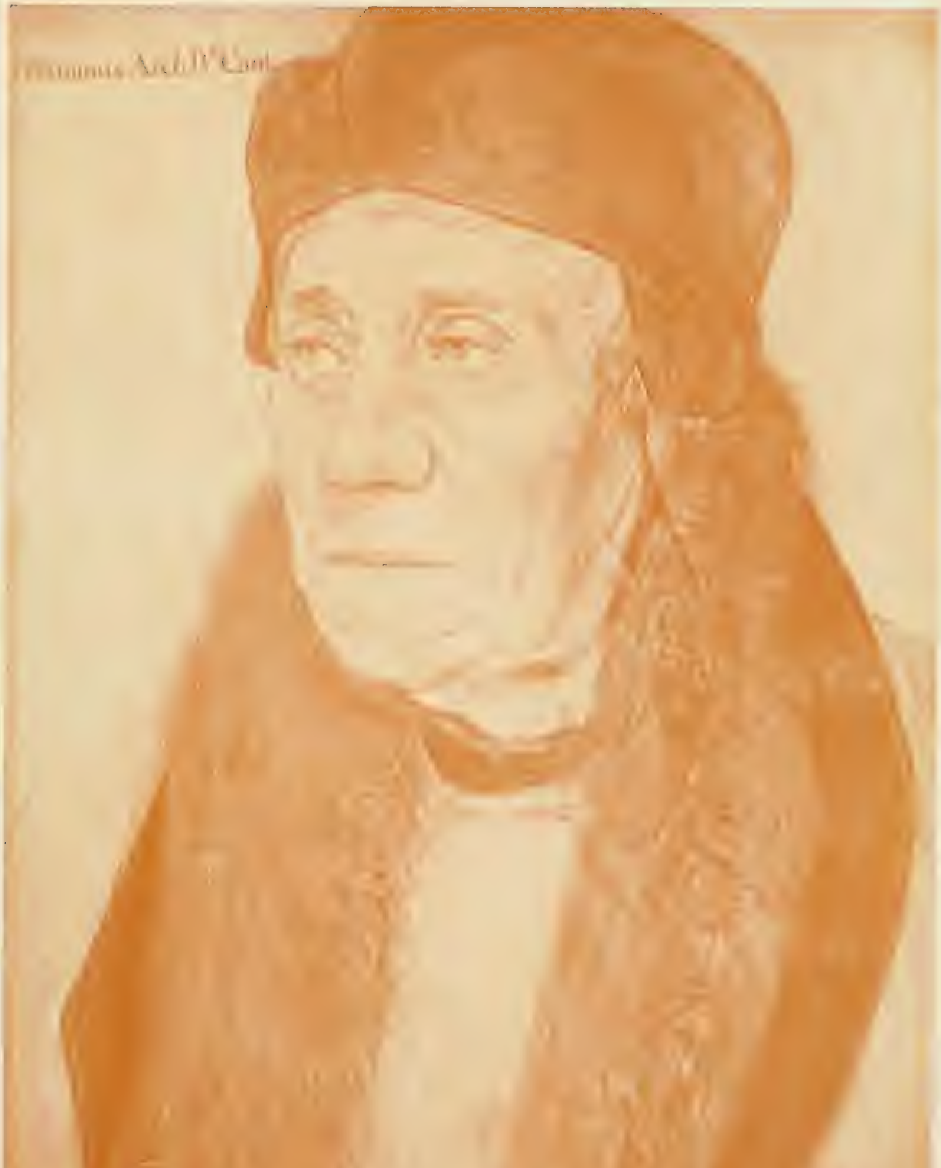

MASTERS IN ART PLATE [illegible]

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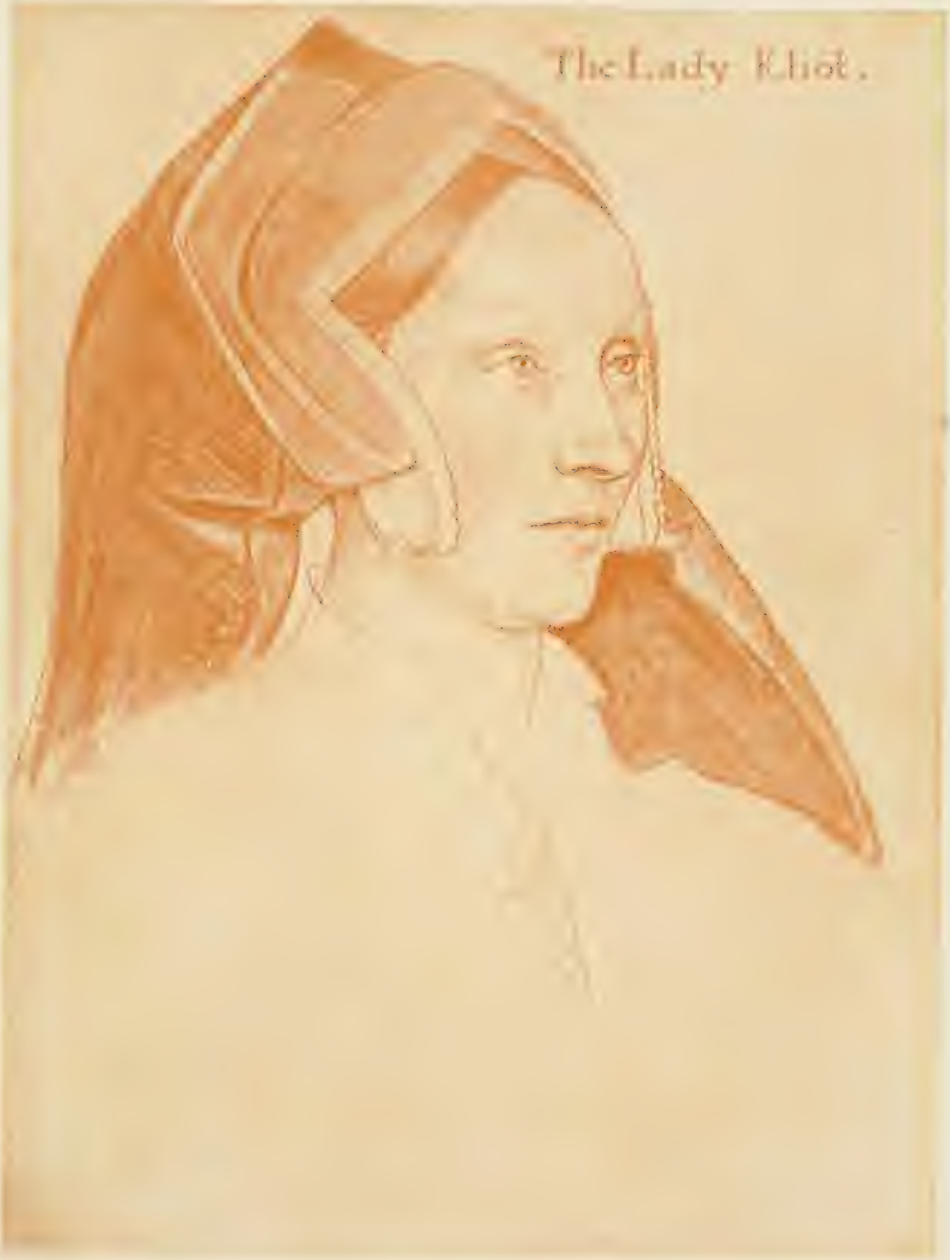
HOLBEIN

WILLIAM WARHAM, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

WINDSOR CASTLE, ENGLAND


The Lady Eliot.

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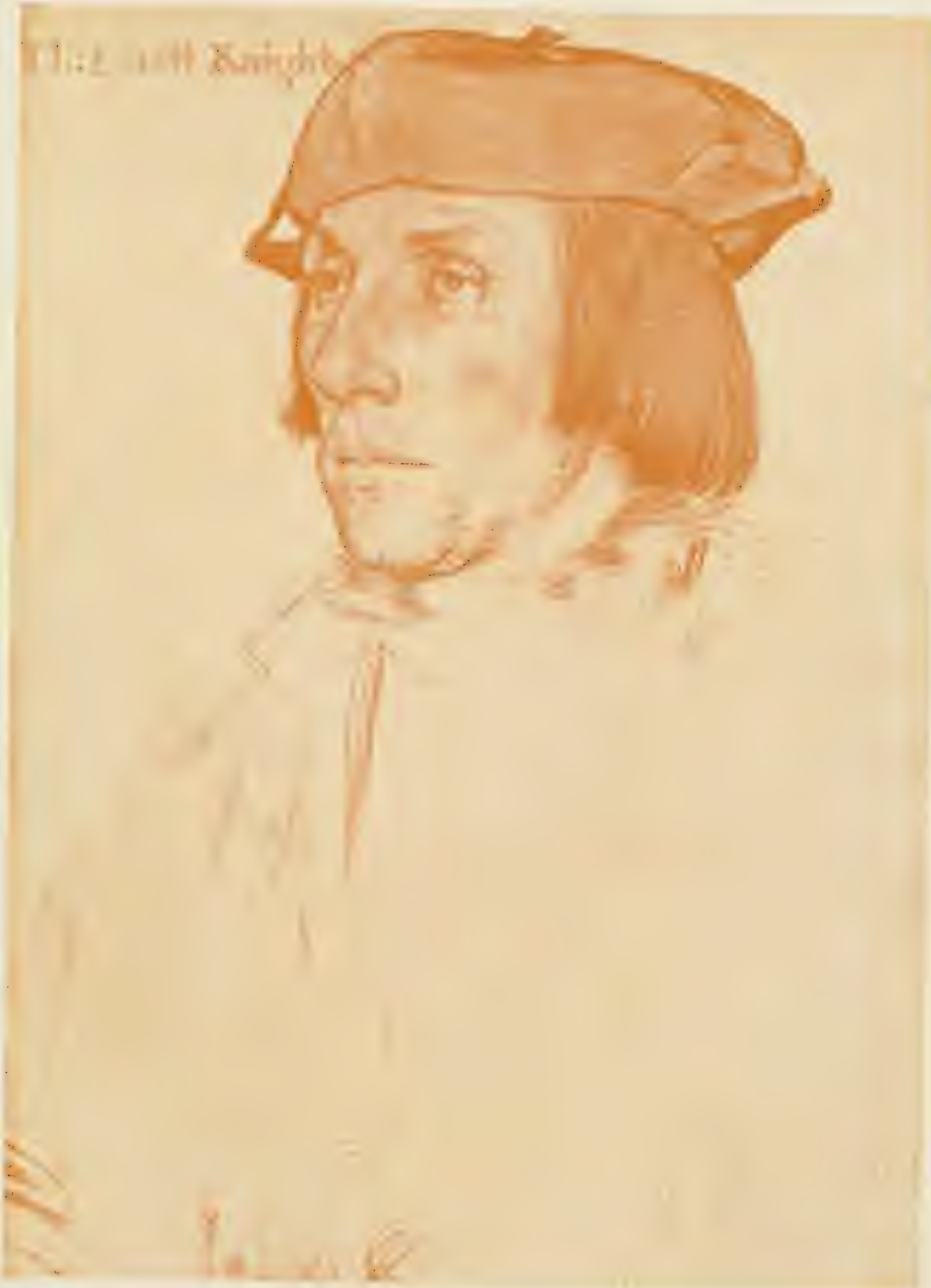

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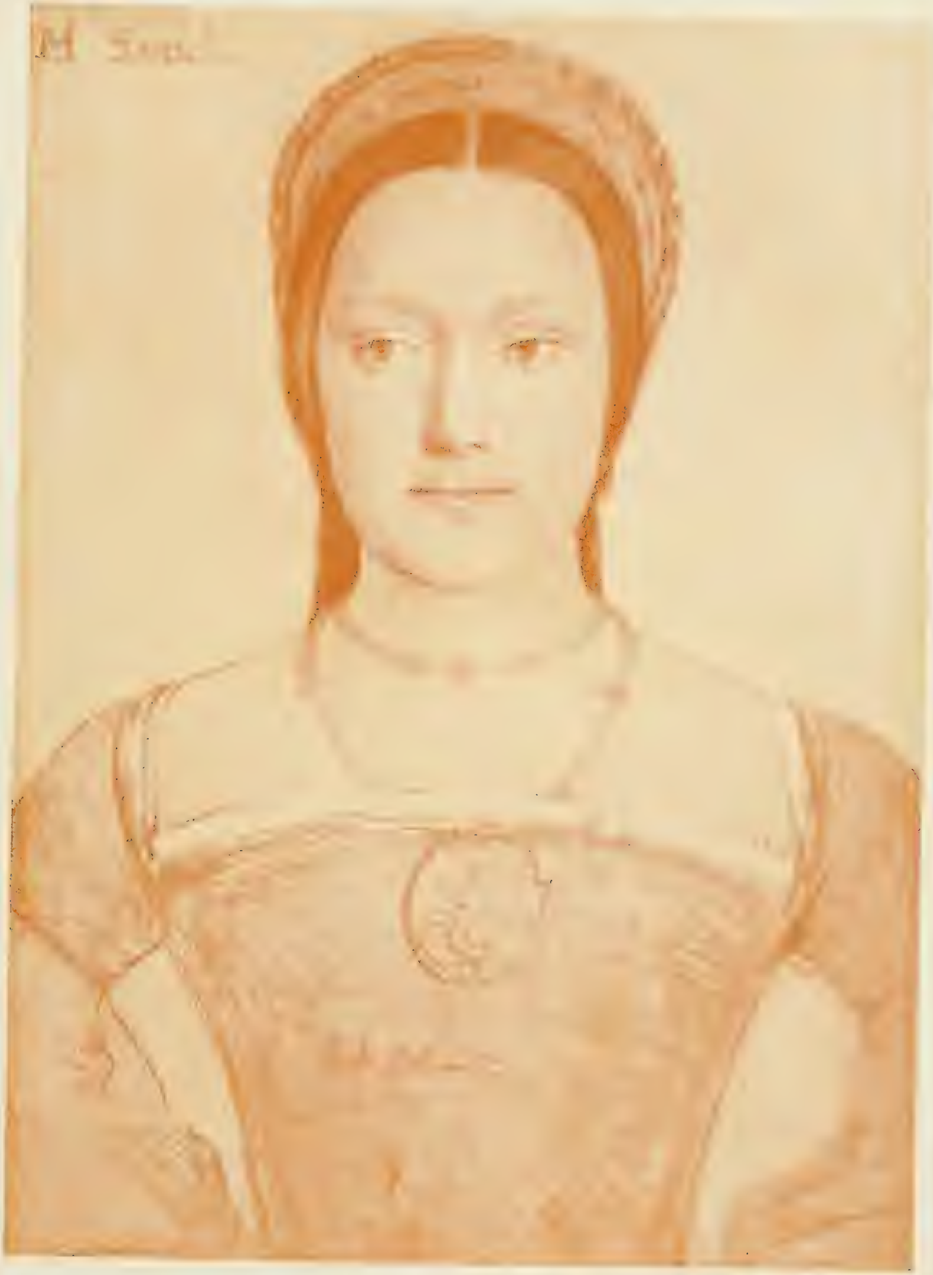

MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

HOLBEIN
MISTRESS SOUCH
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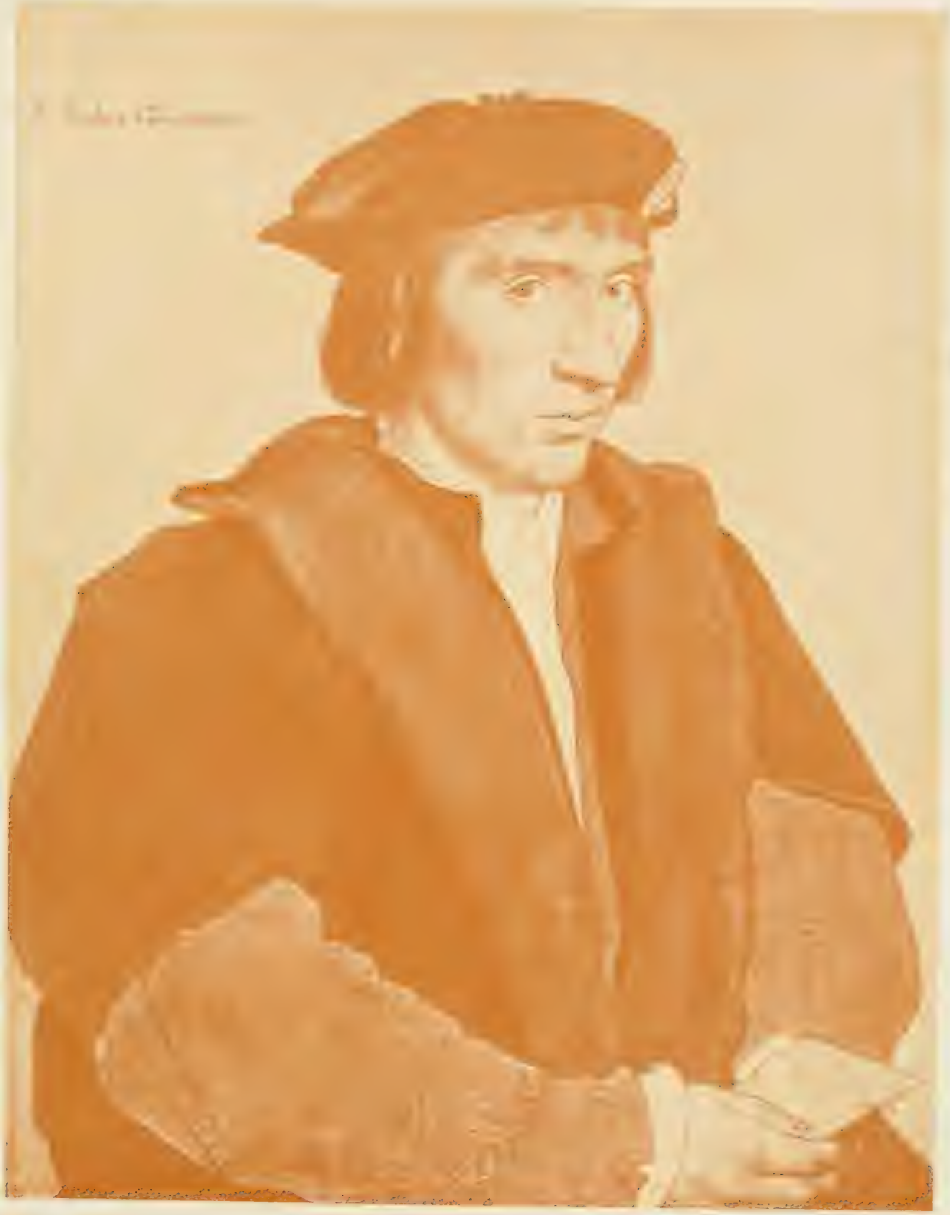

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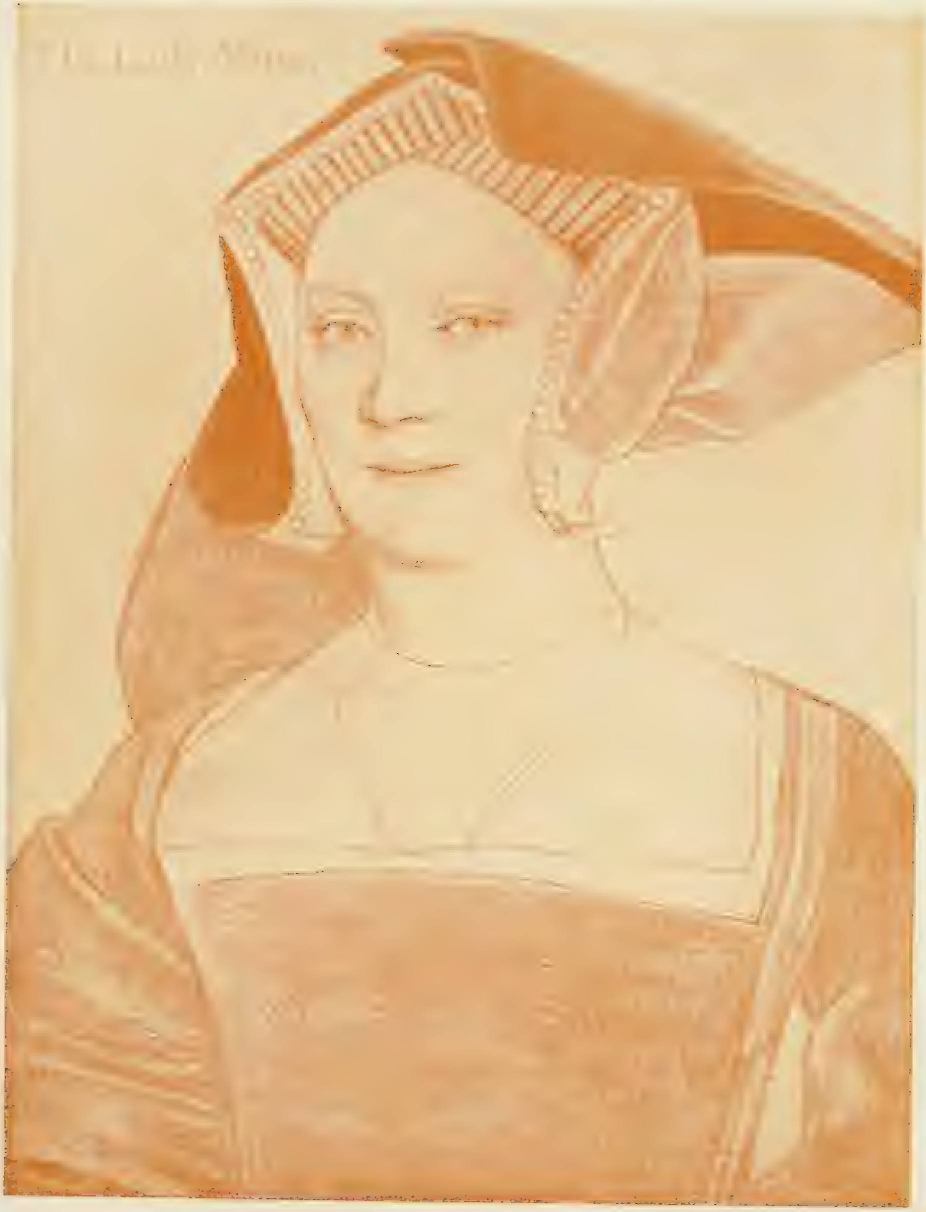
HOLBEIN

SIR JOHN GODSALVE

WINDSOR CASTLE: ENGLAND



MASTERS IN ART: PLATE V
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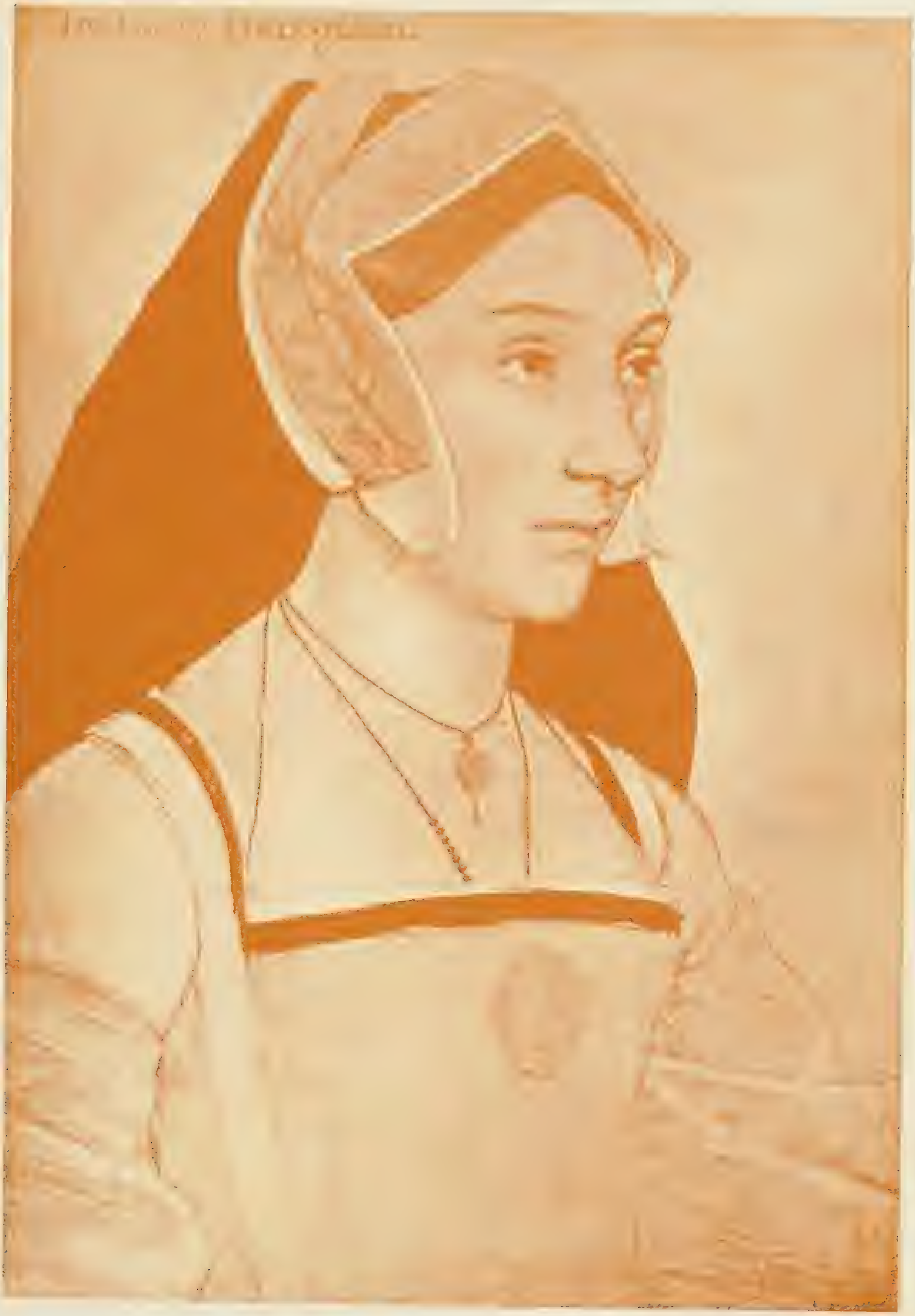
HOLBEIN
THE LADY VAUX
WINDSOR CASTLE, ENGLAND


The Lady Heveningham.

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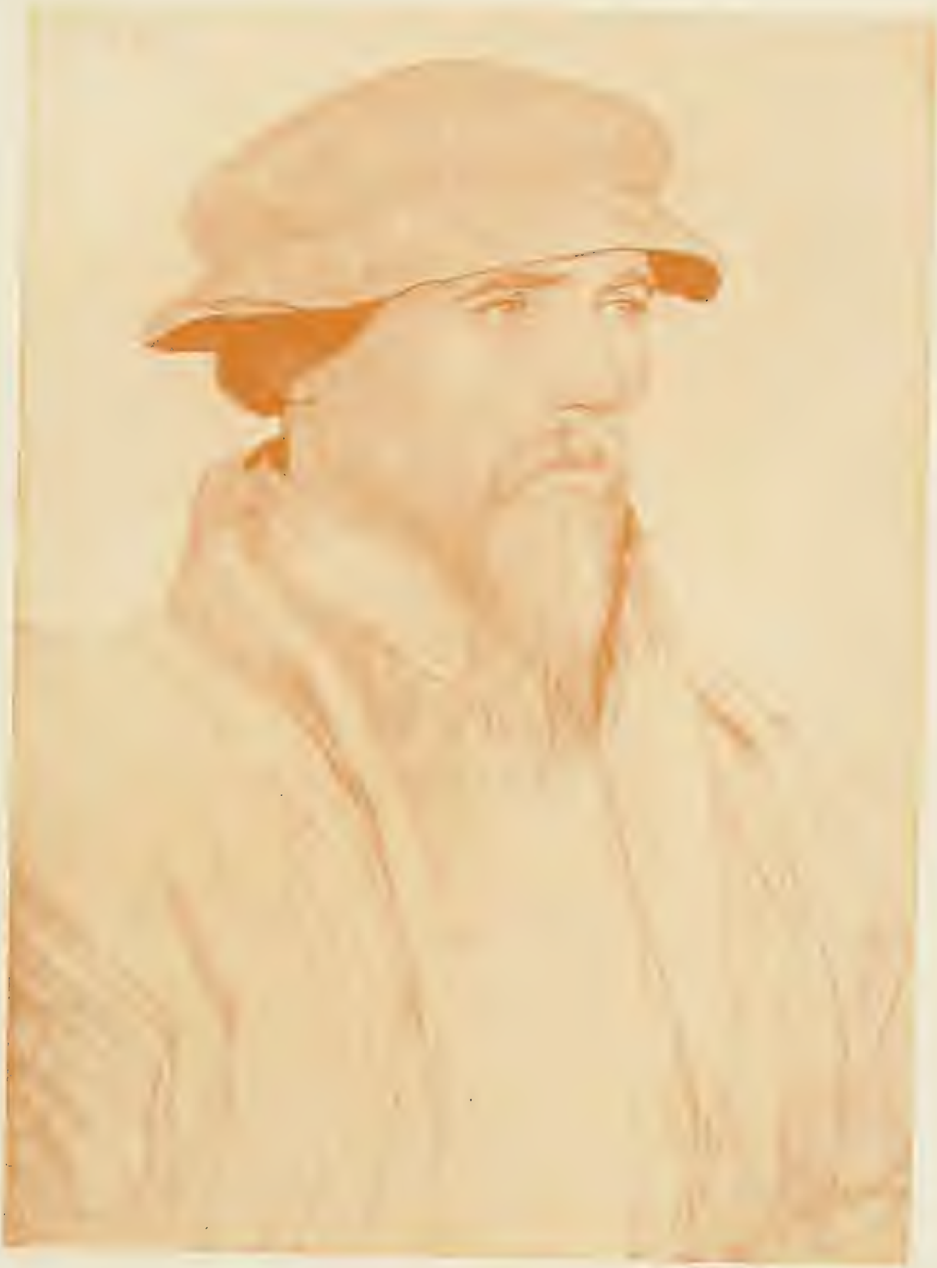
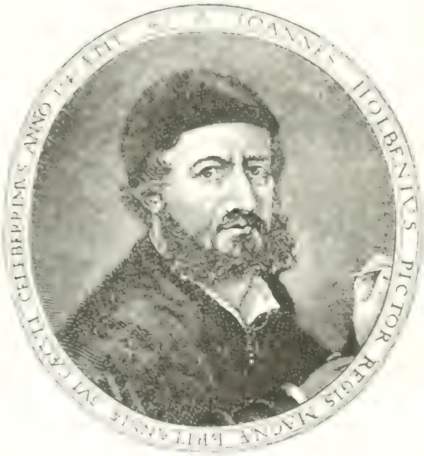
HOLBEIN
THE LADY HEVENINGHAM
WINDSOR CASTLE, ENGLAND



HOLBEIN
SIR JOHN GAGE
WINDSOR CASTLE, ENGLAND


IOANNES HOLBENIUS PICTOR REGIS MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ SUI SÆCULI CELEBERRIMUS ANNO ÆTATIS

PORTRAIT OF HOLBEIN AFTER VORSTERMAN'S ENGRAVING

During the last year of his life Holbein apparently painted his own likeness three times, once in miniature and twice at about half-life size. Of the two larger portraits the one in the Uffizi Gallery has been so altered by repainting that it can now hardly be considered as a likeness. Both the miniature and the second painting are lost; but from one or the other of them two engravings were made during the seventeenth century, one by Vorsterman and the other by Hollar. It is upon Vorsterman's rendering that our reproduction is based. A comparison with the only adequate likeness of the artist that exists (reproduced in a former issue of this SERIES), which was drawn by Holbein when he was twenty-five, will show that twenty years later his face had assumed a graver expression, and that, following the fashion of the English court, he had let his beard grow in imitation of the king.

Hans Holbein the Younger

BORN 1497: DIED 1543
GERMAN SCHOOL

THE present issue treats only of Holbein's portrait drawings at Windsor Castle, England. His paintings were considered in MASTERS IN ART, Volume I., Part 4. In that number will be found another account of his life, further criticisms of his art, and a fuller bibliography of the literature concerning him.

HANS HOLBEIN the Younger was born in 1497, at Augsburg, in Swabia. He was the son of Hans Holbein, an artist of decided merit, whose work is marked by a purer taste and a more agreeable realism than that of his contemporaries, and who was the first to temper German art with Italian elements. In some cases the work of the elder Holbein has with difficulty been distinguished from that of his more celebrated son, who was no doubt educated as a painter in Augsburg by his father, and perhaps, too, by his uncle Sigmund, also a painter there. Among the pictures now preserved in his native city, only one by the younger Holbein, a Madonna, can be recorded as authentic; but it is believed that he had a share in the fine altar-piece, 'The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian,' painted by his father, which is now in the Munich Gallery.

About the year 1514, the young Hans, accompanied by his brother Ambrosius, left Augsburg, and sought employment as an illustrator of books at Basle, then the centre of the humanist revival in literature, and celebrated as the home of many of the most eminent scholars of the day. Prominent among them was Erasmus, who is said to have been one of Holbein's first patrons, and for whom, soon after his arrival, he illustrated an edition of the 'Praise of Folly,' now in the Museum of Basle, with pen-and-ink sketches. It was in Basle that the great Amerbach printing-press had been established, and after the death of its founder, John Amerbach, the business was carried on by his partner, John Froben, who employed Holbein to draw title-page blocks and initials for the new editions of the Bible and the classics which issued from his press. The artist's leisure moments seem to have been devoted to the production of a schoolmaster's sign, still preserved in the Basle Museum, and a table painted with allegories, now in the library of the University of Zurich. He also painted several remarkable portraits, among them those of the Burgomaster Jacob Meyer and his wife, and that of his friend Bonifacius Amerbach.

Notwithstanding these and other commissions, Holbein did not, however, find sufficient occupation in Basle; and we hear of him at about this time in Lucerne, where he was employed to decorate the inside and outside of a new house belonging to one Jacob von Hertenstein. This house remained standing until 1824, when it was destroyed to make room for local improvements, though copies of the paintings with which it was decorated are in the town library at Lucerne. It has been frequently suggested that at about this period Holbein may have crossed the Alps and journeyed into Northern Italy, so marked is the Italian influence in many of his works; but there is no proof that he did so, and the Italian manner may be traced to his probable study of engravings of the works of Mantegna and other transalpine masters.

At any rate, he returned to Basle in 1519, and was admitted into the gild of painters of that town. In the same year he married Elsbeth Schmidt, a widow with one son, and by her had several children. He at first found employment in making designs for stained glass windows and in painting the outsides of many houses with simulated architectural features; but before long he received the more important commission to paint the walls of the town hall of Basle with scenes chosen from classical history. He also executed several religious works, such as a 'Last Supper,' the eight Passion pictures, a 'Dead Christ,' a 'Nativity,' an 'Adoration of the Magi,' a 'St. Ursula and St. George,' the great 'Madonna and Saints' at Solothurn, and the still greater 'Madonna with the Meyer Family' now in the Ducal Palace at Darmstadt. This subject, painted for the ex-burgomaster of Basle, Jacob Meyer, is perhaps best known through the famous picture in the Dresden Gallery, now considered to be an excellent and possibly contemporaneous copy.

In 1522 Luther's translation of the New Testament was published at Wittenberg, and the printers of Basle issued numerous reprints of it. The title-pages and illustrations for many of these editions were designed by Holbein. He also designed the famous series of woodcuts illustrating 'The Dance of Death,' which reveals him as one of the leading agents in the spread of the new doctrines of the Reformation, now making great strides in Germany. The dissensions which these doctrines caused, however, brought about a general paralysis of art. It put an end to all orders for altar-pieces, for pictures of the Madonna or of saints. Even classic subjects were tabooed by the Reformers; and Holbein soon realized that if he was to gain a living as a painter he must go where art held a different position from that to which it was relegated in Basle. Accordingly, taking a bold resolution, he determined to carry out a previously conceived plan of visiting England; and in 1526, provided with a letter of introduction from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, he crossed the English Channel to try his fortune in another land.

Henry VIII., whose court is said to have been the home of all the arts, of science, of painting, of architecture, and of literature, was at this time on the English throne. He had set the example of collecting works of art, and "the choicest present that you could make him was a picture, a statue, a piece of tapestry, or a beautifully chased suit of armor." Sir Thomas More was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and William Warham, another correspondent of Erasmus, was Archbishop of Canterbury. More was then a close personal friend of the king, who was in the habit of taking the royal barge at Whitehall stairs and rowing down the Thames to Chelsea, where More lived, to lunch or dine with the chancellor unannounced; and afterwards would walk up and down with him in his garden, the royal arm thrown around More's neck, while they talked of theology, geometry, and music, and in the evening they would discuss the mysteries of astronomy; or it might be that the king would listen to a freshly written page of his host's 'Utopia,' with its arguments in favor of freedom of conscience. Through Sir Thomas More, who had welcomed the painter at first as a friend of Erasmus, but who was not slow to appreciate his genius, Holbein obtained access to the leading men of the court; and in portraiture, the only form of art then in demand in England, found ample occupation. Most of the principal men and women of the day sat to him, and in the priceless collection of drawings now at Windsor, made partly at this time and partly during his subsequent stay in England, are to be found many of the studies for their portraits.

After a sojourn of two years in England, Holbein returned to Basle. Here, as the records show, he purchased a house for his wife and children, whose portraits, now in the Basle Museum, he painted at this time. The City Council asked him to complete the frescos of the town hall, which, owing to the depressions of the times, had been left unfinished; and the sketches which he made for these pictures show that he had not, through his devotion to portraiture, lost the spirit of his earlier days, but was still great as a composer. He soon found, however, that the Basle to which he had returned afforded no free field for art. The reformed religion now held full sway there, and the citizens were forced into compliance with it. An iconoclastic outbreak took place which, in one day, destroyed almost all the religious pictures in the city, including some of Holbein's own; and notwithstanding the appeal of his fellow-citizens to remain among them, Holbein, after an absence of four years, returned to England in 1532.

In England too, however, he found many changes. Sir Thomas More had fallen from royal favor; Archbishop Warham was dead; and it was among his own countrymen, the German merchants of the Steelyard,—members of the Hanseatic League settled in London,—that Holbein found employment. For them he painted many of his finest portraits, and at their instigation designed an allegorical pageant representing Parnassus on the occasion of Anne Boleyn's coronation procession. He was also employed to execute two large paintings for the walls of their gildhall, depicting 'The Triumph of Riches' and 'The Triumph of Poverty.' Only the original sketch for 'The Triumph of Riches' exists. It was at about this time, too, that he painted the important picture known as 'The Ambassadors,' which now hangs in the National Gallery, London.

It is not until 1536 that there is any record of Holbein's official connection with the court. In that year, however, we find him spoken of as "the king's painter," and in that year he painted the new queen, Jane Seymour, and in the year following frescoed a group of Henry VIII. with his father and mother and Jane Seymour on the wall of the privy chamber at Whitehall. This fresco perished in the fire of 1698, but the original cartoon for the figures of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. is at Hardwick Hall in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire.

As court painter, Holbein was called upon to "do everything that could be done with a brush; to paint everything that required painting—a wall, a coat of arms, a shield, a portrait, or a battle-piece; and like most of the distinguished painters of his time, he was a man of infinite variety and readiness. He could turn his hand to everything; could paint a portrait or decorate a wall; design a gateway or take a sketch of the Duchess of Milan or Anne of Cleves for Henry to fall in love with; emboss in wax for the beauties of the court, or color a shield of arms for the knights of the tournament; design a drinking-cup for Jane Seymour, or a sword-hilt for the king; or take up his graving-knife and cut his own designs for Sir Thomas More's 'Utopia,' or a new edition of the Bible."

Henry VIII. seems to have held his court painter in higher estimation than most of the men of the craft were held at that time. As an illustration of this Horace Walpole tells the following story, for which Carel van Mander is responsible: "One day, as Holbein was privately drawing some lady's picture for the king, a great lord forced himself into the chamber. Holbein threw him down stairs; the peer cried out; Holbein bolted himself in, escaped over the top of the house, and running directly to the king, fell on his knees, and besought his majesty to pardon him, without declaring the offence. The king promised to forgive him if he would tell the truth; but soon began to repent, saying that he should not easily overlook such insults; and bade him wait in the apartment till he had learned more of the matter. Immediately arrived the lord with his complaint, but sinking the provocation. At first the monarch heard the story with temper, but broke out, reproaching the nobleman with his want of truth, and adding, 'You have not to do with Holbein, but with me. I tell you, of seven peasants I can make as many lords, but not one Holbein. Begone; and remember that if ever you pretend to revenge yourself, I shall look on any injury offered to the painter as done to myself.'"

A few months after the death of Jane Seymour, Holbein was sent to Brussels to paint a portrait of Christina of Denmark, the widowed Duchess of Milan, for whose hand the English king now entered into negotiations. Although he had but three hours in which to accomplish his work, the painter was thoroughly successful. The portrait that he then painted is probably the one now at Windsor, not the exquisitely finished full-length from Arundel Castle.

Before returning to England Holbein paid a visit to his family at Basle, where he made his appearance clad in silk and satin, and was entertained at a banquet by the citizens, who voted him an annuity, as well as conferring one upon his wife for two years, at the end of which time he promised to return and take up his final abode among them.

By New Year's day, 1539, he was again in England, and we are told of an homage he paid the king on that occasion by presenting him with "a table of the pictour of the prince's grace,"—possibly the portrait of the young Edward VI. which is now at Hanover.

During the following summer Henry sent his court painter on another mission to the continent, this time to paint a portrait of the Princess Anne of Cleves at Düren, near Cologne, with a result sufficiently attractive to decide the king matrimonially in her favor. As Walpole tells the story, "Holbein drew so favorable a likeness of the princess that Henry was content to wed her; but when he found her so inferior to her portrait the storm, which really should have been directed at his painter, burst on his minister; and Cromwell lost his head because Anne was 'a Flanders mare,' not a Venus, as Holbein had represented her."

Holbein was at work upon a large picture of Henry VIII. granting a charter to the newly incorporated Company of the Barber-surgeons when a pestilence broke out in London, to which he fell a victim; and on some day between the seventh of October and the twenty-ninth of November in the year 1543, after making a hasty will, he died. About his death, as about his life, little definite is known. The place of his burial cannot be certainly determined, although he is supposed to have been buried in the Church of St. Katherine Cree, London. In the parish of St. Andrew Undershaft, where he lived, he was rated as a stranger, showing that he was not a permanent resident in England.

The Art of Holbein

JEAN ROUSSEAU 'HANS HOLBEIN'

HOLBEIN'S genius is nowhere more clearly shown than in his drawings. Indeed, we may question whether even his finest paintings add anything to the admiration which we feel before the drawings at Windsor and at Basle. Painting seems, somehow, to have limited and confined the freer sweep of his talent. A habitual and characteristic patience seems to be the dominant note in his pictures. No Gothic works are more minutely studied. If, however, their finish is equal to that of the primitives there is none of the primitive timidity, and they bear witness to wonderful power and to perseverance, foresight, knowledge, and will. But his drawings are freer, and show that his talent was infinitely more supple than we should conclude from his paintings alone. Nothing is wanting to them either in conception, color, or technique. Limited as they are to mere sketches — sober, workmanlike, rapid — they seem as complete as his most finished pictures. His pencil has seized the suppleness of stuffs, the quality and gleam of steel, the texture and tone of flesh, movement, momentary expression — all with the concision and mastery of one who can recognize and portray with one brief stroke the fundamental elements which comprise type, expression, and effect.

No one has excelled Holbein in grasp of this essential trinity in which the characteristic lies. We shall see it strikingly if we will compare these sketches with any photograph, and observe how much more lifelike, more fundamental, more true they are; for they are freed of the numberless details which, signifying nothing, merely serve to disguise the true physiognomy in a photograph, that, with all its minute and infallible exactness, is often so little true as a likeness.

In Holbein's drawings we find every element needed to constitute true art — charm, conception, and effect. Few, if indeed any, of the great draughtsmen — even Masaccio with his simpler line, or Leonardo with his stronger modeling of masses — have succeeded in giving us more powerful impressions. And if his drawings are among his greatest works, the greatest of his drawings are the historic portraits preserved at Windsor Castle. How they call up the time! As you look at them you are made contemporary with these people of the court of Henry VIII.; you know them, even to intimacy, one and all. Here is the venerable William Warham, Archbishop — a portrait finer, more delicate, more supple, than even the finished painting of him in the Louvre. How subtly, as if by a woman's gentle hand, are the ravages of age portrayed, the soft and wearied eyes, and the firm mouth, with its sad, peaceful line. Nor is the sketch of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, less fine. See how wonderfully Holbein's pencil has traced the contour of that emaciated cheek; look at those eyes, as unquiet as if the future martyr, who was to lose his head for his fidelity to his religious faith, already foresaw and braved that tragic end. Here is Sir Thomas Eliot, the friend of Thomas More, like him made immortal in a superb drawing, with its wonderful modeling, discreet mouth, firm features, and serious, almost severe look.

It is in such moral revelations as these that we see Holbein at his greatest. No master has looked through the human face into the human soul with a more unerring penetration; none has more completely realized Fromentin's superb definition: "Painting is the art of expressing the invisible by means of the visible." Holbein amongst all portraitists has most inevitably guessed the secret behind the mask; has most invariably made the silent glance and the mute mouth to speak; has most pitilessly branded the character, life, and soul upon the countenance. — FROM THE FRENCH

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER AND OTHERS 'LES DIEUX ET LES DEMI-DIEUX DE LA PEINTURE'

RUBENS, who was privileged to speak with authority, said of Holbein: "He is the painter of the living, breathing truth"; and Rubens was right, for it is not only the aspect but the very soul of nature that Holbein shows us on his canvases. Standing before a portrait by his hand we see, beneath the often rude externals of the men and women of his time, transfiguring these externals as the unseen sun transmutes the morning mists, the very pulse and temper of the sixteenth century. With him art is not a poetic misrepresentation of truth, but truth itself, for better or for worse. Rembrandt saw reality, even in its most brutal aspects, through a mirage of poetry, and, intoxicated with the glamour of light, surpassed the achievements of nature, and attained his ideal through the glorification of truth, as others seek to attain it through the blinking of truth. Holbein, on the contrary, with less genius than Rembrandt, was too cold a nature to allow truth to weave any such magic spells before his clear-seeing eyes. I do not mean to say that he lacked poetry or fancy—did he not illustrate the 'Praise of Folly' for that bantering philosopher his friend Erasmus with a wonderfully sympathetic pencil? and his 'Dance of Death' bears witness that he was imbued to the full with that same sombre inspiration which animated the medieval poets of France and has continued to inspire the poets of Germany. He was in these instances, however, rather the poet turned artist than the artist turned poet. The poetry lay in the story which his hand cunningly and feelingly delineated; it was not his art which poetized the tales he wished to tell. . . .

In the same way, he had no great talent for the necessary falsification involved in historical painting, and he seems to have felt a certain self-respecting pride in never departing from his native Teutonic style. When antiquity was urged upon him he answered that he had no need to go so far afield for models, and turned to the men and women about him. Rembrandt held the same opinion; and both were right, for both have proved their case by creating from among their own contemporaries a world of men and women who, after the lapse of three centuries, are as living to-day as they were when their creators first begot them. Stand in any of the great galleries before the portraits by Rembrandt or Holbein, and look first upon the painted images and then upon the sightseers who pause before them, and tell me which are the more living in your *mind*, as distinguished from your eye. Thus do great painters continue the Lord's work of creation.—FROM THE FRENCH

LOUIS GEBHARDT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT

AMONG the treasures at Windsor Castle—indeed, to my thinking, the chief treasure—is a set of eighty-odd drawings by Hans Holbein. These drawings—studies for portraits many of which were later executed in oils—represent the ladies and gentlemen of the English court of Henry

VIII. They are, for the most part, executed in black Italian crayon upon rough-surface paper of a dull, pinkish-red tone. Some are lightly washed here and there with India ink, some slightly enhanced with colored chalks, and a few are almost completely colored and elaborated. Here and there one is roughly scribbled upon with memoranda for the colors, "the eyes a little brownish," "this bodice red," or the like; and the outlines of several have been pricked through in the process of transferring them to canvas. Mere preliminary studies as they are, however, they seem to me to rank artistically as high as Holbein's most finished works; and considered purely as drawings, I would exchange the best of them (were I so fortunate as to be their possessor) for none of Raphael's that I can call to mind, and for but one or two of Leonardo da Vinci's.

Quite apart from the educative value of such drawings from the hand of a master, which afford, as it were, a peep behind the scenes and show us methods and processes concealed in the completed work, these Windsor sketches exhibit, in my judgment, all the preëminent qualities of Holbein's genius. If I have a fault to find with his paintings, it is that they are too smooth, too perfectly finished; and I believe that in more than one instance he has carried a canvas a step beyond its best estate and thereby lost something of his natural strength and directness. Moreover, I cannot rank Holbein among the great colorists. Harmonious his tones certainly are, but he seems to make use of colors not as hues and for their own sakes, but rather, if I may so express it, as so many steps in the scale from white to black, or monochromatically. In other words, if he uses blue of a certain shade, he seems to use it not because it is *blue*, but because blue in that shade will count as one degree darker in his predetermined scheme than a red of the same brilliancy would have done: and here I find my judgment confirmed by the fact that no paintings lose less of their quality or values in engravings or photographs than do those of Holbein.

In the Windsor drawings, then, we miss but those two elements which Holbein's genius could best afford to lose,—finish and color. On the other hand, their very simplicity and sketchiness seem to bring into greater prominence his three supreme qualities,—power of depicting character, technical mastery, and decorative sense.

To explain why and how one artist succeeds in grasping the innate character of the face that looks out at you from his canvas, and why and how another fails, is, like the definition of beauty, a task too subtle for words. No artifice will accomplish it, no skill can attain it; it lies deeper than any realism, deeper than any perfection of drawing or modeling, and beneath all the subtleties of chiaroscuro; yet it is as evident as if we could demonstrate the process by geometry. Perhaps the best attempt at a definition that I can make is that the artist who can convey this sense of underlying character sees not alone the superficial lineaments of his model, but at the same time recognizes the sitter's innate nature; and *because* he recognizes it, though that recognition may be conscious or unconscious on his part, he is instinctively led to choose just that one among the multitude of flitting expressions that play at endless hide-and-seek between his sitter's actual self and the world which truly shows us the man as he is; and that having seized the true aspect of his model in this one flash of revelation, the artist is led, by the same instinct of genius, to disregard all the other untruthful, or but partly truthful, and confusing aspects. But because the aspect which he has thus chosen (and, I repeat, perhaps chosen unconsciously) does show us the man at the moment when his outward and inward life fall into a focus, we recognize it instantly for truth.

In the Windsor drawings Holbein has shown us the personages of Henry VIII.'s court with their true inner selves looking out through their faces. In no other way can we account for the vivid impression of reality—reality mental and moral as well as physical—which they make upon us. The drawings are not all of equal value, it is true. Some of them are quite lacking in the vital spark; some have evidently been elaborated to their detriment by another hand than Holbein's; but among the eighty are there not represented thirty persons, at least, whom we feel instantly that we know, not only physically, but in their characteristics and dispositions, and of whom we could predict, with some likelihood of accuracy, certain actions, and predicate the general and broader elements of their characters? I think we should not need history to tell us that the aged Bishop of Rochester would have refused to renounce his religion even at the cost of his head, that Anne Boleyn was selfish and feline, or that Sir Richard Southwell was audacious, tenacious, and self-interested;—and so I might go on through the whole list.

Reflect, then, for a moment upon the fact that with the simplest of means—a scrap of tinted paper, a few scrawls of black chalk—Holbein has created images of some thirty complex human creatures, from which we, of three centuries later, are perhaps better able to fathom the true inward individual characters of their originals than if we were actually brought face to face with them, under their momentarily shifting and confusing aspects; and you will perhaps be willing to conclude with me that there is no greater element of genius in art than this power to depict character; and that in this power Holbein ranks as an equal with Velasquez and Rembrandt.

Of Holbein's technical mastery it is easier to speak, and yet it seems a waste of words to do so. If the reader has with his own hand attempted any of the processes of art which here look so easy as Holbein executes them he will not need my words to draw attention to the marvelous, nay, matchless, technical command over form and line that these drawings evidence. If, on the contrary, he has never attempted such processes for himself, he can never fully appreciate the mastery exhibited. Yet none can, I think, quite fail to realize Holbein's supreme technical ability if he will but consider what has been here accomplished with a few quickly drawn lines,—and I say quickly drawn, because the structural lines in these drawings are manifestly swept in with one motion of the hand,—unniggled and uncorrected, pure and continuous from end to end. With one quickly drawn sweep of a bit of black chalk, then, Holbein has not only traced the outline, with all its subtle indentations and curves, that shows us the age-fallen cheek of Bishop

Fisher, but has indicated its texture also, so that it looks soft and furrowed like the skin of an old man. With another such sweep he has outlined the full, plump cheek of the Lady Vaux, or the folded garment of Sir John Gage, never varying one iota all the time from the exquisite truth of outline as outline, and yet has somehow contrived to make these black scratches suggest to us successively the smoothness or flaccidity of flesh or the suppleness of cloth.

Again, and as another evidence of Holbein's technical mastery, look at the modeling of these faces, and see how subtly and how perfectly it is suggested, and with what slight means. It has been accomplished, too, without the help of any such strong and clearly defined shadows as Rembrandt or Leonardo would have used. Each face in the drawings is illuminated with an even and diffused light coming from no determinable point. Yet so keen was Holbein's eye and so cunning his hand, that, depending partly upon the exquisite exactness of his contour lines, partly upon almost imperceptible rubbings and washings of the paper here and there, he has suggested rather than shown the modeling with such unerring surety that we imagine that we might follow delicately with a finger-tip each soft salience and each rounded hollow in these living faces.

A third quality of Holbein's genius which these drawings preëminently exhibit is his great decorative sense—a quality which, it seems to me, has been far less dwelt upon and commonly recognized than it deserves to be. I have spoken above (and perhaps it may be thought over-slightingly) of Holbein as a colorist, meaning then by colorist simply a disposer and harmonizer of *hues;* but as a distributer of *values* I cannot overpraise him. Did ever another make spaces of pure creaming white so to sparkle in contrast with the glow—I can find no other word—of velvet black, and give each of these fundamental notes an infinitely varied and added worth by a cunningly distributed balance of surrounding grays? Such a comprehension of the delight that lies in a skilful distribution of values, quite apart from the question of color, is a primal quality of the great decorator. In Holbein's drawings we cannot, of course, observe this quality so fully as in his paintings where he has completely elaborated the monochromatic scheme, nor in them has he taken pains to elaborate those intricate and fascinating patterns with which he loved to enrich the garments of his sitters, adding thereby so much of what the artist would call "texture value"; but now and again he has given us a hint of his pleasure in the solid mass of black, relieved against gray, or the contrasting brilliancy of a touch of white.

On the other hand, Holbein's power of arranging lines to decorate a given space is more clear in these drawings than in his finished works, for in the completed paintings we lose sight of these lines themselves, and scarcely recognize how largely their contours and patterns add to our pleasure. Let me ask the reader, however, to set these drawings up before him, and discharging from his mind, if possible, any recognition of the fact that they represent human beings, let him look at the image of lines and tones presented merely as a shaded pattern disposed in a given rectangle. With the exception of those few cases in which the drawings have been trimmed down from their original proportions, let him observe how exactly each of these patterns has been set in just the proper place within the bounded area; how cunningly calculated is the enclosed space in relation to the spaces left blank, and how the contour lines balance and echo and relieve one another;—in short, how beautiful as a mere piece of decorative drawing, quite apart from all question of what it represents, is each of these sketches. If the reader can agree with me in recognizing these achievements, he will not, I think, contradict my assertion that an artist who, even in sketches, thrown off merely as preliminary steps and aids, could compose with such unerring effect had a genius for decoration.

P. ALBERT KUHN 'ALLGEMEINE KUNST-GESCHICHTE'

THE place assigned to Holbein in the history of art is side by side with Dürer; yet these two greatest of German masters are in many respects very dissimilar. Both lived at a time when art, inspired with the fresh breath of the Renaissance, felt a new impetus and was turned into new channels; but in Dürer's works, apart from a few isolated and unimportant figures, the influence of the Renaissance is still imperceptible. The whole appearance of his pictures is old German, and, if not actually medieval, they are at least allied to the art of the fifteenth century. Not so with Holbein. He stands midway in the current of the Renaissance, and if we except a few of his earliest religious pictures, in which the influence of early German traditions is felt, he seems wholly and strikingly modern.

There is no doubt that Holbein profited by the study of engravings of the works of Mantegna, but as he must have seen more than merely a few copperplate proofs, it has been suggested that he made a journey from Basle or Lucerne into Northern Italy. If such be not the case, he at any rate certainly had opportunities, both in his native town of Augsburg and in Basle, of knowing what was being done by the Italian artists of the time. But Holbein was never an imitator of the Italians. His pictures are truly German in character—not only in the figures, but in the decorative accessories; and these last, executed in the most beautiful and delicate lines and in a peculiarly characteristic way, furnish some of the most precious contributions to what is known as the German Renaissance. . . .

Dürer was a profound thinker—a man whose nature was devout, earnest, and religious. The main interest of his pictures lies in their meaning, in their thoughtful and fervid conception, in the deep and weighty significance of their subjects. The figures, however, are often cumbersome and devoid of grace or charm. Holbein's figures, on the contrary, have the greatest freedom, lightness, and elegance; his taste is purer, his conception freer than Dürer's, his composition simpler; but his works lack the depth of feeling, richness of thought, and earnestness of the older master.

These and other differences between the two great artists are partly to be explained by the period in which each began his career. Dürer, some twenty-five years Holbein's senior, belongs in his art to the fifteenth century; Holbein was, so to speak, initiated into the art of the Renaissance with his very earliest instruction from his father, who had himself just passed through the transition of German art from the fifteenth to the sixteenth century. But perhaps, after all, the truest and most comprehensive explanation of the difference between Dürer and Holbein lies in the difference of the spiritual natures of the two men. . . .

The wonderful, artistic composition, the weird and fascinating invention, of Dürer's creations are justly celebrated, but these are qualities quite apart from the technique of painting. Dürer, indeed, is more of a draughtsman than a painter. He *draws* with his brush instead of painting in free and flowing strokes. In composition Holbein is less artistic, but in the technique of painting he is a master of the first rank. The key of his color is usually bright and clear and somewhat cool, as would be caused by the light of an interior. Firm decided outlines, tender, delicate, and often almost imperceptible transitions from the light to the shaded parts, strong plastic modeling, but apparently the utmost simplicity in the handling, are characteristic features of Holbein's pictures. His coloring became constantly more and more delicate and vaporous, especially as in his later pictures he made a freer use of ultramarine. He was particularly successful in his flesh tones, which in his early works he shaded with browns and grays, and later with blues. Like the painters of the Netherlands, Holbein took the greatest pains with the preparation of his colors that he might give to each picture its special light and freshness. Faults in anatomy and proportion are not uncommon in his works, but they do not offend one, so striking is the artist's keen observation of nature and so true his feeling for form.—FROM THE GERMAN

ÉMILE MONTÉGUT 'LES PAYS-BAS'

THE principal characteristics of Holbein—those which have made him a true representative of the Germanic race, and, with the exception of Albrecht Dürer, their most serious artist—are two: first, passionate desire for truth; and second, indifference to beauty for its own sake.

The painter who has a genius for beauty will find it most difficult not to be untruthful now and again. The oval of the face lacks so slight a change to make it perfect; if the line of the nose were but altered a hair's breadth it would be irreproachable;—why not aid nature, then, when she needs so little correction? Who that has looked on Italian pictures cannot divine that their painters, seduced by their innate love of beauty, have so falsified nature time and time again? Leonardo's 'Mona Lisa' is irresistible, but was that fleeting smile habitual to her face? was it not, rather, the transitory expression of one ephemeral moment? Of such falsifications Holbein was never guilty. When beauty sat to him—and he did sometimes find her before his easel—he painted her as she was, with no corrections.

Yet, thanks to this passion for truth, from which no allurement of beauty, howsoever great, seems able to have seduced him, Holbein is of all portraitists the one who has best expressed the fundamental likeness of his model. Other painters have better caught momentary and fleeting aspects—Rembrandt is incomparable in this respect—others have better depicted those graces of expression which lie upon the surface and bear the same relation to the face that the wildflower bears to the soil on which it blossoms. What Holbein inimitably rendered was his model in repose, his model, as it were, over his own centre of gravity. He shows the essential structure of the face—not, if I may so express it, the light, shifting upper soil or the mantle of vegetation, but the very structure and stratification of the human physiognomy.

It is for this reason that in studying his portraits we are perfectly convinced of their absolute resemblance to the models. If we are not shown fugitive and intermittent expressions, we are, at least, assured of those durable and permanent qualities of which his sitters could no more rid themselves than they could of their skins. Nay, more;—he has shown them as they were, from the cradle to the tomb, in spite of all superficial changes. He has given us what was innate in them, what was present in the flower of their youth, in middle age, and in wrinkled senility. He has seized their innermost "me," and has depicted it with an incomparable mastery.

Had he painted none but now forgotten mediocrities we should not have doubted the superior quality of his talent, but he was called upon to paint many personages whose deeds and actions have been recorded, and, history in hand, we may guarantee the resemblance of his portraits. The essential character which shows forth in their faces corresponds exactly with the character which history assigns to them.

It is, then, in his ability to seize and to express the fundamental characteristics of his model that Holbein's peculiar genius as a painter of portraits consists. He is distinguished from all his rivals in that he saw and painted what was essential and *permanent* in the men and women of his time.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

CHARLES BLANC 'DE PARIS À VENISE'

THE drawings of Holbein are wholly admirable—graceful, frank, and profound. Beneath his pencil the most unpromising features are never ugly: life animates them and soul lights them up. One is almost inclined to believe that Holbein was the intimate friend of every one of his sitters, and had come to know each of them so well that he was able to divine his or her most secret thoughts and dispositions. With his faithful, delicate pencil he has outlined the most subtle and elusive lineaments of the face—those impalpable lines which life traces around mouth and eyes, and upon the temples. He seems, indeed, even to have numbered the lashes which shade the eyes, and to make us conscious of the very down upon the skin. Yet every one of these subtle touches joins in the creation of the fundamental expression—indeed, these delicate lines seem but a fairy net in which the master has entrapped the sitter's very soul. And yet how simply is the wonderful effect achieved; not a single careless or unavailing line, not a touch which could be spared.—FROM THE FRENCH

The Drawings of Holbein

RICHARD R. HOLMES 'PORTRAITS BY HANS HOLBEIN'

THE collection of drawings by Hans Holbein forms one of the chief treasures of the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. The whole collection amounts in number to eighty-seven, but of these some are certainly only copies, while one or two bear no trace of either the style or hand of the master. It covers the whole period of Holbein's sojourn in England, and represents, in a fuller and more perfect manner than any other, the extent and variety of his work in portraiture, from his introduction to Sir Thomas More in 1526 until his death in 1543.

The history of this matchless and invaluable collection is not known with absolute accuracy. After the death of Holbein, but at what time cannot be ascertained, the drawings were removed to France; it is possible that they remained in England during the reign of Edward VI., whose tutor, Sir John Cheke, made a list of them, from which some of the present names were given to the portraits. This list, however, has not come down to us, and in many cases the names must have been added long after the time of the execution of the drawings, as they are indubitably incorrect. Nothing more is known of the collection till it was obtained by Charles I. from the French ambassador, M. de Liencourt. The king gave it to his lord chamberlain, the Earl of Pembroke, in exchange for the small picture of 'St. George' by Raphael, which is now in the Louvre. Lord Pembroke gave it to the great art collector the Earl of Arundel, in whose possession it remained till the dispersion of that nobleman's art treasures. The manner in which it came again into the possession of the English Crown is uncertain,—whether it was bought for Charles II., or later by his brother James from the Duke of Norfolk, as hinted by Wornum, no record exists.

It was not till the time of George II. that Queen Caroline found the volume, in company with another of no less importance containing the drawings of Leonardo da Vinci, in a bureau in the Palace of Kensington. Her Majesty had them taken out and framed, and for many years they formed one of the chief decorations of her own closet. Early in the succeeding reign they were removed to the Queen's House, now Buckingham Palace, in London, where they were bound up in two volumes, and became a portion of the large collection of original drawings, bound in a similar manner, which was formed by George III. During Victoria's reign these drawings by Holbein, as well as those of other great masters, were mounted and arranged in a manner more calculated to insure their preservation, and to render their surfaces less exposed to risk of injury, and they are now kept in four large portfolios, where their safety is fully insured.

The drawings themselves are executed almost entirely in chalk of various colors. During the earlier part of his stay in England Holbein drew the heads on white paper, and the colors of the flesh and the modeling of the features were represented by red chalk. Afterwards he made use of a paper the whole of which was covered with a ground of flesh-color, and the modeling was rendered upon this in black chalk; the outlines of the features, the hair, and the details of dress and ornament were put in with the pen or brush in India ink. These outlines of the features in some of the drawings appear almost coarse in consequence of the more delicate modeling in chalk having disappeared from the rough treatment to which in past times the paper was subjected; but a closer study will show that it is to the combined wonderful strength and delicacy of these touches that the portraits owe the vivid and lifelike quality which they so preëminently possess. In some of the heads these touches occur only on the eyes, nostrils, and lips, where the marvelous accuracy of modeling, particularly in the corners of the mouth, is not excelled in the work of any other master.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'WILLIAM FITZWILLIAM, EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON' PLATE I

WILLIAM FITZWILLIAM, Earl of Southampton, held many important offices under Henry VIII. Knighted for his services at the Siege of Tournay, in 1513, he was soon afterwards created Vice-Admiral of England. He was sent as ambassador to the French court, where his sagacity and presence of mind rendered his services valuable to his country; and when war was declared against France, Fitzwilliam was appointed Vice-Admiral of the navy, under command of the Earl of Surrey.

In 1537, having in the meantime been made a Knight of the Garter and later Treasurer of the King's Household, he was raised to the peerage as Earl of Southampton. Two years later he was sent to Calais to meet Anne of Cleves and conduct her to her future country. In a letter to the king, written while detained at Calais by bad weather, Fitzwilliam, probably thinking it advisable to make the best of a matter then past remedy, repeated the praises of the lady's appearance, and was afterwards accused by Cromwell of having thereby encouraged false hopes in the king's breast. Fitzwilliam's part in this affair, however, led to no disastrous result so far as he himself was concerned, and we hear of him in 1542 leading the van of the English army on its march into Scotland. While so engaged he died at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, leaving by will to the king, with whom he had been associated since childhood, "his great ship with all her tackle, and his collar of the Garter, with his best 'George' beset with diamonds."

In the drawing of him by Holbein, made in black chalk on flesh-tinted paper, the face and head are in fine condition. The body is merely outlined, though around the shoulders his knightly collar can be traced.

‘WILLIAM WARHAM, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY’ PLATE II

WILLIAM WARHAM, Archbishop of Canterbury, was prominent in the reigns of both Henry VII. and Henry VIII. His services in connection with the impostor, Perkin Warbeck, whose pretensions to the crown he was largely instrumental in frustrating, obtained him rapid preferment in Church and State. Henry VII. appointed him successively Master of the Rolls, Bishop of London, Lord High Chancellor, and finally Archbishop of Canterbury. He fell into disfavor with Henry VIII., however, and in 1515, having resigned the Great Seal to Wolsey, retired from all public business, except that connected with his church. He discharged his duties as head of the English clergy faithfully and conscientiously, and such was his disregard of worldly affairs and so great his public munificence that he died poor, leaving not more than enough to pay his debts and defray his funeral expenses.

“Among all the drawings in the Windsor collection,” writes Woltmann, “perhaps none equals the life-size head of William Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury. The outline and many of the lines of the face are traced with the utmost exactness and decision, and the severity of conception, plastic feeling, and noble simplicity cannot be too highly praised.”

The drawing, now unfortunately somewhat rubbed and damaged, is on unprimed paper of light stone-color, in black and red chalks. The fur of the coat is yellow and the collar red. The finished picture for which this study was a preliminary sketch is at Lambeth Palace, London, and another similar painting is in the Louvre.

‘THE LADY ELIOT’ PLATE III

THE Lady Eliot was Margaret, daughter of Sir Maurice Abarrow of Hampshire. After the death of her husband, Sir Thomas Eliot, by whom she had three sons, she married Sir James Dyer, chief justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and in 1569 her death is recorded at Stoughton, where she was buried “with much solemnity” in the parish church.

Holbein’s drawing, made in black chalk, shows her in a yellow diamond-shaped hood with the customary black “fall,” and with an embroidered collar around her neck. The body is but slightly sketched, and the whole work has been somewhat rubbed.

‘SIR THOMAS ELIOT’ PLATE IV

SIR THOMAS ELIOT, whose great and varied learning recommended him to the favor of Henry VIII., was among the first of literary Englishmen of his time. Educated for the law, a writer on medical, ethical, and historical subjects, he is recorded as having been “a very good grammarian, Grecian, poet, philosopher, physician, and what-not to complete a gentleman.” He was knighted by the king, and in 1532 went as ambassador to Rome to expostulate with the pope on the proposals made by the latter in regard to the divorce of Queen Catharine. Owing to his intimacy with Sir

Thomas More and his attachment to the Roman Catholic religion he however fell into disfavor at court and disappeared from the public eye. He died in 1546.

Holbein's fine drawing of him is in black chalk on flesh-colored paper. The hair is brown; he wears a black cap, and fur around his neck.

'MISTRESS ZOUCH' PLATE V

IT is probable that Mistress Zouch (or Souch, as the name was frequently spelled) was Joan, sister of Sir Edward Rogers, Comptroller of the Royal Household to Queen Elizabeth, and wife of Richard Zouch. All particulars of her life are, however, unknown, and she cannot be certainly identified. The hair in the drawing is lightly colored with yellow chalk, and the small round jeweled bonnet, or veil, of red and yellow has somewhat the effect of a coronet.

'SIR JOHN GODSALVE' PLATE VI

THIS drawing represents Sir John Godsalve, probably the same person whom Holbein painted at a younger age in the picture called 'Sir Thomas and John Godsalve' of the Dresden Gallery. Sir John was a wealthy young commoner who early became attached to the court and made part of the splendid retinue which attended Henry VIII. on his voyage to Boulogne. Edward VI. made him a Knight of the Carpet at the magnificent tourney which followed that prince's coronation, and later appointed him Comptroller of the Mint. While holding that office Godsalve is said to have been concerned with the vice-treasurer of the Bristol mint in those peculations which were a scandal of the time; though this rumor is hard to reconcile with his somewhat puritanical aspect—an appearance confirmed by the royal account-book, which itemizes that on New Year's day, 1539, when every one at court brought some gift to the king, the artists their own works and the nobles costly pieces of plate and the like, Godsalve presented his sovereign with a copy of the New Testament.

The drawing of him is not a sketch, but an almost completed work in body-color, and probably shows how Holbein prepared those portraits on parchment or paper which he afterwards glued to wood panels and finished as pictures. The background is blue: Sir John is dressed in a purple coat and black overdress edged with yellow sable.

'THE LADY VAUX' PLATE VII

ELIZABETH, Lady Vaux, was the wife of Thomas, second Lord Vaux of Harrowden, the poet of Henry VIII.'s reign. In Holbein's Windsor drawing of her, made in black chalk on flesh-colored paper, she wears a yellow diamond-shaped hood, or cap, with black bars and with a large "fall" behind. There is a finished painting of Lady Vaux at Hampton Court which is attributed to Holbein, and another portrait of her in Prague. Both drawing and portraits represent her at about the age of thirty.

'JOHN FISHER, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER' PLATE VIII

JOHN FISHER, Bishop of Rochester, was born about 1459. Such were his virtues and learning that in 1502 he was appointed private chaplain and confessor to Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., and was later made Bishop of Rochester and president of Queen's College, Cambridge. A zealous promoter of the New Learning, it is said that at forty-six he began the study of Greek and at fifty that of Hebrew. Having pronounced against the divorce of Henry VIII. and Catharine of Aragon, and having become involved in the imposition of the "Holy Maid of Kent," to whose "revelations" he lent too ready an ear, Fisher was accused of misprision of treason, and refusing to take the oath of succession, was sent to the Tower. While he was confined there the pope made him a cardinal, but when the news of this reached Henry's ears the king is said to have exclaimed: "Yea, is he so lusty? Well, let the pope send him a hat; I will so provide that he shall wear it on his shoulders, for head he shall have none to set it on!" Bishop Fisher was brought to trial for denial of the king's authority as head of the Church, adjudged guilty, and beheaded on Tower Hill on the twenty-second of June, 1535.

The best portrait of him is said to be this drawing by Holbein at Windsor. It is on stone-colored paper, in red and black chalk. The thin, worn face of the old bishop is that of a man whose learning, purity of life, and piety might well have called forth Sir Thomas More's encomium: "In this realm there is no one man in wisdom, learning and long approved vertue together, mete to be matched and compared with him."

'THE LADY HEVENINGHAM' PLATE IX

THE lady here represented in a diamond-shaped yellow hood with a large black "fall" is probably Lady Mary Heveningham, although the face bears a remarkable resemblance to Holbein's portrait of Margaret Roper, the daughter of Sir Thomas More.

Lady Heveningham was a daughter of Sir John Shelton and a cousin of Anne Boleyn, and by her marriage with Sir Anthony Heveningham, or Henningham, whose mother was also a Shelton, became doubly related to Henry VIII.'s unfortunate queen. We may well imagine that during the king's short-lived favor for her fair cousin, Lady Heveningham was an important figure at court, but all we really know of her is that she bore her husband two sons and three daughters, and that the Heveningham family flourished, wealthy and respected, in the county of Norfolk, until this lady's grandson committed treason by signing the regicide warrant of 1648, and the family estates were forfeited to the Crown. In 1558, however, the Lady Heveningham became a widow, and soon after married one Philip Appleyard. She died about 1563.

'SIR JOHN GAGE' PLATE X

SIR JOHN GAGE, who is here represented in a slouch-brimmed hat, was one of the most notable and gallant figures of his time. From his father, a private gentleman who died while Sir John was still an infant, he inherited so large an estate that the Duke of Buckingham, then in great power and favor, condescended to ask for his guardianship; and under his care the young Gage received an education which fitted him for both army and court. He fought with much gallantry at the sieges of Tournay and Therouënne, and King Henry appointed him captain of the Castle of Calais, but subsequently recalled him to make him his Vice-Chamberlain, Captain of the Guard, and Privy Councillor. Sir John returned to active service in the field, however, and commanded bravely and sagaciously against the Scots; was subsequently appointed to many offices; and, as a crowning honor, was made Constable of the Tower of London. He took command of the army, jointly with the Duke of Suffolk, at the siege of Boulogne, and the king by will appointed him one of his executors.

He continued in favor during the ensuing reign until, after the rise of the Duke of Northumberland to power, he in some way contrived to offend that haughty nobleman, and was dismissed from all his offices, although the late king had granted him the Constableship of the Tower for life. Queen Mary, however, restored him to this post, and made him also Lord Chamberlain of her household. He died in 1557.

A LIST OF HOLBEIN'S DRAWINGS IN THE ROYAL LIBRARY
WINDSOR CASTLE, ENGLAND

WILLIAM WARHAM, Archbishop of Canterbury (Plate II); John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester (Plate VIII); John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's; John Russell, Earl of Bedford; Francis Russell, Earl of Bedford; William Par, Marquis of Northampton; Edward Stanley, Earl of Derby; Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey; The Countess of Surrey; Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey (*bis*); William Fitzwilliam, Earl of Southampton (Plate I); Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Ormond; George Brook, Lord Cobham; Lord Wentworth; Lord Vaux (*bis*); Lady Vaux (Plate VII); Richard Rich, Lord Chancellor; Lady Rich; Lord Clinton; Sir John More; Sir Thomas More (*bis*); John More; Cicely Heron; Anne Crisacre; Sir John Godsalve (Plate VI); Sir Richard Southwell; Sir George Carew; Sir Gawen Carew; Sir Thomas Eliot (Plate IV); Lady Eliot (Plate III); Sir Thomas Strange; Sir Thomas Wyat; Sir Philip Hobby; Lady Hobby; Sir Henry Guldeford; Sir John Gage (Plate X); Sir William Sherington; Sir Charles Wingfield; Sir Thomas Parry; Sir Nicholas Poins (*bis*); John Poins; Philip Melancthon; John Reskemeer; Simon George of Cornwall; Nicholas Borbonius; Anne Boleyn, Queen; Jane Seymour, Queen; Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards King; Edward VI.; Princess Mary, afterwards Queen; The Duchess of Suffolk; The Marchioness of Dorset; Lady Monteagle; Lady Meutas; Lady Heveningham (Plate IX); Lady Lister; Lady Ratcliffe; Lady Parker; Lady Butts; Lady Audley; Mistress Zouch (Plate V); Mother Jak, nurse to Prince Edward; Several Studies of Unknown Gentlemen and Ladies of the Court of Henry VIII.

Holbein Bibliography

FOR a fuller bibliography of Holbein than is here given, the reader is referred to Volume I., Part 4, of this SERIES, which treats of the paintings of Holbein. The following list includes only additional references.

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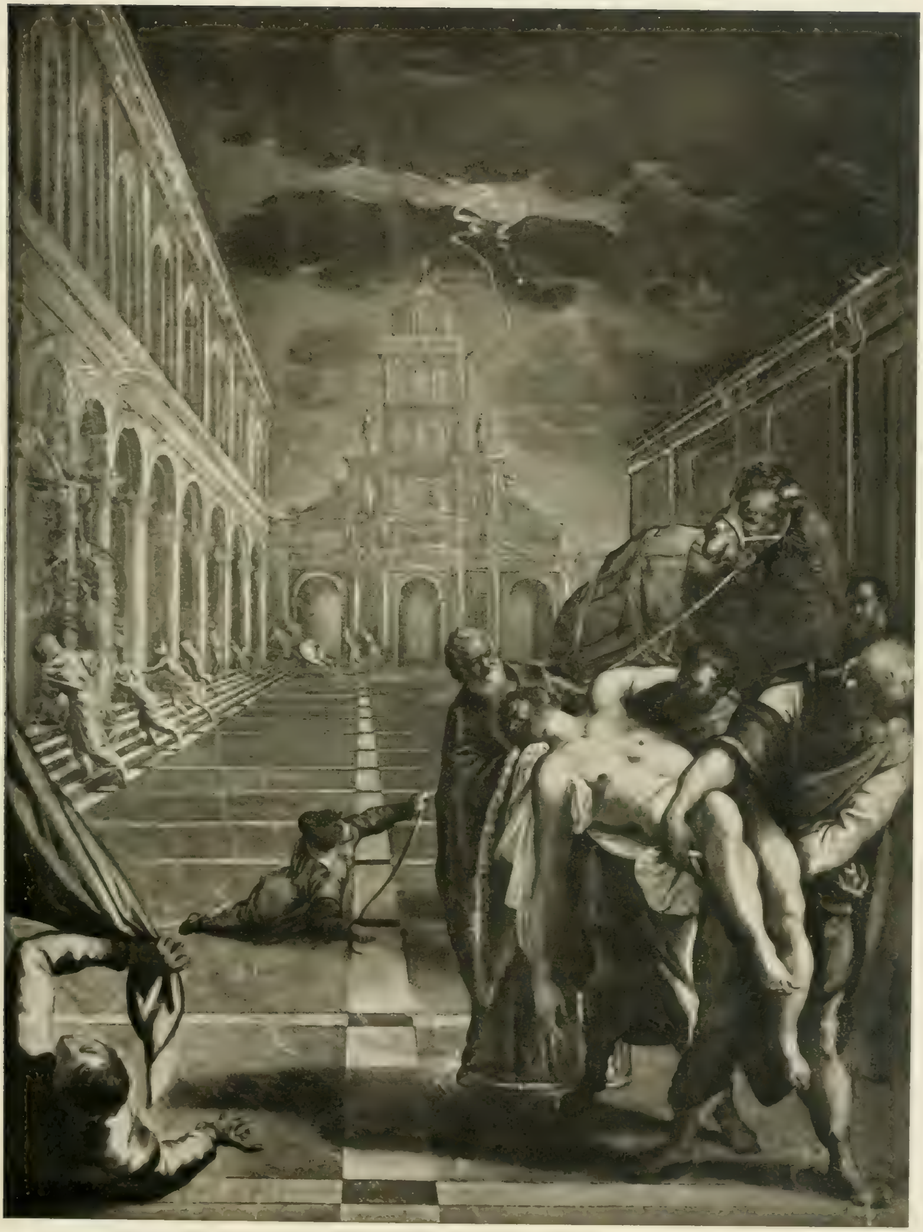
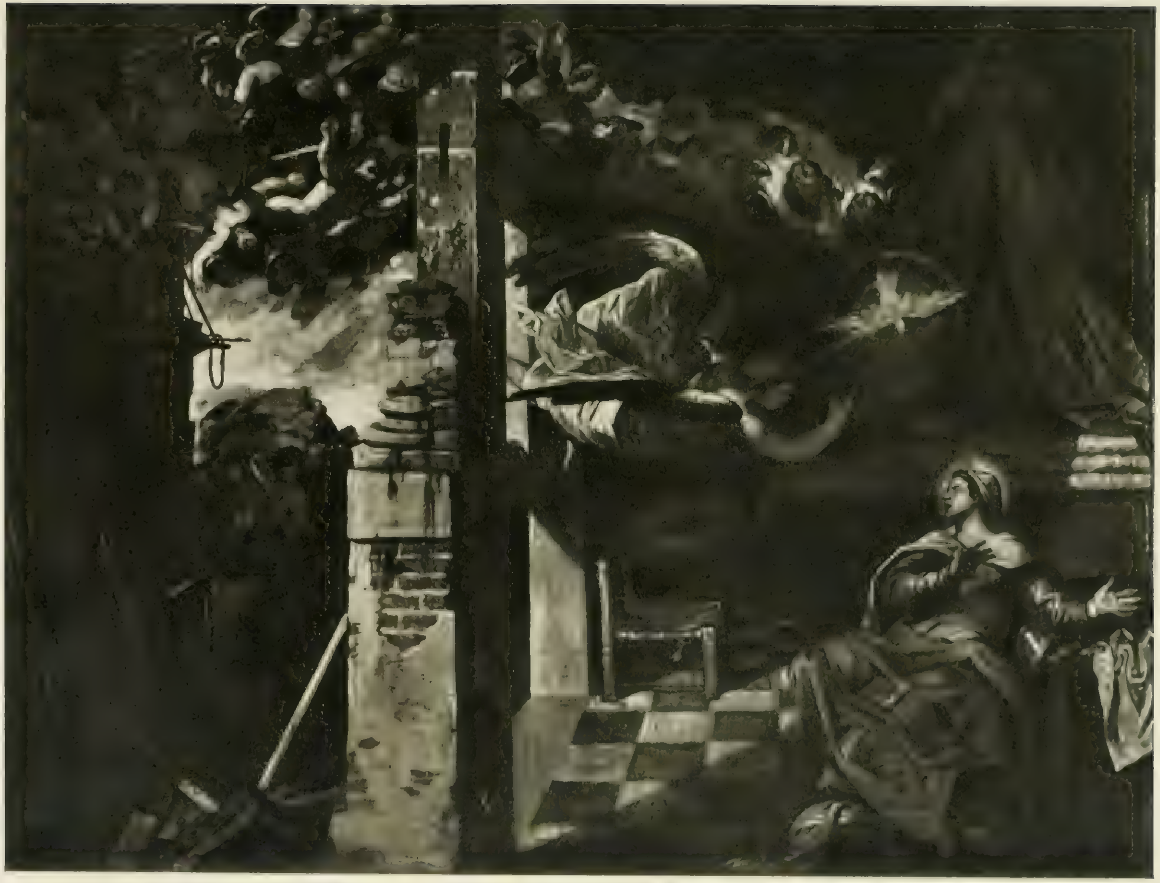


MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

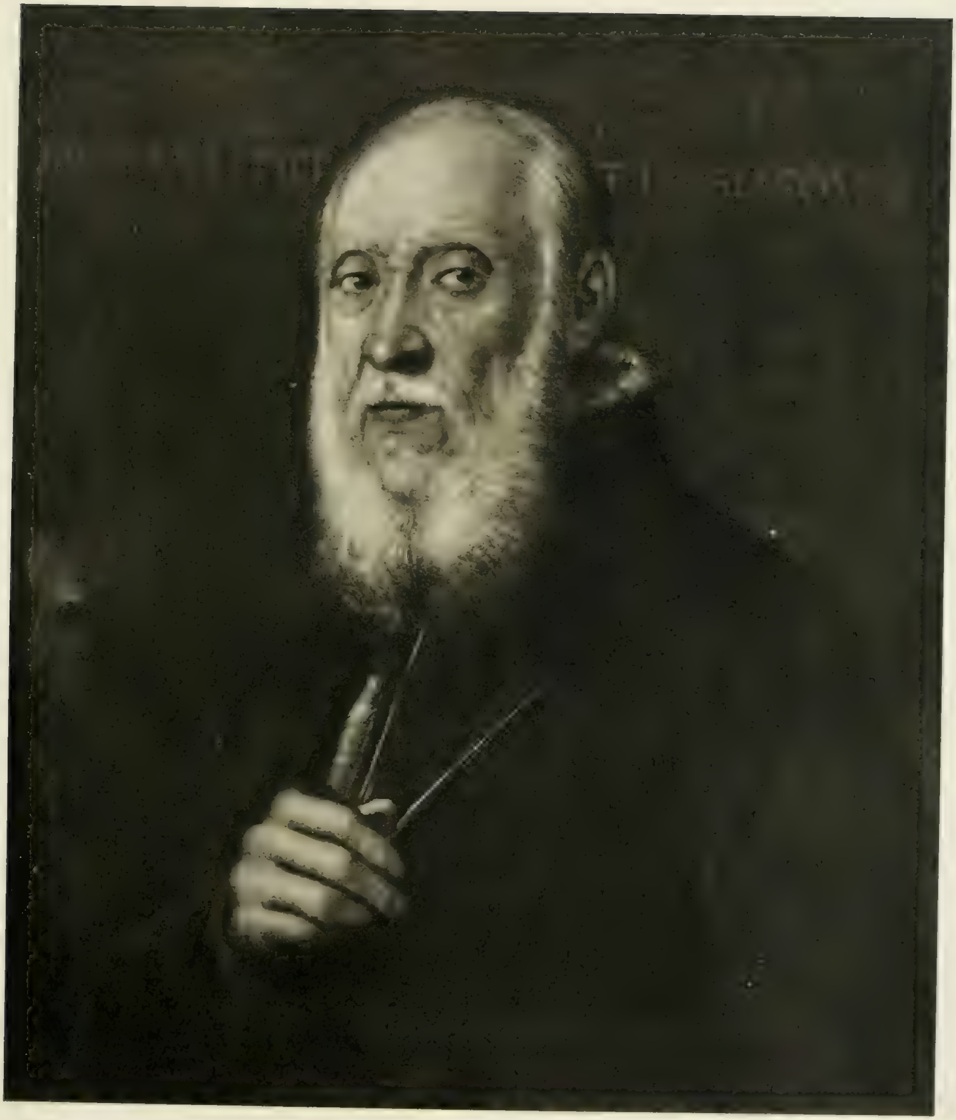
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

TINTORETTO
ABDUCTION OF THE BODY OF ST. MARK
LIBRARY OF ST. MARK, VENICE



MASTERS IN ART PLATE II
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

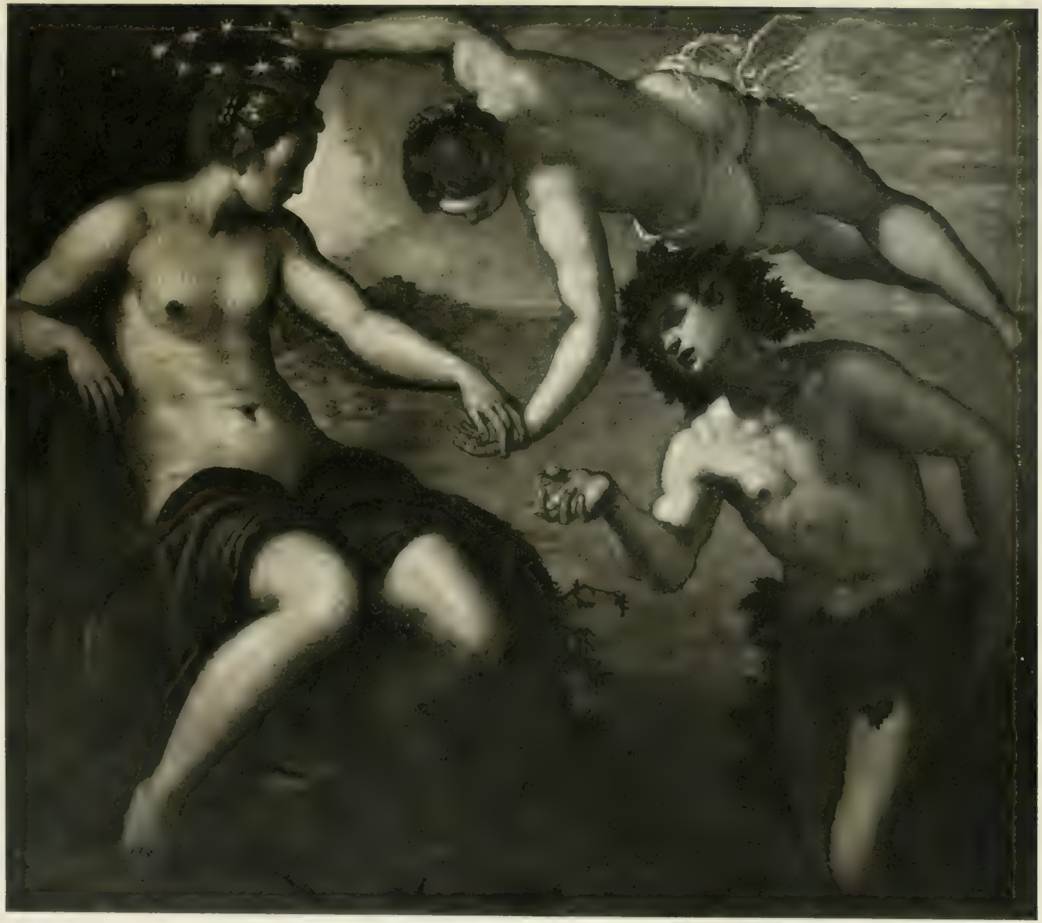
TINTORETTO
THE ANNUNCIATION
SCUOLA DI SAN ROCCO, VENICE



MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

TINTORETTO
PORTRAIT OF SANSOVINO
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE



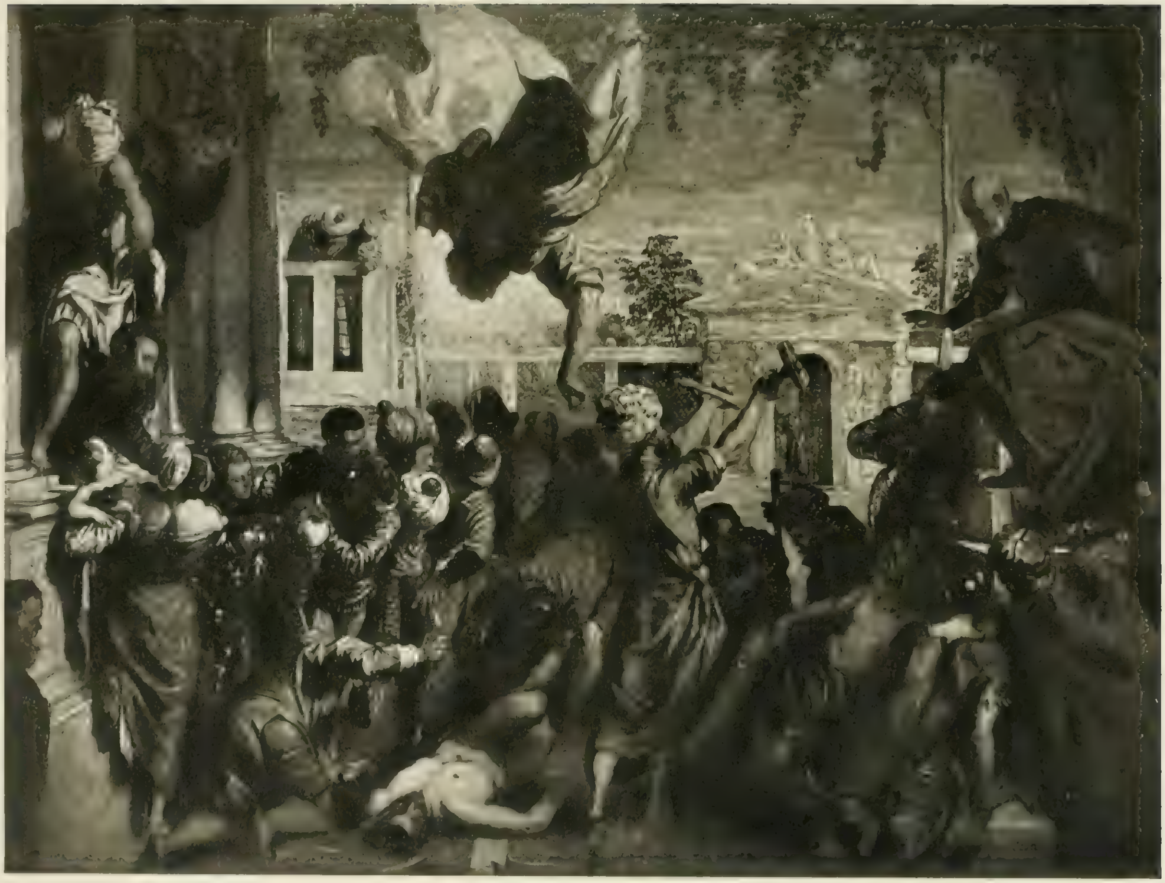
MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

TINTORETTO

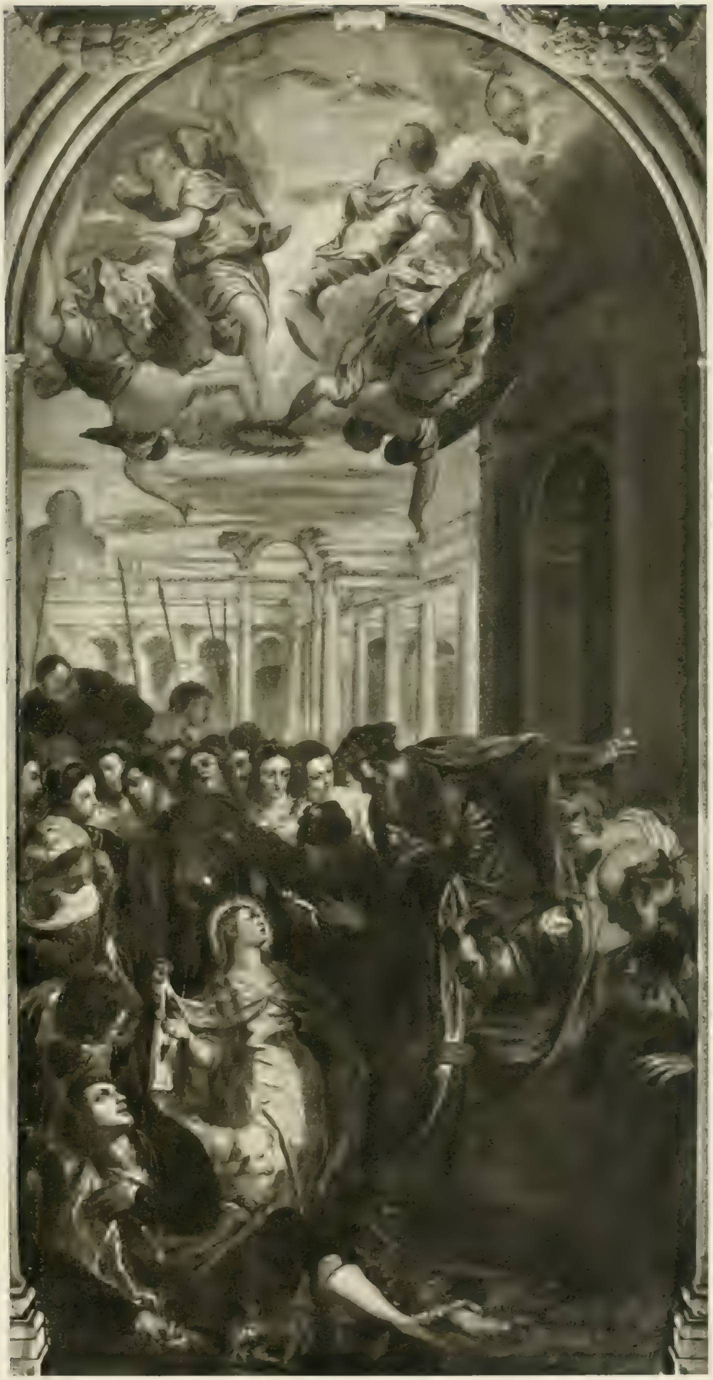
MARRIAGE OF BACCHUS AND ARIADNE

DUCAL PALACE, VENICE



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

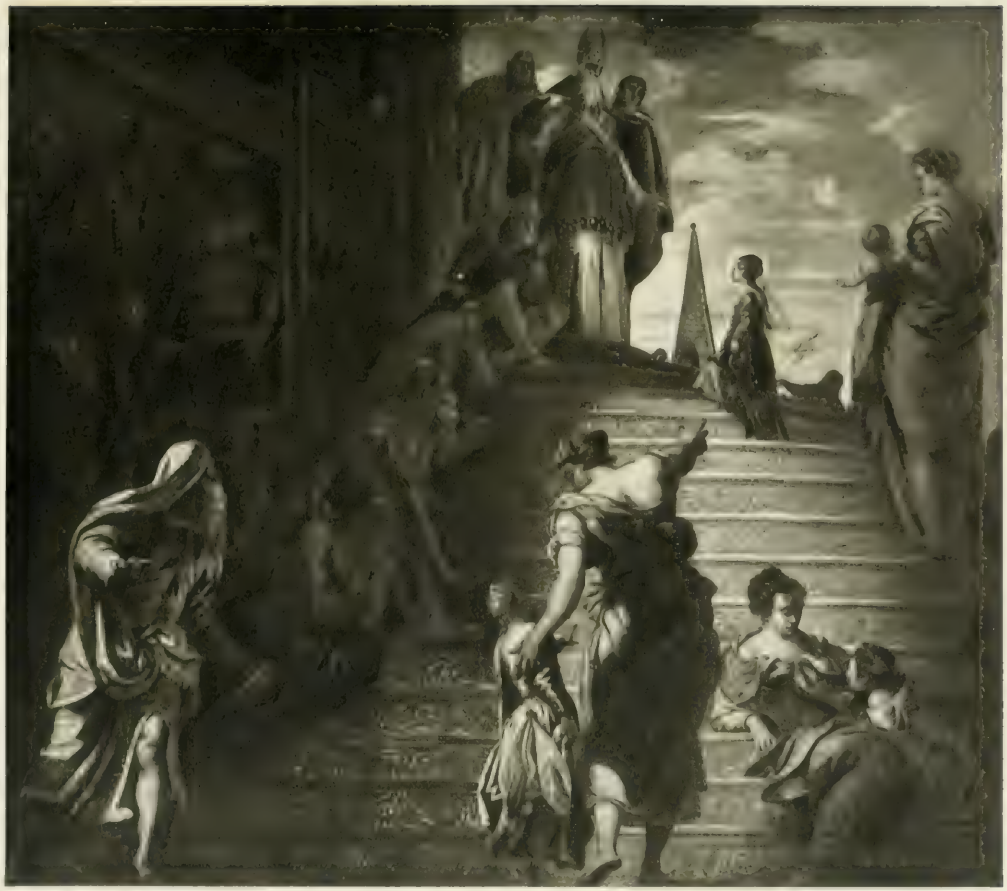
TINTORETTO
THE MIRACLE OF ST. MARK
ACADEMY, VENICE



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

PHOTOGRAVURE BY ANDERSON

TINTORETTO
MARTYRDOM OF ST. AGNES
SANTA MARIA DELL' ORTO, VENICE



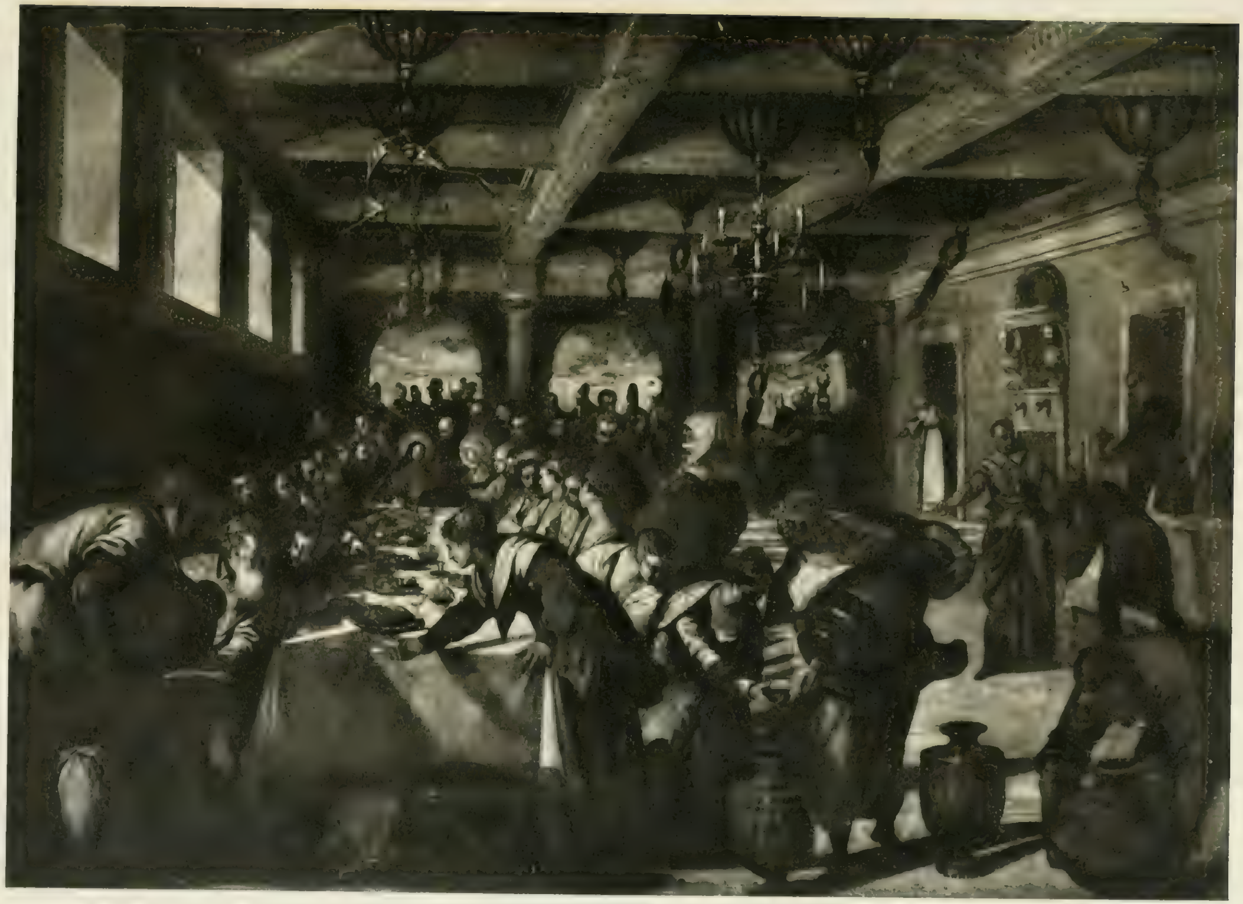
MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

TINTORETTO

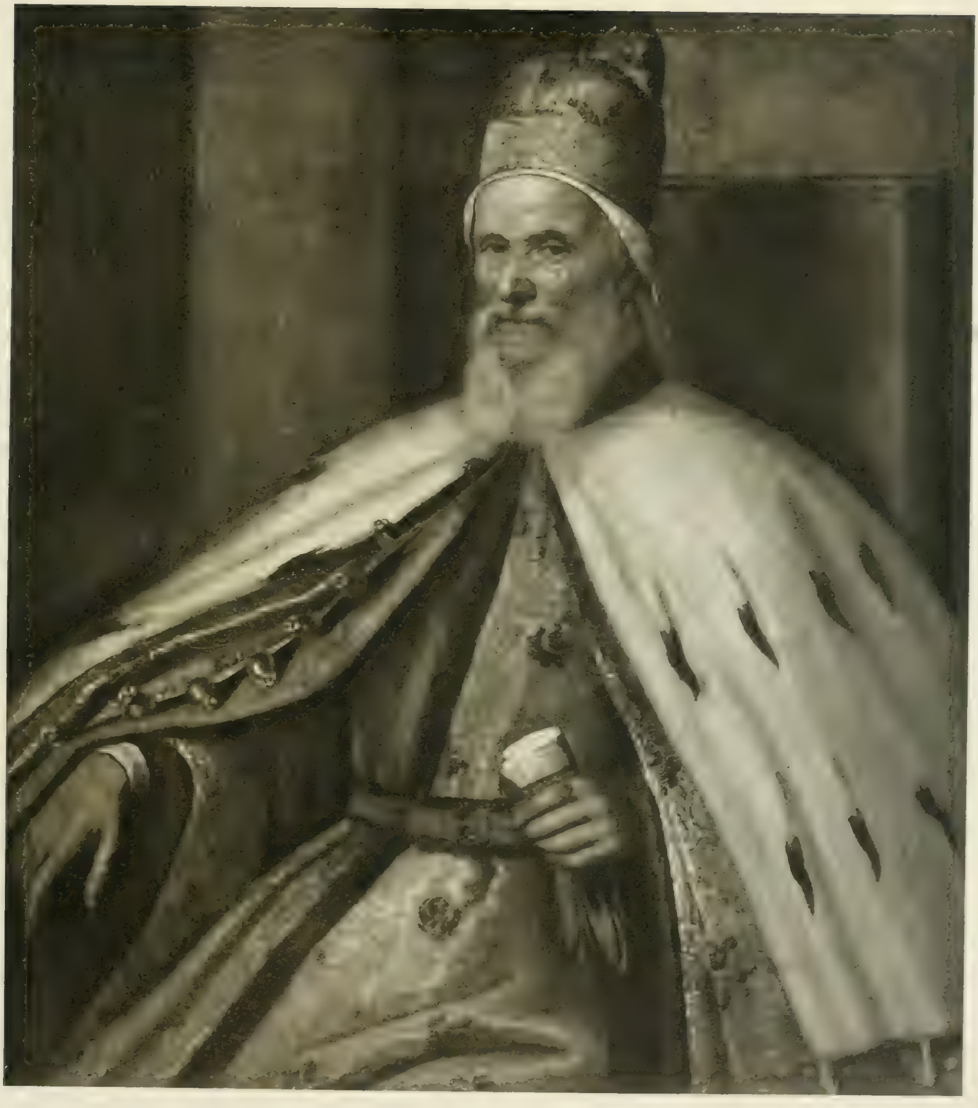
PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN

SANTA MARIA DELL' ORTO, VENICE



MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX
PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

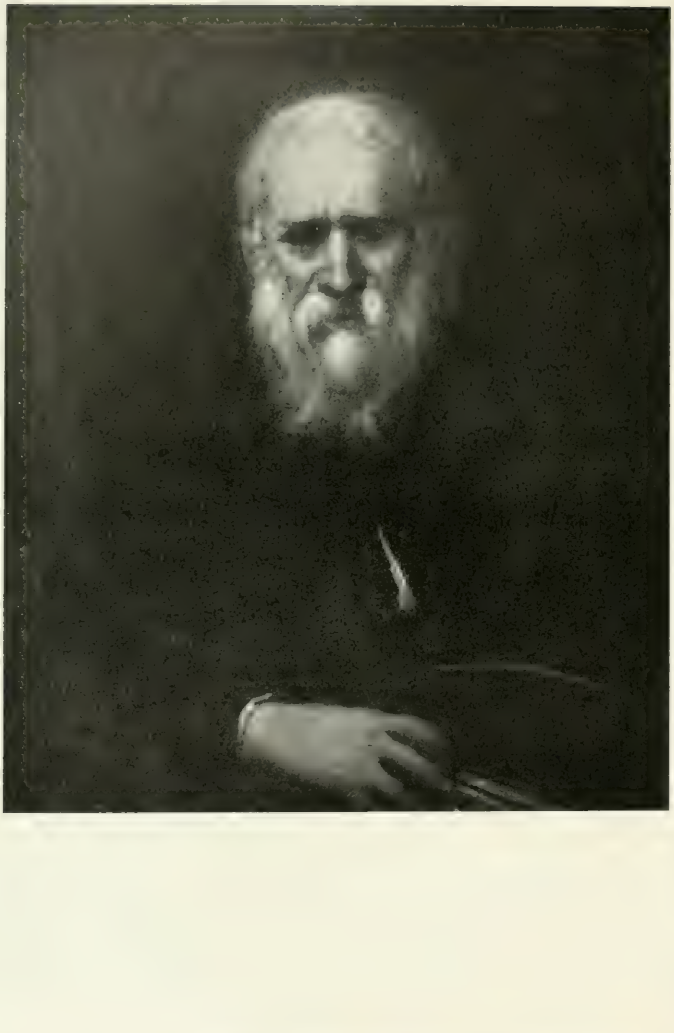
TINTORETTO
THE MARRIAGE AT CANA
SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE, VENICE



MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

TINTORETTO
PORTRAIT OF DOGE MARCANTONIO TREVISANO
STÄDEL INSTITUTE, FRANKFORT



PORTRAIT OF TINTORETTO BY HIMSELF   UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

Tintoretto's first recorded work was a portrait of himself and his brother, and he painted his own portrait twice during his old age. One of these two late portraits hangs in the Louvre; the other, which is here reproduced, is in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence. In the 'Miracle of St. Mark' he has introduced his own likeness three times, once as the man immediately above the woman who is holding a child, again as the man next to the turbaned Turk, and the head seen at the extreme right of the canvas behind the soldier in chain armor is his own.

Jacopo Robusti called

Tintoretto

BORN 1518(?): DIED 1594
VENETIAN SCHOOL

WILLIAM R. THAYER 'THRONE-MAKERS'

THE year of Tintoretto's birth is variously stated as 1512 and 1518. Even his name has been a cause of dispute to antiquaries; but since he was content to call and sign himself Jacopo (or Giacomo) Robusti, we may accept this as correct. His father was a dyer of silk (*tintore*), and as the boy early helped at that trade he got the nickname *Il Tintoretto*, "the little dyer."

The tradition runs that the lad early amused himself by drawing charcoal figures on the wall, then coloring them with his father's dyes, whence his parents were persuaded that he was born to be a painter. Accordingly his father got permission for him to work in Titian's studio, the privilege most coveted by every apprentice of the time. His stay there was brief, however; hardly above ten days, if the legend be true which tells how Titian returned one day and saw some strange sketches, and that, learning that Tintoretto had made them, bade another pupil send him away. Some say that Titian already foresaw a rival in the youthful draughtsman; others, that the figures were in a style so contrary to his own that he discerned no good in them and judged that it would be useless for Tintoretto to pursue an art in which he could never excel. We are loath to believe that Titian, whose reputation was established, could have been moved by jealousy of a mere novice: we must remember, nevertheless, that even when Tintoretto had come to maturity, and was reckoned among the leading painters of Venice, Titian treated him coldly, and apparently thwarted and disparaged him.

Under whom Tintoretto studied after being thrust off by Titian we are not told. Probably he had no acknowledged preceptor except himself. Already his aim was the highest. On the wall of his studio he blazoned the motto: "The drawing of Michelangelo and the coloring of Titian." To blend the excellence of each in a supreme unity—that was his ambition. Titian might shut him out from personal instruction, but Titian's works in the churches and palaces were within reach. Tintoretto studied them, copied them, and conjured from them their secret. Having procured casts of Michelangelo's statues in the Medici Chapel at Florence, he made drawings of them in every position. Far into the night he worked by lamplight, watching the play of light and shade, the outlines and the relief. He drew also from living models, and learned anatomy by dissecting corpses. He invented "little figures of wax and of clay, clothing them with bits of cloth, examining accurately the position of the limbs through the folds of the dresses; and these models he distributed among little houses and perspectives composed of planks and cardboard, and he put lights in the windows." From the rafters he suspended other manikins, and thereby learned the foreshortening proper to figures painted on ceilings and on high places, so indefatigable, so minute, was this man, who is known to posterity as "the thunderbolt of painters." In his prime he astonished all by his power of elaborating his ideas at a speed at which few masters can even sketch; but that power was nourished by his infinite painstaking in these years of obscurity.

Wherever Tintoretto might learn thither he went. Now we hear of him working with the masons at Cittadella; now taking his seat upon the bench of the journeymen painters in St. Mark's Place; now watching some illustrious master decorating the façade of a palace. No commission was too humble for him. His first recorded work was a portrait-group of himself holding a bas-relief in his hand and his brother playing a cithern. As the custom then was, he exhibited this in the Merceria—the narrow lane of shops which leads from St. Mark's to the Rialto bridge. What the latest novel or yesterday's political speech is to us, that was a new picture to the Venetians. Their innate sense of color and beauty and their familiarity with the best works of art made them ready critics. They knew whether the colors on a canvas were in harmony, as the average Italian of to-day can tell whether a singer keeps the key. Tintoretto's portraits attracted attention. They were painted with nocturnal lights and shadows, "in so striking a manner that they amazed every one," even to the degree of suggesting to one beholder the epigram—

"If Tintoretto shines thus in the shades of night,
"What will he do when radiant day has risen?"

He began thenceforward to get employment in the smaller churches and convents. Important commissions which brought wealth and honors were reserved for Titian and a few favorites; but Tintoretto rejected no offer. Only let him express those ideas swarming in his imagination: he asked no further recompense. He seems to have been early noted for the practice of taking no pay at all, or only enough to provide his paints and canvases,—a practice which brought upon him the abuse of his fellows who cried out that he would ruin their profession. But there was then no law to prohibit artist or artisan from working for any price he chose, and Tintoretto, as usual, took his own course.

At last a great opportunity offered. On each side of the high altar of the Church of Santa Maria dell' Orto was a bare space, nearly fifty feet high and fifteen or twenty feet broad. "Let me paint you two pictures," said Tintoretto to the friars. They laughed at the extravagant proposal. "A whole year's income would not suffice for such an undertaking," they replied. "You shall have no expense but for the canvas and colors," said Tintoretto; "I shall charge nothing for my work." And on these terms he executed 'The Last Judgment' and 'The Worship of the Golden Calf.'

The creator of those masterpieces could no longer be ignored. Here was power which hostility and jealousy could not gainsay; they must note, though they refused to admire. It was in 1546, or thereabouts, that Tintoretto uttered this challenge. In a little while he had orders for four pictures for the Scuola di San Marco, one of which, 'The Miracle of St. Mark,' now in the Venice Academy, soon became popular, and has so continued. Other commissions followed, until there came that which the Venetian prized above all others,—an order to paint for the Ducal Palace. As the patriotic Briton aspires to a monument in Westminster Abbey and the Florentine in the Church of Santa Croce, so the Venetian artist coveted for his works a place in the Palace of the Doges. That was his temple of fame. Tintoretto, then, had at last earned the privilege of consecrating his genius to Venice. His first work for her seems to have been a portrait of the reigning doge. Then he painted two historical subjects,—Frederick Barbarossa being crowned by Pope Adrian, and Pope Alexander III. excommunicating Frederick Barbarossa,—and a 'Last Judgment,' which was destroyed by the fire of 1577.

Not long thereafter his employment by the brothers of the confraternity of San Rocco began. About 1560 he painted two scenes in the life of St. Roch for their church, and then joined in a competition for a ceiling painting for the Sala dell' Albergo in the Scuola di San Rocco itself. The brothers called for designs, and upon the appointed day four artists, among them Paul Veronese, submitted sketches. But Tintoretto had outsped them, and when his design was asked for he caused a screen to be removed from the ceiling, and lo! there was a finished picture of the specified subject. The brothers and the competitors were astonished and not greatly pleased. "We asked for sketches," said the former. "That is the way I make my sketches," replied Tintoretto. They demurred; but Tintoretto presented the picture to the Scuola, one of the rules of which made it obligatory that all gifts should be accepted. The displeasure of the confraternity soon passed away, and Tintoretto was commissioned to furnish whatever paintings should be required in future. An annual salary of one hundred ducats was bestowed upon him, in return for which he was to paint at least one picture a year. Generously did he fulfil the contract, for at his death the Scuola possessed more than sixty of his works, for which he had been paid but twenty-four hundred and forty-seven ducats.

In 1577 a fire in the Ducal Palace destroyed many of the paintings, and when the edifice was restored the government looked for artists to replace them. Titian being dead his opposition had no longer to be overcome; yet even now Tintoretto had to compete with men of inferior powers but of stronger influence. Nevertheless, the lion's share of the undertaking was assigned to him and to Paul Veronese, and for ten years these two great men labored side by side in noble rivalry to eternize the beauty and the glory of Venice. . . .

As a workman Tintoretto was indefatigable. His lifelong yearning was not for praise but for opportunity to work. Modesty he had to a degree unrecorded of any other painter, although none seems to have been more confident of his own powers. There was an inflexible dignity in the man, born of self-respect, which neither the allurements of popularity nor the flattery of the great could bend. He saw that titles would add nothing to his fame, and refused an offer of knighthood from Henry III. of France. Princes and grandees and illustrious visitors to Venice went to his house, but though he received them courteously he sought no intimacy with them. His time was too precious, his projects were too earnest, to allow of aristocratic dissipation.

He had a keen sense of humor, which displayed itself now in some ready reply, now in genial conversation with his familiars. Ridolfi relates that certain prelates and senators who visited him whilst he was making sketches for his 'Paradise' asked him why he worked so hurriedly, whereas Giovanni Bellini and Titian had been deliberate and painstaking. "The old masters," said Tintoretto, "had not so many to bother them as I have." At another time, at a gathering of amateurs, a woman's portrait by Titian was lauded. "That 's the way to paint," said one of the critics. Tintoretto went home, took a sketch by Titian and covered it with lampblack, painted a head in Titian's manner on the same canvas, and showed it at the next meeting of these amateurs. "Ah, there 's a real Titian!" they all agreed. Tintoretto rubbed off the lampblack from the original sketch, and said, "This, gentlemen, is indeed by Titian; that which you have admired is mine. You see now how authority and opinion prevail in criticism, and how few there are who really understand painting."

In his home Tintoretto enjoyed tranquillity, though his thrifty and dignified wife, Faustina de' Vescovi, was perhaps not a little annoyed by the unpracticality of her husband. According to tradition, when he went out she tied up money for him in his handkerchief and bade him give an exact account of it on his return. Having spent his afternoon and money with congenial spirits at some rendezvous, he would playfully assure Madonna Faustina that her allowance had gone to help the poor. She was particular that he should always wear the dress of a Venetian citizen; but if he happened to go abroad in rainy weather she would call out to him from an upper window to come back and put on his old clothes.

We have glimpses of him passing to and fro in Venice with Marietta, his favorite daughter and a painter of merit, whose early death saddened his later years. Of his other children, two daughters entered a nunnery; a third married; his eldest son, Domenico, adopted his father's profession and assisted him in his work; another son went to the bad, and was cut off from an inheritance by his father's will,—for in spite of his habit of giving away pictures or of charging but a small price for them, Tintoretto bequeathed a comfortable fortune to his heirs. . . .

His studio was in the most retired part of his house. Few were admitted to it, and they had to find their way thither up a dark staircase and along dark passages by the light of a candle. There he spent most of his time—a grave man ordinarily, doubtless at heart a solitary man, but forever attended by the great associates of his imagination. Usually laconic in speech (as when, in reply to a long letter from his brother, he wrote simply, "Sir: no!") he yet occasionally—as that anecdote of Madonna Faustina's allowance shows—indulged in conviviality; and he had the gift peculiar to a gentleman of being easy with persons of all ranks and of putting them at ease. "With his friends," writes a biographer, "he preserved great affability. He was copious in fine sayings and witty hits, putting them forth with much grace, but without sign of laughter; and when he deemed it opportune he knew also how to joke with the great." . . .

In 1588, owing to the death of Paul Veronese, who with Francesco Bassano had been commissioned to paint a 'Paradise' in the Hall of the Grand Council in the Ducal Palace, the task was transferred to Tintoretto, who devoted the last six years of his life to this vast work.[1] Old age had robbed him of none of his energy, but added sublimity to his imagination and interfused serenity and mellowness throughout his work.

And so, still teeming with plans, he died after a fortnight's illness, on the thirty-first of May, 1594, and was buried in the Church of Santa Maria dell' Orto in Venice.

The Art of Tintoretto

H. TAINE 'VOYAGE EN ITALIE: FLORENCE ET VENISE'

TINTORETTO'S was the most vigorous and most prolific artistic temperament that has ever existed. In savage originality and in energy of will he resembles Michelangelo. His brain fermented; his thoughts boiled; his thronging conceptions so tormented him that he was obliged to rid himself of them. He suggested four enormous subjects to the fathers of Santa Maria dell' Orto, subjects involving hundreds of feet of canvas and thousands of figures, and asked to be allowed to execute them with no pay but his expenses. He apparently wanted nothing but an issue. It seems as if his mind were a volcano, always active, always in a state of eruption. Canvases of twenty, forty, and seventy feet, crowded with figures as large as life—figures huddled and massed together, launched through the air, foreshortened in the most violent manner and with splendid effects of light—

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[1] Tintoretto's 'Paradise,' so eloquently eulogized by Mr. Ruskin, is the largest oil-painting in the world, measuring thirty feet high by seventy-four feet long, and containing upwards of five hundred figures. Time and numerous restorations have completely changed its original color, the composition is confused, and it is only by long study that anything can be made of it. — EDITOR.

hardly sufficed to absorb the inexhaustible, fiery overflow of his creative imagination. The more one studies his life and works the more one comes to regard him as a Michelangelo with a color sense,—less concentrated, indeed, than the Florentine, less self-mastering, less qualified to refine upon his conceptions, but like him wholly given up to his fancies, and like him made an improvisator by very force of his impetuosity.

It follows, then, that when Tintoretto's first conception was excellent or matured he rose to an extraordinary height. In my judgment no painting surpasses, nay, equals, his 'Miracle of St. Mark' in the Venice Academy—at all events, no painting has made an equal impression on my mind. The vast canvas, some twenty feet square, contains no less than twenty-five life-size figures. The saint shoots down from the uppermost sky, and, head foremost, suspended in the air, rescues a slave from punishment. His head is in shadow and his feet are in the light; his wonderfully foreshortened body plunges through the air with the impetuosity of an eagle. No one save Rubens has ever so rendered the instantaneousness of motion, the swiftness of flight. We are borne along with the saint, and follow him almost to the ground. Beside such vehemence as this classic figures seem stiff, as if copied after studio models with arms upheld by cords. The figure of the naked slave, thrown upon his back with his shoulders toward the spectator, and as wonderfully foreshortened as is St. Mark, glows with the luminousness of Correggio. His superb muscular body palpitates; his ruddy cheeks, contrasted with his black curled beard, are empurpled with the brightest hues of life. The executioners' axes of iron and wood have been shattered to pieces as they touched his flesh, and all the throng are gazing at them. The turbaned executioner with upraised hands displays a broken handle to the judge with an air of utmost amazement. The judge springs from his seat. The assistants crowd around, some in sixteenth-century armor, some in cuirasses of leather, some in barbaric robes and turbans, some in Venetian caps and dalmatics, some with legs and arms naked, and one wholly nude except for the mantle which covers his thighs and the kerchief on his head. The whole scene glows with splendid contrasts of light and shadow and the variety, brilliancy, and indescribable glamour of light reflected from the polished depths of armor, diffused over the lustrous folds of silks, imprisoned in the warm shadows of the flesh, and radiating from the crimsons, greens, and yellows of the rich stuffs. There is not a figure in the picture that does not act, and act all over; not a fold of drapery, not a tone of flesh that does not add to the universal dash and brilliancy. The architectural forms in the background and the men on the terraces or clinging to the columns behind add amplitude of space to the scenic richness. There is air throughout. The breath of the scene is inspiring. It is the very breath of life. All quivers and palpitates with the fullness of life, light, and beauty.

There is no other such example of facility and luxuriousness of invention, boldness and ease, natural impulsiveness of temperament, instant and spontaneous creation, necessity for expression, and satisfaction in the rendering of ideas. The whole scene, all its divergent attitudes, types, and costumes, with all their innumerable peculiarities and divergences, seems to have flowed upon this canvas like water spouting from a surcharged conduit. Perhaps there is not in the world a picture fuller and more animated, more inspired and inspiring than this; and I believe that until one has seen this work one can form no idea of the powers of the human imagination.

Tintoretto was disproportionate in everything, in dimensions as well as in conceptions. The academic painters of the end of the sixteenth century decried him as extravagant and negligent; the prodigious and superhuman quality of his genius was distasteful to minds of the common and tranquil stamp. But in truth no other was or ever has been like him. He is as unique in his way as is Michelangelo, Rubens, or Titian. Call him if you will extravagant, impetuous, an improvisator; let critics complain of the blackness of his coloring, of his topsy-turvy figures, of the confusion of his grouping, of his hasty brushing, of the exhaustion and the mannerism which sometimes led him to introduce, as it were, old metal into his new casting: let all the defects of his qualities be adduced against him; I am willing. But, on the other hand, a genius like his, which I can only compare again to a volcano—so ardent was it, so overflowing, with such outbursts and flaming coruscations, with such immense jets of sparks, with such sudden, dazzling, multiplied flashes, with such a surprising and constant volume of smoke and flame—has never been encountered in another.

I do not know quite how to speak of him; I cannot describe his paintings, so vast are they and so numerous. It is the inward condition of mind that produced them that should be considered. It seems to me that in Tintoretto we discover a unique state of things. His conceptions seem to have come to him as lightning-bursts of inspiration; and though the term is strong, it corresponds to ascertained facts of which examples may be cited. In certain extreme moments, when confronting great danger or in any sudden crisis, men sometimes seem to see all at once, distinctly and with terrible intensity, as if illuminated by a flash of lightning, whole years of life, complete incidents and scenes. The recollections of the asphyxiated or of those who have narrowly escaped drowning confirm this. The activity of the brain, suddenly increased tenfold, seems to cause the mind to live more in this brief instant of time than in all the rest of life put together. The victim usually issues from this momentarily sublimated state exhausted and morbid; but when the natural temperament is vigorous enough to support the shock without flagging, men like Luther, St. Ignatius, St. Paul, and all the great visionaries, are able to accomplish works that seem to transcend the powers of humanity. If a proper idea be formed of this involuntary and extraordinary state in a dramatic temperament like that of Tintoretto, who possessed such powers over color, we may see quite clearly the reason of his producing the works that he did.

He never selects; his vision imposes itself on him; the imaginative scene is to him instantaneously a reality, and he transfers it bodily to his canvas under an immediate impulse of spontaneous inspiration which can brook neither alteration nor hesitancy, along with whatever in it that may be odd or irrelevant. It is not two or three personages that he intends to paint, but a scene, a fragment of life, an entire landscape; not this or that central figure in one or another posture, but a moment in nature or history. His 'Marriage at Cana' shows an immense dining-hall, crowded with guests. His 'Gathering of the Manna' is an encampment of people, with all the petty details of life and every diversity of landscape. In this exuberance he surpassed his own age and approximates to our own. His pictures seem to be "illustrations"; only he sets forth in a space of forty feet with figures as large as life what we try to do in the space of a foot with figures no taller than one's finger. It is life in general that interests him, not the particular life of one being; and he disregards all hampering picturesque and plastic rules, subordinating the personages to the whole and parts to the general effect. He is invaded as if from without, and overpowered by a scene which takes possession of him, in the reality of which he has implicit belief, and which torments him till he has given it pictorial life.

From this method of creation arises his unprecedented originality. Compared with him all painters are self-copyists. You are always astonished before his pictures; you ask yourself into what unknown and fantastic but nevertheless real world he has led you. With extraordinary force of verisimilitude he merges the divine and the human. There is a 'Resurrection' by him in which no figure is in a state of equilibrium; angels swoop head foremost from above; Christ and the saints swim in the air; the atmosphere is a resistant and palpable fluid which sustains bodies as water does fishes. When he paints a violent scene like the 'Brazen Serpent' or the 'Massacre of the Innocents' it is a supernatural delirium. In the latter the space is covered with a mass of heads and limbs, and figures falling, running, struggling, and staggering as if a hurly-burly of inebriates,—it is the infuriate bacchanalianism of despair. In the 'Brazen Serpent,' dog-headed reptiles on a mountain cliff forage amongst a monstrous heap of prostrated men. Livid lights contend with deathly shadows, and the figures roll, heave, and pitch, like a human avalanche, down the side of a precipice. Here the artist is in his own domain; he wanders about grandly in the realm of the impossible. He sees too much at once,—forty, sixty, and eighty personages and their surroundings, commingled and crowded beneath unearthly lights and darks. This taste for the natural and the supernatural commingled, these violent contrasts of light and dark, this passion and audacity which bear him straight on, with no hesitation or reconsideration, to the end of his conception, make Tintoretto the most dramatic of painters. . . .

It is vain to complain before his canvases that you are weary, and to accuse the painter of exuberance and excess; to feel that these immense pictures are executed too rapidly, and rather indicated than perfected; that he presumes on his own and the spectator's powers. At the sight of them you find strength left because he imparts his own fervor to you in spite of yourself. They are depicted in such a splendor and amplitude of light, with such a triumphant furor of genius, that one looks upon them with confused awe, and turns away half stunned, as from a too loud and complex piece of music. All sense of proportion vanishes, and you wonder if you should still have faith in your sensations.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

COSMO MONKHOUSE 'IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY'

TINTORETTO'S color is not as other men's. It has not the sumptuous repose of Veronese nor the ordered glory of Titian. It is irregular, almost spasmodic; but it is charged, as no other artist's is charged, with the emotion of the subject, and its effect is overpowering. The finest pictures by Titian are as exquisite music played by a band of stringed instruments, but in Tintoretto's orchestra are "trumpets also and shawms." Though not the last to be born, he was the last to die of all the supreme artists of Italy; and though among them may be found many of finer balance, there was none of greater force or wider range. One thing can at least be said of no other man, and that is that the strength of his individuality was so great that he could assimilate even Michelangelo.

W. M. ROSSETTI 'ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA'

AUDACIOUS and intrepid, though not constantly correct as a draughtsman, majestically great as a colorist, prodigious as an executant, Tintoretto was as absolute a type of the born painter as the history of art enables us to conceive. Whatever he did was imaginative—sometimes beautiful and suave, often imposing and romantic, quite as often turbulent and reckless, sometimes trivial, but never unpainter-like or prosaic. When he chose—which was not always—he painted all his personages characteristically; but, like the other highest masters of Venice, he conceded little incidental emotion to the expression of his faces.

His imagination was always concrete, essentially the imagination of a painter to whom the means of art—form, color, chiaroscuro, manipulation, scale, distribution—were the typical and necessitated realities. What he imagined was always a visual integer, a picture, never a treatise, however thoughtfully planned or ingeniously detailed. Something that one could see—that was his ideal, not something that one could narrate, still less something that one could deduce and demonstrate. In his treatment of action or gesture his most constant peculiarity is the sway and swerve of his figures; they bend like saplings or rock like forest boughs in a gale. Stiffness or immobility was entirely foreign to his style, which has therefore little of the monumental or severe character. Perhaps he felt that there was no other way to combine "the color of Titian with the design of Michelangelo." The knitted strength and the transcendent fervor of energy of the supreme Florentine might to some extent be emulated; but, if they were to be united with the glowing fusion of hue of the supreme Venetian, this could only be attained by relaxing the excessive tension and modifying muscular into elastic force. . . .

For his phenomenal energy in painting Tintoretto was termed "Il Furioso." An agreement is extant showing that he undertook to finish in two months two historical pictures, each containing twenty figures, seven of them being portraits. Sebastiano del Piombo remarked that Tintoretto could paint in two days as much as he himself in two years; Annibale Carracci said that Tintoretto was in many of his pictures equal to Titian, in others inferior to Tintoretto,—and this was the general opinion of the Venetians, who said that he had three pencils, one of gold, the second of silver, and the third of iron.

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD AND A. A. HOPKINS, EDITORS 'VASARI'S LIVES'

TINTORETTO at his best is a great poet; in his work of the second order he remains a dramatic improvisator; at his worst he is repellent, but is still an impetuous force. When he wills to be a great painter he is one, but in four-fifths of his work he shows himself as a man who, above all else, desires to express himself originally and dramatically, and uses palette and brush as his means of expression. In a word, what he cares for most is not, as with Titian, the wonder of color; not, as with Michelangelo, the wonder of man's body; not, as with Rembrandt, the wonder of light, but rather the wonder of telling a grand story in a grand way. It must be admitted that he always succeeds in being different from other men, and not infrequently succeeds in being grand. But in counting this success we must account also its penalty.

The volume of Tintoretto's work far exceeds that of any other Italian. Huge canvases hang in the Church of Il Redentore, in San Rocco, in the Church of Santa Maria dell' Orto, the Academy, and the Ducal Palace, Venice, and others are scattered throughout the city in churches and palaces. But in all this great volume of works hardly a score stand out as pictures which are at once and intrinsically satisfying. Before all the others one has to reason, saying that in *spite* of this and that they are admirable.

Chiaroscuro is with Tintoretto an ever-present pictorial adjunct; he uses it as much as do Correggio and Rembrandt, but how differently! With Correggio light is an irradiating presence; with Rembrandt it is a penetrating mystery. With Tintoretto it is the first and most powerful of dramatic accessories; he makes the light an *actor* in his vast compositions. Often this chiaroscuro is grand, again it is ghostly; but it is so frequently and sometimes so hastily employed that in many cases it becomes tiresome and trivial.

Tintoretto is original, first in the presentation of his subject, and secondly through this lighting, this chiaroscuro. In either case he tries to find a different point of view from that of any other artist, and he usually does find it with singular felicity, and expresses it with remarkable power. The first quality, dramatic presentation, is quite as much literary as artistic; and though lighting may be purely plastic and artistic, Tintoretto uses this also rather dramatically than plastically; that is to say, light to him is not so much a means for making a body round and tangible as for spotting out a composition in such a manner that it shall impress us in a new way.

Had Tintoretto only painted the more excellent of his works he would still have ranked among the greatest masters—and with far less question, far less negative addition to his fame than that which has been given by many of his vastest canvases, which, as Vasari has said, have, when examined minutely, the appearance of having been painted as a jest. To-day, whether by action of time, by defective pigment, from over-painting and so-called restoration, or by fault of the artist himself, the color of many of these huge canvases is black, coarse, repulsive. Perhaps if we could see them better we should recognize the good that is under the deteriorated surface. Some of them still have fine passages of color here and there, but we must not forget that Vasari condemned them already when they had but just left the artist's brush, and we need not take offence at his expression of "examined minutely," for Vasari had plenty of appreciation and praise for Titian's breadth and Veronese's sweeping touch. It will hardly do to impute this black and repellent character of the color to haste on Tintoretto's part: haste might be accountable for a somewhat vulgar alternation of pinks and blues, but a single slight painting with good pigment would result rather in a relatively good preservation of the color, or at the worst in a fading of the same; blackness is more likely to come from over-painting, bad pigment, or imperfect preparation of the canvas. However that may be, Tintoretto, who could be great technically, neglects technique in a large part of his work, and he is therefore neglected in turn by the art student, who studies rather Titian or Veronese.

But after all is said, Tintoretto remains a grand poet and dramatist. "In the purities and sublimities of the prophet's soul," says Symonds, "neither Veronese nor yet Titian can approach him."

LUCIEN DAVESIÈS 'REVUE UNIVERSELLE DES ARTS': 1862

TINTORETTO was not only one of the most productive, but one of the most highly gifted painters that has ever lived; but his glory has been dimmed in the eyes of posterity by the extremely unequal character of his works. As Annibale Carracci truly said of him, "Tintoretto is often inferior to Tintoretto." If he had been able to control the nervous ardor which too often led him beyond the limits not only of truth but of possibility, and the incessant desire to create which left him no peace, he might have rivaled Titian—nay, perhaps even surpassed him; for Tintoretto's imagination was broader and more poetic than was Titian's, and he was no less a master of the secrets of chiaroscuro, of the brush, and of color; while in facility in composition and in rapidity of hand he was absolutely unrivaled.

His very facility, however, has injured his reputation. His genius seems to have urged him on to produce so much that he neglected to bring more than a small number of his works to the perfection of which he was capable.

Too often his aim seems merely to have been to *fill* his enormous canvases without much care as to *how* he filled them. He did not always, indeed, take the trouble to sketch out his compositions beforehand, but improvised as he painted; though even such hasty works are, it must be admitted, marvelous achievements when we consider the slight time and pains which they cost him. When, however, he did choose to conform to the principles of art instead of relying upon the happy accidents of improvisation, Tintoretto stands upon a level with the greatest.

The general effect of his coloring is frequently quite different from that of Titian, whom he wished to emulate in this respect. Blue is often dominant, imparting a violet tone to the whole—a tone which, in spite of its usefulness in enhancing the magical chiaroscuro, sometimes detracts from the general splendor and harmony. In those compositions with which he took pains, however, his coloring, although somewhat conventional, is wholly delightful.

Tintoretto's figures have not the magistral quality of those of Titian; but, on the other hand, they have more movement and animation, and his treatment of them was broader and more titanic. Indeed, the more gigantic his canvas the more he seems at ease. He needed space and air, and seems cramped and ill at ease within the limits of a small frame. In his vast 'Crucifixion' there are more than eighty figures,—on foot and on horseback, sitting, standing, kneeling, laughing, crying,—men, women, and children, and all so remarkably relieved and executed that one could swear that the free air circulated among them, while all the attitudes and gestures are caught with such variety of truth as to seem almost miraculous. Yet, in spite of such salient excellencies, the whole is infinitely weakened by want of composition. The eye finds no resting-point of vantage, and wanders in weary restlessness from one to another of the innumerable groups.

Tintoretto seems to have constantly forgotten that it is often wise to sacrifice details to the principal effect—a rule of which Titian was never unmindful. Indeed, the more one studies the works of Tintoretto, great as he is, the more one is tempted to repeat the old saying: "The half is worth more than the whole."—FROM THE FRENCH

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS 'RENAISSANCE IN ITALY'

IT is not only in the region of the vast, tempestuous, and tragic that Tintoretto finds himself at home. He is equal to every task that can be imposed upon the imagination. Provided only that the spiritual fount be stirred, the jet of living water gushes forth, pure, inexhaustible, and limpid. In his 'Marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne,' that most perfect lyric of the sensuous fancy from which sensuality is absent; in his 'Temptation of Adam,' that symphony of gray and brown and ivory more lustrous than the hues of sunset; in his 'Martyrdom of St. Agnes,' that lamb-like maiden with her snow-white lamb among the soldiers and the priests of Rome, Tintoretto has proved beyond all question that the fiery genius of titanic artists can pierce and irradiate the placid and the tender secrets of the soul with more consummate mastery than falls to the lot of those who make tranquillity their special province.

'TINTORETTO AT VENICE, AND MR. RUSKIN' 'ART JOURNAL': 1857

UNTIL the advent of Mr. John Ruskin[1] the opinions current about Tintoretto as a painter were that he was a man of extraordinary power in many of the more superficial things in art (if we may so call them), — such as bold drawing, color, bodily action, effect, — and also possessed of a fine, vigorous, and daring invention; but unless we widely err, few ever thought of looking for profound and lofty thought as among his leading characteristics, or of ascribing to him a poetic imagination of the highest order. It was reserved for Mr. Ruskin to claim this distinction for him; to discover, or fancy he had discovered, Tintoretto's greatness and glory bound to the wall, Prometheus-like, amidst the obscurity, neglect, damps, and decay of Santa Maria dell' Orto and San Rocco; to determine to free them forth, and, seating them between the wings of his aspiring eloquence, endeavor to mount them all at once on the highest peak of Italian Parnassus, above all but Dante and Michelangelo — Tintoretto being in his opinion the greatest man with these exceptions that Italy had produced. The very name of Tintoretto seems to excite and swell his style to its highest tone, and make it resemble the firmest and most imperial brattlings of the Trumpet of Fame itself — for which he is evidently somewhat too apt to mistake it. He proclaims him as one whose high-reaching intellect and "imagination penetrative" leave those faculties in all other painters far behind; as one who alone has seized the inmost spirit of the most awful and stupendous themes; who alone "has grappled with them in their verity," not contenting himself with the occurrences of the moment merely, but introducing strange, occult, typical allusions in his details, and dashing in also dim, visionary retrospections and anticipations, disregarding time and place even, like the freest and most untrammeled poet, so that he may tell in a solemn, mystical manner the whole of the great story or sequence of events at once. . . .

On the whole, however, we believe that Mr. Ruskin leaves Tintoretto precisely where he found him, having failed utterly in the attempt to put him forward as an imaginative genius of the highest order; since the thoughts he adduces as entitling him to that eminence are, in fact, either not in existence in his works, or else poor, trivial, or erroneous. Tintoretto will, we believe, continue to rank, just as formerly, as a very energetic but not delicately or sublimely imaginative painter; one strong in scenic conceptions and in the more superficial and decorative resources of his art, but poor in the higher requisites of expression and character.

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[1] The writings of John Ruskin first called public attention to Tintoretto as a master of the first rank. Impressive as Mr. Ruskin's appreciations of Tintoretto are, however, it must be acknowledged that a recent critic is right in saying that "the poetic and literary side of the artist appealed so strongly to the great poet and word-painter that passages of the 'Stones of Venice' and 'Modern Painters' are a running commentary so magnificent that not infrequently the canvases of the artist are surpassed by the word-painting of the writer." — EDITOR.

BERNHARD BERENSON 'VENETIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE'

TINTORETTO grew to manhood when the fruit of the Renaissance was ripe on every bough. The Renaissance had resulted in the emancipation of the individual, in making him feel that the universe had no other purpose than his happiness. This brought an entirely new answer to the question, "Why should I do this or that?" It used to be, "Because self-instigated authority commands you." The answer now was, "Because it is good for men." In this lies our greatest debt to the Renaissance,—that it instituted the welfare of man as the end of all action.

Thus religion and poetry did not exist for Tintoretto because the love and cultivation of the Muses was a duty prescribed by the Greeks and Romans, or because the love of God and the saints was prescribed by the Church; but rather, as was the case with the best people of his time, because both poetry and religion were useful to man. They helped him to forget what was mean and sordid in life, they braced him to his task and consoled him for his disappointments. Religion answered to an ever-living need of the human heart. The Bible was no longer a mere document wherewith to justify Christian dogma. It was rather a series of parables and symbols pointing at all times to the path that led to a finer and nobler life. Why then continue to picture Christ and the apostles, the patriarchs and prophets, as persons living under Roman rule, wearing the Roman toga, and walking about in the landscape of a Roman bas-relief? Christ and the apostles, the patriarchs and prophets, were the embodiment of living principles and of living ideals. Tintoretto felt this so vividly that he could not think of them otherwise than as people of his own kind, living under conditions easily intelligible to himself and to his fellow-men. Indeed, the more intelligible and the more familiar the look and garb and surroundings of biblical and saintly personages, the more would they drive home the principles and ideas they incarnated. So Tintoretto did not hesitate to turn every biblical episode into a picture of what the scene would look like had it taken place under his own eyes, nor to tinge it with his own mood.

No better illustration of this could be found among Italian masters than Tintoretto's 'Crucifixion' in the Scuola di San Rocco. The scene is a vast one, and although Christ is on the cross, life does not stop. To most of the people gathered there what takes place is no more than a common execution. Many of them are attending to it as to a tedious duty. Others work away at some menial task more or less connected with the Crucifixion, as unconcerned as cobblers humming over their lasts. Most of the people in the huge canvas are represented, as no doubt they were in life, without much personal feeling about Christ. His own friends are painted with all their grief and despair, but the others are allowed to feel as they please. The painter does not try to give them the proper emotions. If one of the great novelists of to-day, if Tolstoi, for instance, were to describe the Crucifixion, his account would read as if it were a description of Tintoretto's picture. But Tintoretto's fairness went even further than letting all the spectators feel as they pleased about what he himself believed to be the greatest event that ever took place. Among this multitude he allowed the light of heaven to shine upon the wicked as well as upon the good and the air to refresh them all equally. In other words, this enormous canvas is a great sea of air and light at the bottom of which the scene takes place.

The Works of Tintoretto

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'ABDUCTION OF THE BODY OF ST. MARK' PLATE I

THIS picture, now in the Library of St. Mark, Venice, was painted by Tintoretto for the Scuola, or Brotherhood, of San Marco. In relating its story Ridolfi says: "Two Venetian merchants have obtained the body of St. Mark from the Greek priests of Alexandria, and are about to carry it away to their ships, when the citizens, aroused by the commotion, attempt to prevent the abduction. Then the soul of the saint, assuming the form of a tempest, comes to the aid of his captors. The sky grows dark, lightning flashes, thunder rolls, and rain falls in torrents. The people of Alexandria, panic-stricken, fly for shelter to the neighboring buildings, and thus the pious merchants are enabled to carry off their precious burden in safety."

"The effect which Tintoretto must always have produced upon his contemporaries, and which most of his works still produce," writes Berenson, "is one of astounding reality, as well as of wide sweep and power. In his picture of the 'Abduction of the Body of St. Mark' from Alexandria, the figures, though colossal, are so energetic and so easy in movement, and the effects of perspective, light, and atmosphere are so on a level with the gigantic figures, that the eye at once adapts itself to the scale, and you feel as if you too partook of the strength of heroes."

'THE ANNUNCIATION' PLATE II

AS an instance of Tintoretto's forceful and realistic interpretation of any sacred subject Taine cites this picture of 'The Annunciation' in the Scuola di San Rocco in Venice, and says: "St. Joseph was a carpenter; therefore, instantly, in order to depict the Annunciation, Tintoretto represents the actual house of a carpenter. On the outside is a shed arranged for work in the open air and showing all the disorder of a workshop. Bits of wood and carpentry are strewn about, piled up, or leaning against the walls. Saws, planes, and cords are littered about. Without a workman is busy. Within is a large bed with red curtains, a bottomless chair, a child's willow cradle, and the carpenter's young wife in a red petticoat,—an amazed and frightened peasant girl. A Fleming could not have more accurately depicted the confusion and every-day aspect of common life. But with Tintoretto passion always accompanies his intense and circumstantial visions. Here Gabriel and a flock of tumultuous whirling angels dart with the fury of an attack athwart door and window, and swoop all together upon the Virgin; the unfinished domicile seems to be shattered by the shock, while the pigeons betake themselves in full flight to their own tenement. You may judge by this frenzied and disproportionate activity of the irresistible irruption with which tumultuous ideas were unloosed in Tintoretto's mind. No painter has so loved, felt, and rendered action."

'THE CRUCIFIXION' [DETAIL] PLATE III

TINTORETTO completed his great picture of 'The Crucifixion' (of which the central part is here reproduced) in 1565. It is the finest of the many works executed by him for the Brotherhood of San Rocco, whose Scuola is now a veritable monument to the genius of Tintoretto, who worked there for eighteen years.

The composition of 'The Crucifixion' is somewhat scattered, the general color sombre, but the various episodes give life and movement to the scene, and many of the figures are impressive and full of the power peculiar to Tintoretto. Christ on the cross occupies the centre of the canvas, and around him are executioners, spectators, soldiers, horsemen and women—in all, some eighty figures. The group at the foot of the cross which is shown in our illustration is an especially dramatic detail.

"Surely no single picture in the world contains more of human life," writes Mr. Henry James; "there is everything in it, including the most exquisite beauty. It is one of the greatest things of art; it is always interesting. There are pictures by Tintoretto which contain touches more exquisite, revelations of beauty more radiant, but there is no other vision of so intense a reality, and an execution so splendid."

"I must leave this picture to work its will upon the spectator," writes Ruskin. "It is beyond all analysis and above all praise."

'PORTRAIT OF SANSOVINO' PLATE IV

TINTORETTO'S portrait of Jacopo Tatti, called "Sansovino" after the master under whom he studied, is in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence. Painted, as Burckhardt has said, *con amore*, it represents the celebrated sculptor and architect at an advanced age. He wears a black cloak lined with fur and holds a pair of compasses in his hand.

A Florentine by birth, Sansovino's name is associated with Venice, where the latter half of his life was spent, and where he won fame and distinction by the many fine buildings which he designed in that city.

'MARRIAGE OF BACCHUS AND ARIADNE' PLATE V

TINTORETTO'S picture of the 'Marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne' is one of four mythological subjects painted by him for the Anticollegio, or waiting-room, of the Ducal Palace, Venice, where it still remains. It is executed in what was known as his "silver manner;" and represents Ariadne, daughter of Minos, king of Crete, seated upon a rock in the Island of Naxos, where she has been abandoned by Theseus, who had abducted her. Here she was seen and loved by the god Bacchus, who approaches from the sea and offers her a marriage ring, while Venus, in the blue air above, places a crown of stars upon her head.

"If not the greatest, this is at any rate the most beautiful oil-picture in existence," writes Symonds. "In no other has a poem of feeling and of fancy, a romance of varied lights and shades, a symphony of delicately-blended hues, a play of attitude and movement transitory but in no sense forced or violent, been more successfully expressed by means more simple or with effect more satisfying. Something of the mytho-poetic faculty must have survived in Tintoretto and enabled him to inspire the Greek tale with this intense vitality of beauty."

'THE MIRACLE OF ST. MARK' PLATE VI

THIS picture, painted for the Scuola di San Marco, or Fraternity of St. Mark, and now in the Venice Academy, is generally considered to be Tintoretto's masterpiece. According to the legend which it represents, a certain Christian slave in the service of a pagan nobleman disobeyed his master by persisting to worship at the shrine of St. Mark, and was therefore condemned to torture. This was about to be inflicted upon him in the public square, when the saint himself came down from heaven to his aid. The bonds of the slave were burst asunder, the instruments of torture broken, and the judge and executioners dumfounded and amazed.

Although the shadows in Tintoretto's picture have become somewhat blackened by time, the canvas is still rich and harmonious in color. The draperies of the figures are of saffron, blue, gold, and deep crimson; the sky, greenish in tone, grades into a golden light towards the horizon, while the middle of the canvas glows "as if a topaz had burst there."

"The brilliant yet deep color, power of chiaroscuro, force of conception, portrait-like character in the heads, and a solidity rare with Tintoretto," write Vasari's recent editors, "make this one of the finest pictures in Italy." Gautier says of it that it is one of the most audacious works ever painted even by Tintoretto—"a veritable *tour de force;*" and Viardot calls it "The Miracle of Tintoretto." Ruskin, on the other hand, considers it "fine, but much over-rated;" while Taine, whose eloquent description of the picture is given on page 26 of this number, feels that it is "unsurpassed."

'MARTYRDOM OF ST. AGNES' PLATE VII

THIS picture, painted in Tintoretto's "golden manner," is in the Church of Santa Maria dell' Orto, Venice. In composition it is fine and in color glowing—"seeming," says one critic, "in certain lights and at certain hours fairly incandescent." The subject represents St. Agnes, a Christian maiden of great beauty, who, having refused to marry Licinius, a son of the Roman prefect, was subjected to many indignities, and finally condemned to be burned. The flames, however, did not harm her, but consumed her executioners instead. She was then put to death by the sword.

In Tintoretto's picture St. Agnes, clad in white and with her emblem, the lamb, beside her, is kneeling to await her death, while a crowd of spectators — nobles in armor and richly clad priestly and civic dignitaries — throng around her. Above are angels bearing a crown of glory for the virgin martyr.

'PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN' PLATE VIII

"ON the doors which inclose the organ of the Church of Santa Maria dell' Orto, Tintoretto painted Our Lady ascending the steps of the Temple. This work, which is in oil, is the most carefully executed, most delicately finished, and most cheerful looking picture to be found in all the church." So writes Vasari; and although time has dimmed its color so that it is no longer "cheerful" and it has been materially injured by re-painting, the picture, which now hangs in one of the chapels of the same church, is still full of beauty.

At the top of a flight of steps leading to the Temple the high priest stands waiting to receive the little Virgin as she advances alone towards him, her slight girlish figure in its gray dress contrasting with the blue sky beyond. Groups of women and children, old men and idlers, ranged along the steps watch the scene. The Venetian staircase in the picture has been criticized as being too important for the actors, but the effect of the figures in shadow is so fine, the beauty of the women seated upon or ascending the steps so striking, and the figure of the little Virgin so full of grace and simplicity that, whatever its defects, the picture will always remain one of Tintoretto's most charming works.

'THE MARRIAGE AT CANA' PLATE IX

TINTORETTO painted this great picture for the dining-hall of the Brotherhood of the Crociferi, and its wonderful perspective was made a continuation of that room so that the monks might seem to have Christ seated at the table with them. It now hangs in the sacristy of the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, Venice. The canvas measures about twenty-five feet long by fifteen feet high, and is one of the few that the artist signed.

"Evidently this work was a favorite with Tintoretto," writes Ruskin, "and he has taken as much pains as it was ever necessary for his colossal strength to take with anything. . . . The table is set in a spacious chamber, of which the windows at the end let in the light from the horizon, and those in the side wall the intense blue of an Eastern sky. The spectator looks all along the table, at the farther end of which are seated Christ and the Madonna, with the marriage guests on each side. The men are set with their backs to the light, which, passing over their heads and glancing slightly on the tablecloth, falls in full length along the line of young Venetian women, who thus fill the whole centre of the picture with one broad sunbeam, made up of fair faces and golden hair. . . . Taken as a whole, the picture is perhaps the most perfect example which human art has produced of the utmost possible force and sharpness of shadow united with richness of local color."

'PORTRAIT OF DOGE MARCANTONIO TREVISANO' PLATE X

THIS portrait, in the Städel Institute, Frankfort, of Marcantonio Trevisano, who was Doge of Venice during the year 1553, is very beautiful in color. The doge is seated, his official cap upon his head, an ermine cloak about his shoulders, and his figure thrown into strong relief by a background of deep, rich red.

"Tintoretto painted portraits not only with much the air of good breeding of Titian's likenesses," writes Berenson, "but with even greater splendor, and with an astonishing rapidity of execution. Although they are not so individualized as Lotto's, nor such close studies of character as Titian's, his portraits always render the man at his best, in glowing health, full of life and determination, and make us look back with amazement to a State where the human plant was in such vigor as to produce old men of the kind represented in most of his portraits."

A LIST OF SOME OF THE MORE NOTABLE PAINTINGS OF TINTORETTO, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

THE number of works executed by Tintoretto is so enormous that it would be impossible to give any adequate catalogue of them in the present space. The following list enumerates, therefore, only a few of the more celebrated paintings which are in public collections and churches.

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: Several Portraits — ENGLAND. LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: St. George and the Dragon — FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: Susanna; Portrait of a Man; Portrait of Tintoretto — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Madonna and Saints; Two Portraits — CASSEL GALLERY: Portrait of a Man — DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: The Rescue; Two Gentlemen — FRANKFORT, STÄDEL INSTITUTE: Doge Marcantonio Trevisano (Plate x) — ITALY. FLORENCE, PITTI PALACE: Several Portraits — FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Portrait of Sansovino (Plate IV); Portrait of Tintoretto (Page 20); Other Portraits — MILAN, BRERA GALLERY: St. Helen and Other Saints; Finding the Body of St. Mark — ROME, COLONNA GALLERY: Portraits — ROME, DORIA GALLERY: Portrait of a Man — VENICE, ACADEMY: Miracle of St. Mark (Plate VI); Adam and Eve; Death of Abel; Madonna in Glory; Crucifixion; Descent from the Cross; Portraits — VENICE, DUCAL PALACE: Paradise; Descent from the Cross; Venice, Queen of the Sea; Bacchus and Ariadne (Plate V); Minerva and Mars; Mercury and Graces; Vulcan's Forge; Doge Gritti before the Virgin; Portraits — VENICE, LIBRARY OF ST. MARK: Abduction of the Body of St. Mark (Plate I); St. Mark Rescuing a Sailor — VENICE, SCUOLA DI SAN ROCCO, LOWER FLOOR: All the Paintings on Walls; STAIRCASE: Visitation; UPPER FLOOR, HALL: All the Paintings on Walls and Ceiling; UPPER FLOOR, INNER ROOM: Crucifixion (Plate III); Christ before Pilate; Ecce Homo; Way to Golgotha; Ceiling — VENICE, CHURCH OF SAN CASSIANO: Crucifixion — VENICE, CHURCH OF THE GESUITI: Assumption; Circumcision — VENICE, CHURCH OF SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE: Last Supper; Gathering Manna; Entombment — VENICE, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELL' ORTO: Last Judgment; Worship of Golden Calf; Martyrdom of St. Agnes (Plate VII); Presentation of the Virgin (Plate VIII) — VENICE, CHURCH OF SAN MARZIALE: Glory of St. Marcilian — VENICE, CHURCH OF MATER DOMINI: Finding of the Cross — VENICE, CHURCH OF SAN PAOLO: Last Supper; Assumption — VENICE, CHURCH OF IL

Redentore: Scourging of Christ; Ascension — Venice, Church of San Rocco: Pool of Bethesda; Scenes from Life of St. Roch — Venice, Church of Santa Maria della Salute: Marriage at Cana (Plate IX) — SPAIN. Madrid, The Prado: Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; Esther before Ahasuerus; Joseph and Potiphar's Wife; Judith and Holofernes; Susanna; Finding of Moses; Battle Scene; Portraits.

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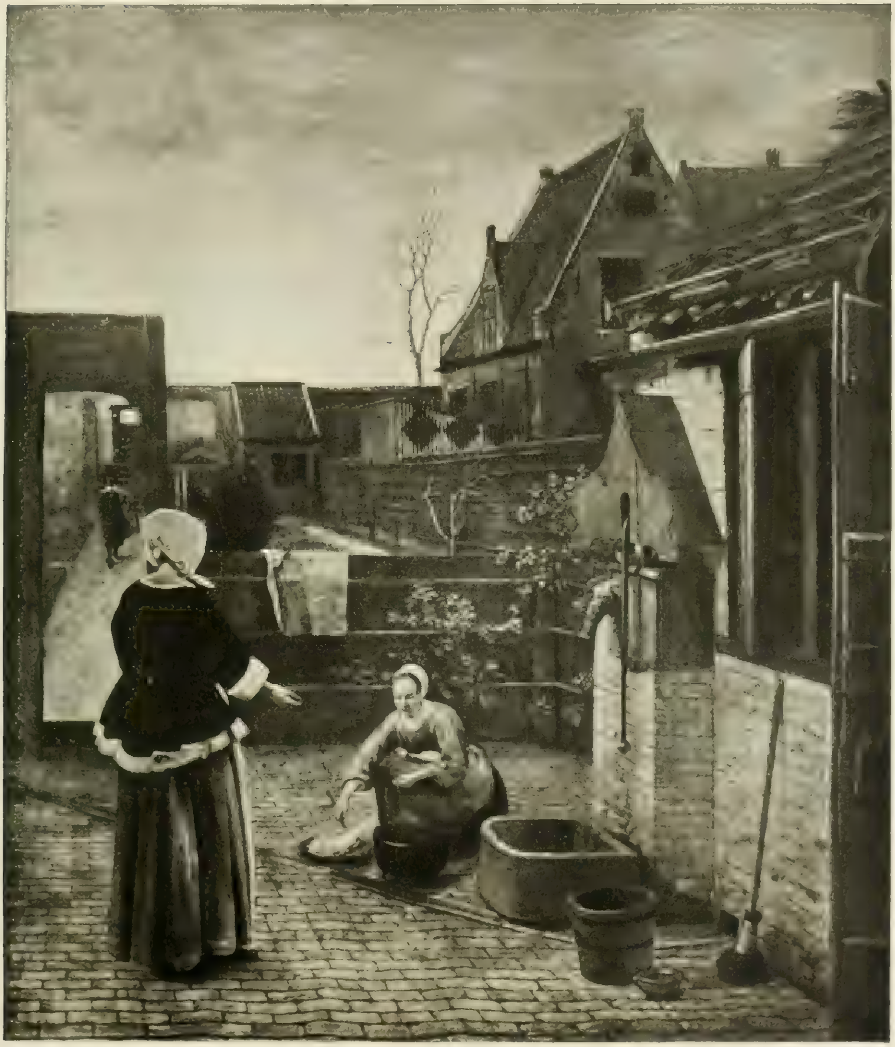
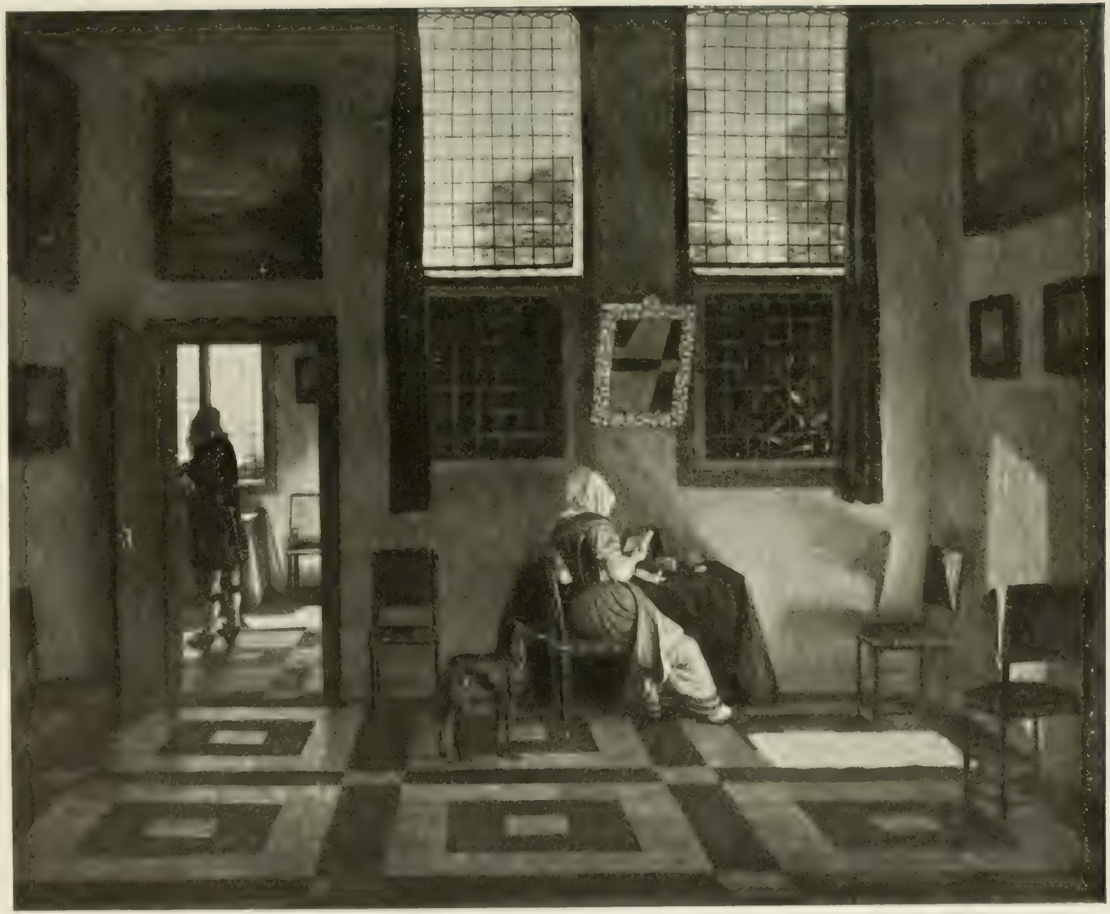


MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

PIETER DE HOOCH
COURTYARD OF A DUTCH HOUSE
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



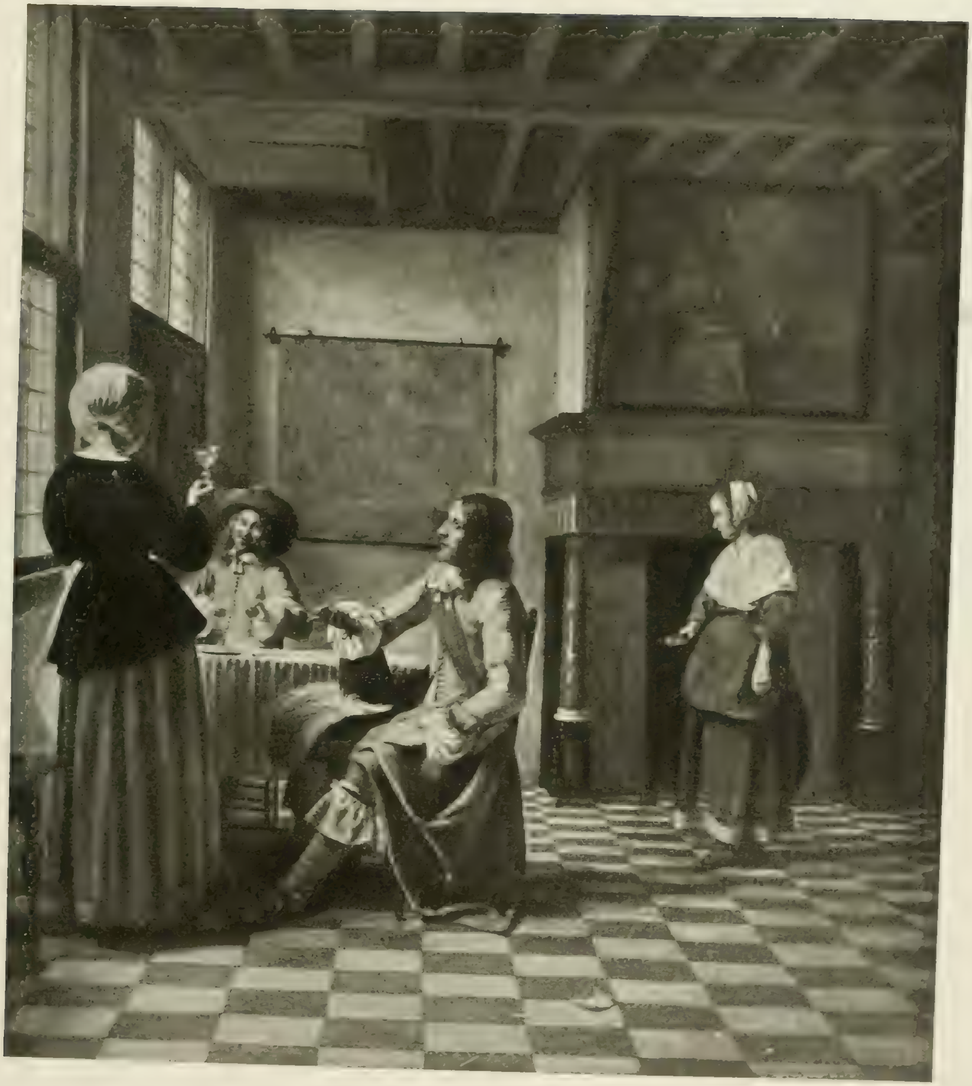
MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

PIETER DE HOOCH

A LADY AT HER WRITING-TABLE

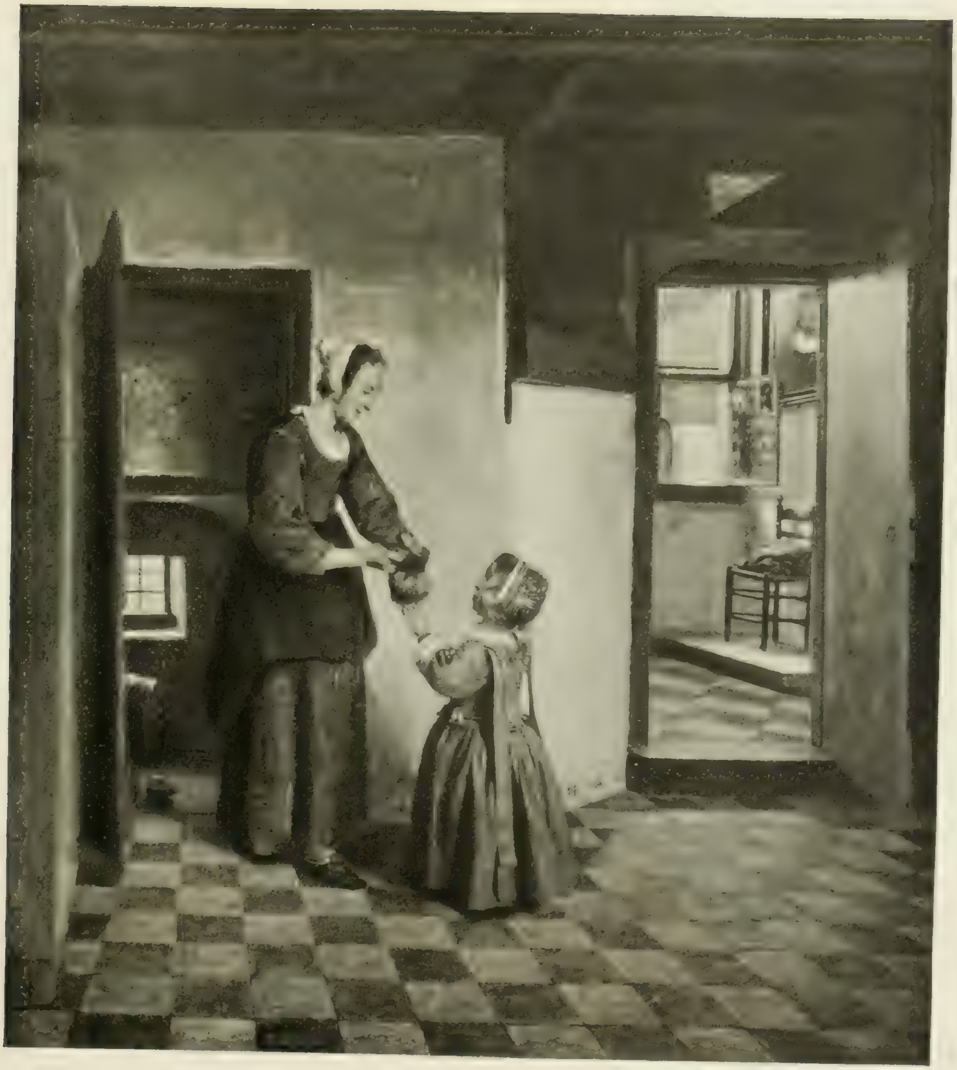
STADEL INSTITUTE, FRANKFORT



MASTERS IN ART PLATE III

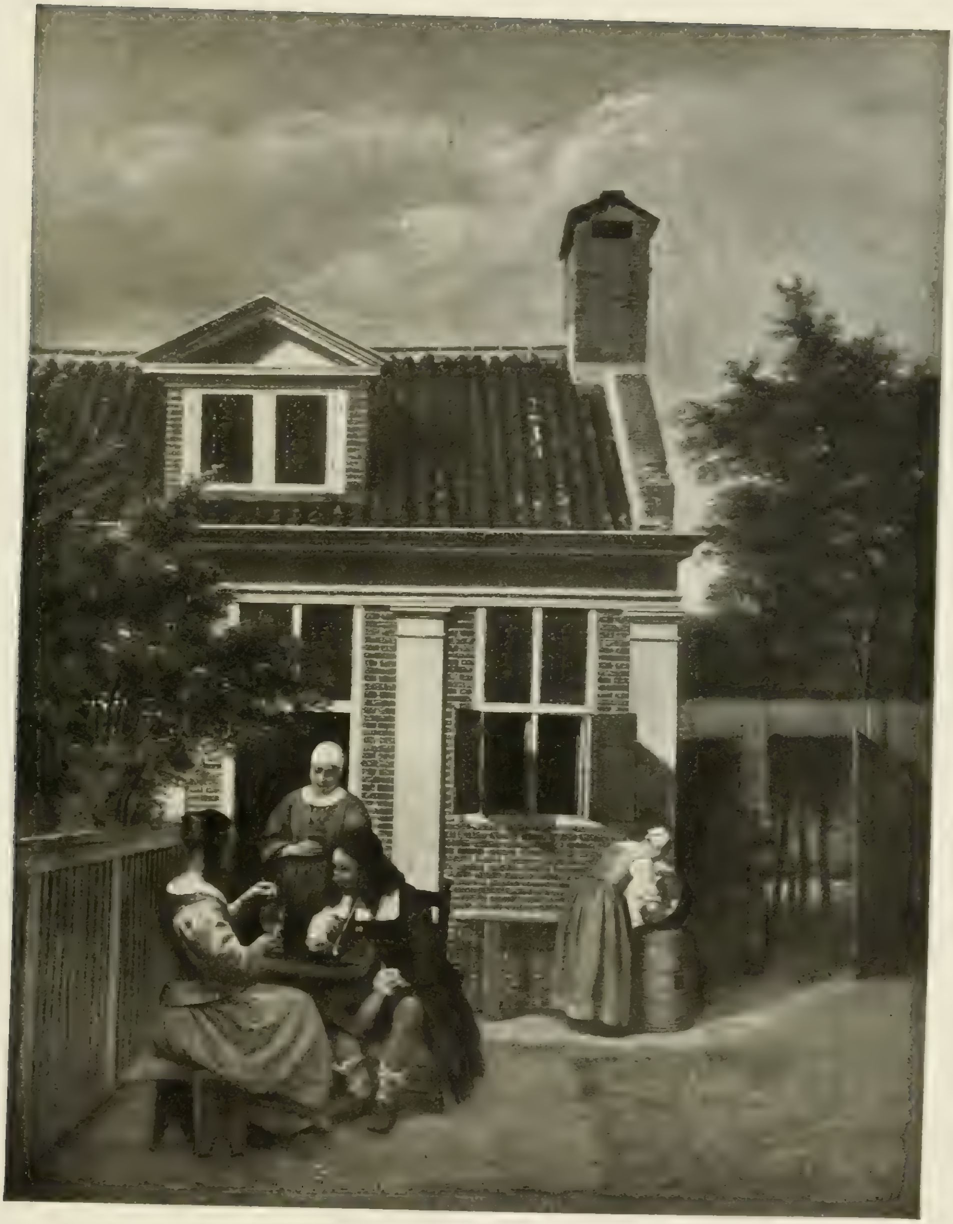
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

PIETER DE HOOCH
A DUTCH INTERIOR
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



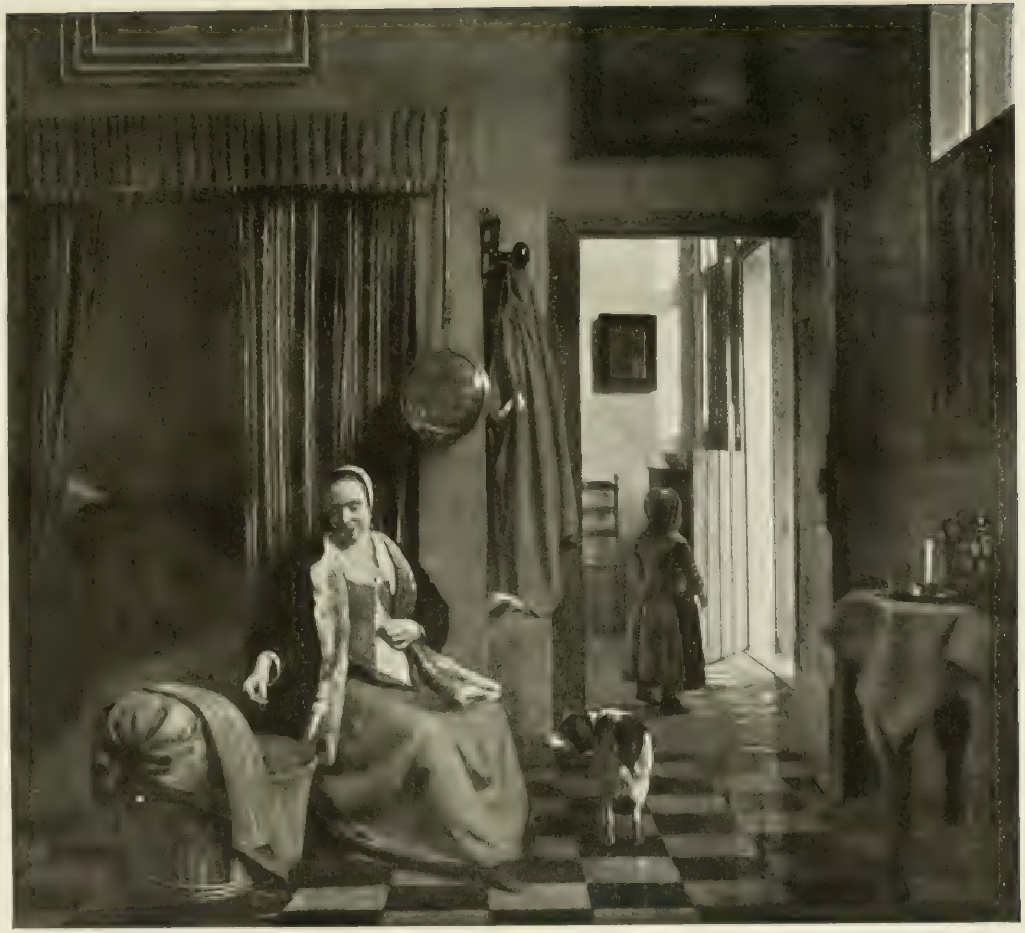
MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

PIETER DE HOOCH
THE BUTTERY
RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM



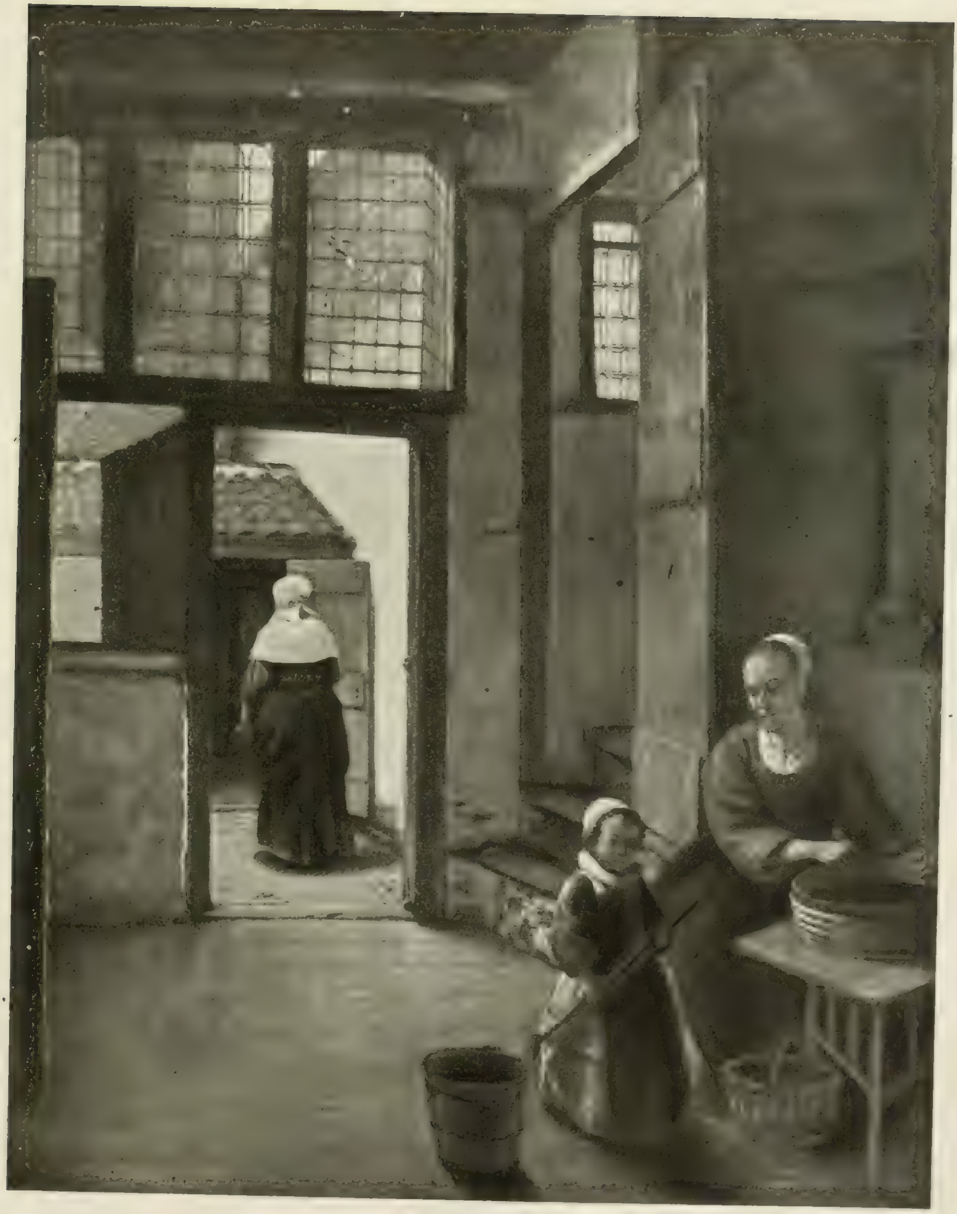
MASTERS IN ART PLATE V
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

PIETER DE HOOCH
THE COUNTRY HOUSE
RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

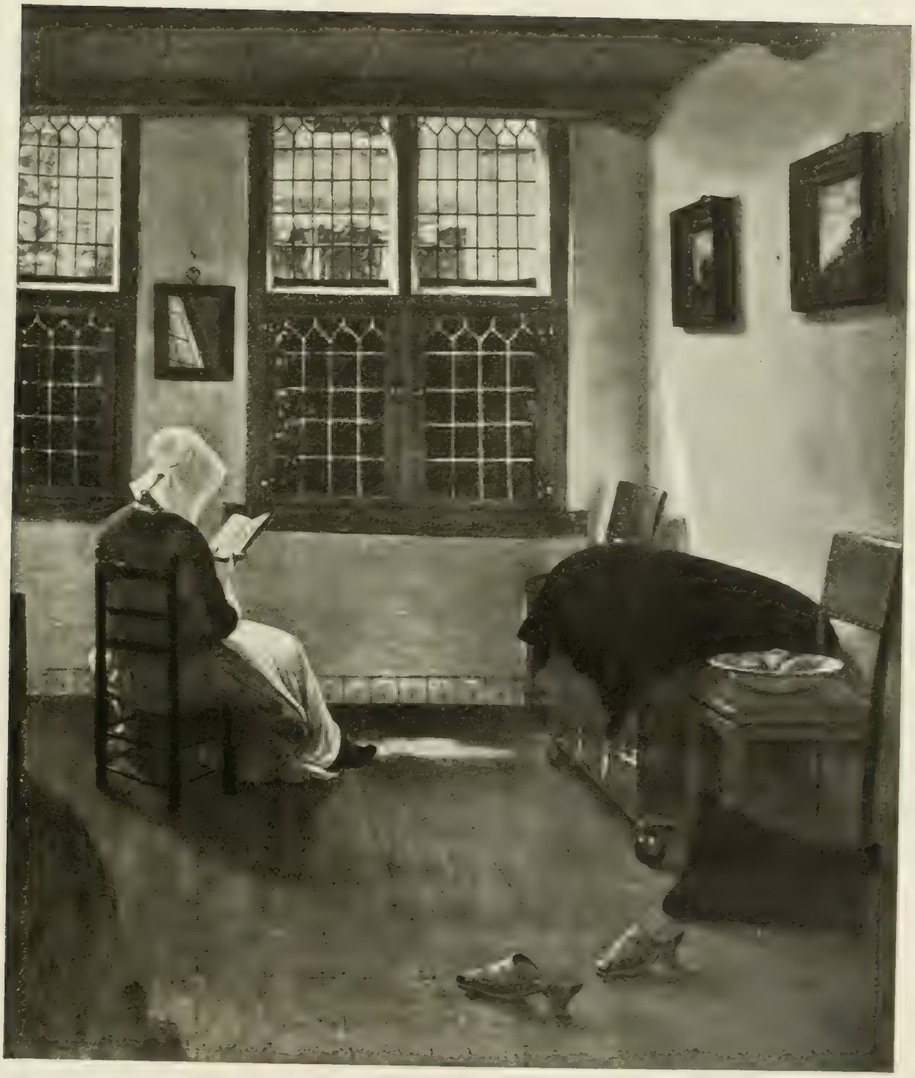
PIETER DE HOOCH
A DUTCH LIVING ROOM
BERLIN GALLERY



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

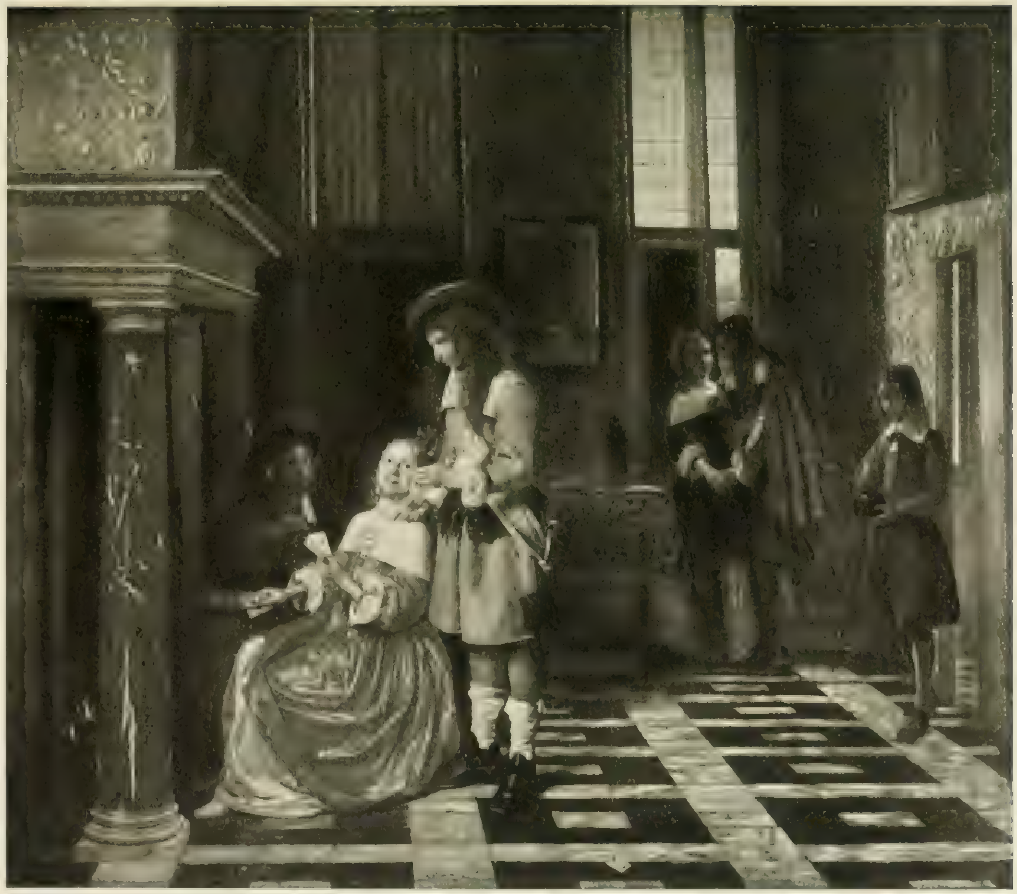
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

PIETER DE HOOCH
COTTAGE INTERIOR
LOUVRE, PARIS



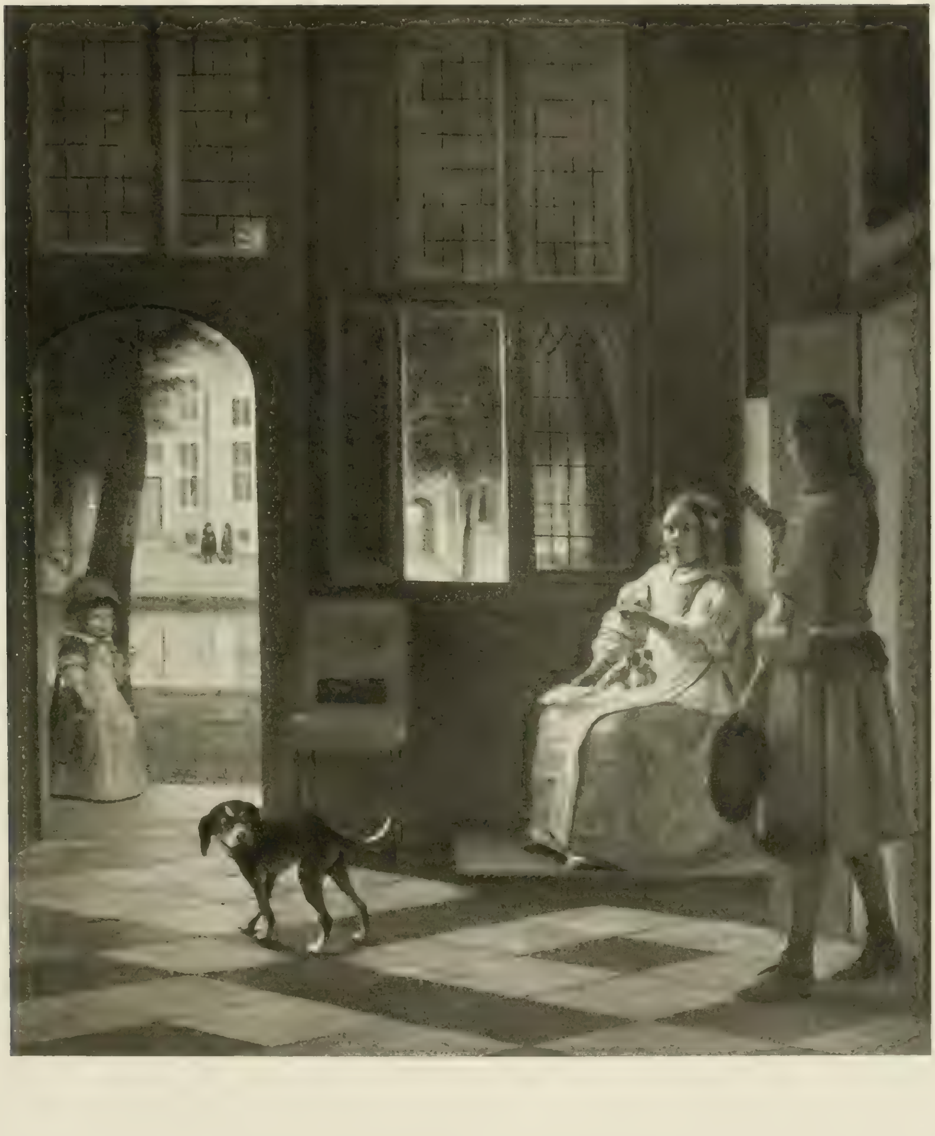
MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

PIETER DE HOOCH
A WOMAN READING
MUNICH GALLERY



MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

PIETER DE HOOCH
THE CARD PARTY
LOUVRE, PARIS



MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

PIETER DE HOOCH
THE MESSENGER
RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

Pieter de Hooch

BORN 1630: DIED 16—
DUTCH SCHOOL

A. BREDIUS 'CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE DU MUSÉE D'AMSTERDAM'

THE material for a life of Pieter de Hooch[1] is extremely limited, and his biography is most difficult to write, for in all the larger towns of Holland a great number of Pieter de Hoochs lived during the same period as our painter, and it is but natural that historians should have confounded him with another Pieter de Hooch who died at Haarlem in 1681. Indeed, his most painstaking biographer, M. Henry Havard, has not escaped the pitfall, but has confused the artist with still another De Hooch, who was probably a peasant of Delft, and who married during the time when our painter was working in that city. It is, therefore, with extreme caution that I have tried to reunite the very few scraps of certain information which concern him.

Two existing documents, to which I shall later refer, make it assured that he was born in 1630, for each is dated, and each specifies his age. We first find him mentioned as being at The Hague in 1653, where he was probably not permanently a resident but merely a temporary visitor, for the Pieter de Hooch of this year, aged twenty-three, is described as painter and "servant" of a certain Sieur Justus de la Grange, a merchant and proprietor of some importance, who was evidently a patron of the arts, for there exist contracts for the sale of a collection of pictures which he disposed of on August 28, 1655, to a certain Pieter Persyn at Hoorn. The works which compose this collection prove that Justus de la Grange had resided at Leyden and at The Hague. It contained a head by Rembrandt, works by several of the minor Dutch masters, and no fewer than ten pictures by Pieter de Hooch, which, it is interesting to know, were then valued at sums varying from six to twenty florins each. We must therefore conclude that our Pieter de Hooch served his patron in some minor capacity and employed his leisure moments in painting. In the same year that the sale of the Justus de la Grange collection took place De Hooch established himself at Delft, where he figures on September 20, 1655, as one of the members of the painters' Gild of St. Luke in that city. There is evidence that he was still working at Delft in 1657; but after this date we lose sight of him, only to find him again in Amsterdam in 1668.

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[1] NOTE. — The name is spelled either Pieter de Hooch (pronounced Pee′ter dĕh Hōch, with the *ō* as in "hope" and the *ch* as in the German "ach") or De Hoogh (with the *ō* sound as before). Most authorities favor the form first given. — EDITOR.

I should include De Hooch among those painters who worked principally in Amsterdam, for the reasons that in a number of documents, especially in one dated November 22, 1668, and in another dated November 18, 1670, he is positively described as "artist painter," declares himself a resident of Amsterdam, and, indeed, even gives us the name and location of the modest, nay, poor street in which he lived,—the "Konynenstraat" near the "Lauriergracht." A fortunate accident afforded me the opportunity of comparing De Hooch's handwriting with that of a certain Pieter de Hooch who died at Haarlem in 1681, and with whom our painter has been confused, thus giving rise to the belief that he was at one time a resident of Haarlem. But the two handwritings are entirely dissimilar, nor can we find the artist's name upon the lists of the Haarlem gilds, so that I feel justified in stating that Pieter de Hooch never resided at Haarlem. On the other hand, various documents lead me to believe that even before 1668 he was living at Amsterdam, where, after having felt Rembrandt's influence, he arrived at his own complete and personal development. At any rate, it is assured that in 1668 he was a resident of that city, and that he was still living there in 1670; and many of his pictures bear the date of this latter year.

A picture, now owned by Baron Steengracht at The Hague, bears the later date 1677. After that there is absolute silence about Pieter de Hooch, from which it may be conjectured that he died shortly after 1677, probably at Amsterdam.—FROM THE FRENCH

No authentic portrait of Pieter de Hooch, either by himself or by another, is known to exist. The picture called 'A Painter in His Studio,' in the Czernin Collection, Vienna, which was for a time supposed to be by De Hooch and to represent him, is now considered to be neither of De Hooch nor by him, but by Van der Meer; while Dr. Bredius, in the catalogue of the Ryks Museum, states that the picture in that gallery, formerly thought to be a portrait of De Hooch, is false in signature and doubtful in attribution.—EDITOR

The Art of Pieter de Hooch

HENRY HAVARD 'L'ART ET LES ARTISTES HOLLANDAIS'

PIETER DE HOOCH was a master in the highest sense of the word. Though he limited his achievement in painting to the genre, and his pictures to easel-pictures, he was in his own field equal to the greatest, and in execution surpassed many of them. Within the narrow sphere where he holds so prominent a place there are few subjects which he did not attempt, and every subject that he did treat he ennobled. Generally known as a painter of interiors, he excelled in open-air scenes; indeed, his masterpiece, if, after remembering 'The Card-party' in the Louvre and the splendid 'Interior' of the National Gallery, we are able to decide which is his masterpiece, is the little 'Country House' in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam.

His methods were indeed but slightly varied, and his manner of composing his pictures was almost always the same. All those who love painting know his delicate yet striking contrasts of light and shade, his foregrounds bathed in soft transparent shadow and relieved against backgrounds opening either upon a vestibule or a court where the sun shines in full glory; but this apparent unity of procedure is in reality charged with the greatest variety. Nobody has ever accused Pieter de Hooch's work of monotony. Moreover, though his methods were similar, he never repeated his subjects; and confined as they are within the narrow circle of genre, each is variously and individually attractive and sympathetic.

His work is so true, so sincere, and at the same time so self-centered, his pictures have so much of the charm of an exquisite intimacy, such an austere tranquillity, and such wholesome calm, that in looking at them one seems to share the simple homeliness of the Dutch life they reveal.

According to my theory, Pieter de Hooch should be placed in the center of the little group of innovators who, in the seventeenth century, revolutionized the school of Delft. Up to the middle of that century the school had pursued a quite different course from that which it afterwards adopted. Before this time its artists had painted thinly and lightly; their personages were hardly detached from backgrounds scarcely covered with paint. In all their works—interior scenes, conversation pieces, and polite fêtes—this thinness is typical. From Adriaen van der Venne, who began the school, down to the two Palamedes, who closed it, we look in vain for a single picture thickly brushed in, or with the unctuous colors, strong reliefs, and rich impastos which are so characteristic of the work of De Hooch. Nevertheless, I do not consider Pieter de Hooch alone entitled to the honor of having brought about this transformation in the school, for Karel Fabritius and Jan van der Meer, who had joined the Gild of St. Luke at Delft at about the same time as De Hooch did, struck out in the new style before him; so that it is to them rather than to him that belongs the major part of the credit for the transformation. But though he followed them, Pieter de Hooch is the only one of the three who has left us a sufficient number of works to warrant a complete judgment by posterity; and if he borrowed either from Fabritius or from Van der Meer something of his abundant and unctuous fashion of painting and his fresh, strong coloring, it is quite certain that he was neither copyist nor plagiarist. His choice of models and his type of subjects separate him completely from Fabritius, who belonged to Rembrandt's following and had a taste for bold, striking, and large compositions; the subtle and varied style of his brush-work separates him equally from Van der Meer, whose works are oftenest painted with small strokes and firm touches of unmixed color. He was, moreover, distinguished from them by his coloring, in especial by his employment of the rich Naples yellows which he used so freely in his interior and exterior scenes, by his frequent use of chrome-yellows, by his brick-reds which almost verge on orange, and also by the bright reds which we find in all his pictures.

No one ever painted sunlight better than Pieter de Hooch. Indeed, the sun which shines upon the walls and bathes the middle distances in his compositions with an intense yet sober brightness seems a sort of personal possession of his own; and one can tell a De Hooch ten paces away by its glowing sunlit brightness. This use of light—one of the most characteristic, if not the most characteristic, trait of his genius—is no mere cleverly handled and often repeated artifice. The whole poetry of his work depends upon it; and it would not be far from the truth to say that no other painter has ever had such a sense of sunlight. His interiors, painted with admirable frankness and unrivaled precision of observation, might in the hands of another have become no more than mere settings for action; but De Hooch's simple groups of figures, often even relegated to the corners of his scene, would offer in themselves but a mediocre interest did he not illuminate the whole with a resplendent stream of sunlight,—sunlight which glows upon the walls, is reflected from the mirrors, plays over the floors, searches out answering sparkles and gleams in every corner, and glorifies and transforms the whole. The mere setting takes on fresh interest; furniture, hangings, beds, dishes of fruit upon the table, sandstone pots, shining copper saucepans—all, in this wholesome sunlight, lift up quiet voices to speak of the joys of home,—its comforts, its sweet cleanness, its thousand simple pleasures. One is charmed by I do not know what intimate homely poetry, what sense of cheerful well-being, and the simple, commonplace scene becomes wholly exquisite. Pieter de Hooch is a magician and his wand is the sun.

By his use of light De Hooch creates the most various and surprising effects, and gives his pictures a most illusory depth. In certain scenes when he makes the light stream from the back of the room, as in the 'Cottage Interior' in the Louvre, or in 'The Buttery' in Amsterdam, he hollows his picture to the point of producing a complete deception. In his open-air scenes too his skill in aërial perspective is not less surprising, and he handles the successive planes of his pictures masterfully.

It is, however, as a painter of interiors that Pieter de Hooch is after all unrivaled; and yet it is a striking characteristic that in hardly one of these pictures is the interior subordinate to the actors. With other genre-painters the personages and their doings constitute almost the entire interest; with Pieter de Hooch figures are of scarcely more importance than objects. Occupied simply in fulfilling the every-day duties of life, his actors might disappear from the scene and it would hardly touch us less, nor would the indefinable charm disappear with them.

Whence comes this unique peculiarity in De Hooch's work? It arises, I believe, from the wonderful truth with which he depicts the thousand and one insignificant details which go to make up the whole. In spite of the great share which the effects of light and shade play in his works he never subordinates a form to the whole nor alters a local color for the sake of harmony. Look closely at this pail, this table, this broom, this jug, the breaks in this wall, this branch of vine clinging against the stones,—each exists precisely in its own form, each has its own exact and truthful color. Looked at close to, such exactitude of detail may seem useless or even discordant, but step back a few paces and see how the picture hollows, how each object falls into its place, and each detail takes exactly its due importance. The thousand little nothings, each so exquisitely and so firmly painted, lose themselves in the warm, strong, luminous ensemble; the picture falls into broad planes, and, thanks to the magic of the resplendent rays filtering in from outside to contrast with the soft shadows which bathe the interior, there breathes from the whole an exquisite and indescribable charm of homely truth.

Another and exceptional merit of Pieter de Hooch is the excellent taste of his subjects. In a period when, under the name of "polite" subjects, it was the fashion to paint scenes which were little short of indecent, he confined himself almost exclusively to representing the life of honest, clean-living families; and even in the few cases when the intention of his scenes may seem equivocal to our more rigorous morality, there is nothing vile nor disgusting in them. In the great majority of cases he shows us the sweet everyday domestic cares and the humble labors of the household. In the Six Collection, Amsterdam, there is a picture in which a mother is teaching her daughter to lay away the freshly laundered linen; in the Louvre there is another in which a little child is playing in the kitchen. Such were the subjects which he loved best; and when in obedience to the desire of a fashionable patron he dealt with the life of the more aristocratic classes, he still preferred to employ his personages in such innocent diversions as in 'The Card-party' of the Louvre, or in the cheerful conversation piece of the National Gallery.

Because of his high qualities of technique and motive, then, one may affirm, and without hesitation, that Pieter de Hooch deserves a place of honor among the greatest masters of the Dutch school.—FROM THE FRENCH

FREDERICK WEDMORE 'THE MASTERS OF GENRE PAINTING'

THE men who dealt with common life in Holland found new and inexhaustible material ready to their hands. They were free from traditions too, so that each man's choice was made according to his bent. But, broadly, one of two aims was oftenest before them, and they may be classed almost according to which of these two aims they pursued. That common life they were to paint—did they look at it more as suggesting on the one hand an interest, so to say, literary or dramatic, or, on the other hand, as demanding a treatment resolutely pictorial? Was it the comedy of life in its brightness and action, or the meditative pleasure of the cultivated eye in the sunlight, in the shadow, in the glow of color, in the fineness of fine fabrics, and in all that these things suggested, that had its fascination for them? Jan Steen was held by the interest of the first; Nikolaas Maes, Van der Meer of Delft, and Pieter de Hooch were under the spell of the second.

But their interest was not wholly technical. In the brilliant or the sober things they painted there was for them the value of association, and these men represented a characteristic of the Dutchmen,—the appreciation of the charm of home. The climate with its kind unkindness prompted the Dutch to domesticity. For how, in flat and low-lying lands over which, after so little sunshine, the mists rose damp at evening, amidst scenes of dreary outlook, with windmills against leaden skies, dark barges on their tardy course along the infinite canals, and all these very wont to be veiled suddenly in chilly rain,—how not appreciate the charm of home, the charm of the great open fireside, of the clean-swept tile-hearth, of the spinet in quiet shadow in its accustomed corner, of the curtained window-seat, of the expected meal, of the tranquil occupation? The Dutchmen must have known that charm always, but perhaps they knew it best at the time when their great painters of it rose, when their slow struggle for national independence had ceased. The battle had been fought out painfully from town to town and village to village, so that for years there had been no sure possession nor quiet rest. At last, when the rest came, then the to us familiar things of every day, which we hardly notice because we hold them safely, were found to be a keen delight. The charm of home became almost a religion to the people, and their great painters of homely life were its prophets.

The home, indeed, was not seldom the tavern, where instead of the swept and garnished chamber with quaint designs of flooring and window-pane, hangings and chair-stuffs of exquisite and changeful color, there were the rough table and the three-legged stool, the beer pots, the copper vessels, the preparation for the vulgar meal, the litter of carrots on bench and floor, the pipe-smoking, lounging, and loafing boors, sleepy with drink or reveling with women of concentrated hideousness—the tavern of Dusart, the home of Ostade. But whatever scene it was, it was seized with vivid apprehension of the charm of the actual, the interest of reality, beheld with an alert perception, and conveyed with a trained adroitness. The art which, with too little knowledge of the world around, had been fain to imagine and aspire, was to yield some place now to the art contented with familiar observation, and looking with opened eyes on the world as it was. Such satisfaction in the life their eyes beheld, and such mastery in the rendering of it, were common to all of the great Dutch painters. . . .

No three artists could be more strongly individual than Maes, Van der Meer, and De Hooch, yet to the three alike it was given to realize such subtleties of graduated light as had escaped even the keenness of Rembrandt. The three alike painted interiors; and painting a room they painted it with fine perception of its ordered harmony—its light stealing in at the window and diffused and modulated on the wall, the yellow-tinted wall shrinking into yellowish-browns of shadow, passing by strange reflections into neutral grays and greens, and then by somber passage into further glooms of corners receding into ultimate darkness. All three painted it so: Maes and Van der Meer painted it with much perception, too, of the quietude of life that became its inmate bending over the spinning-wheel, its solitary musician with slow fingers on the spinet. Therein they differed from Pieter de Hooch, for whom no human life was quite so interesting as the life of the sunshine.

In De Hooch's paintings of interiors, parlor or kitchen, with groups of figures or a single figure, he had but little of the power that was Steen's and that was Metsu's of giving interest to the people presented, of suggesting a story, or of holding us fascinated by presentation of their quiet and absorbed fulfilment of some commonplace and daily task. Whether De Hooch's characters are humble or exalted—whether it be the serving-woman with her vegetables, the housewife with her beer jug, the satin-robed gentleman, the cavalier with the long wine-glass—the persons of his drama have no past, and we are careless of their future. Of human character he was not a subtle observer. His art had no command over the sources of feeling; his mind had little entrance into the secrets of lives; but I no more blame him for his figures being what they are, and of such secondary interest, than I should blame a landscape-painter for achievements as limited.

De Hooch, like the landscape-painter, was not a draughtsman of the figure. He was a student of light. To him—though in his paintings he often, in deference to the taste of the day, professed to tell a story—people and things had value or uselessness as they helped or obstructed him in his unparalleled pictorial expression of the subtleties of sunshine. To class him as a literal imitator of common fact is grossly to misconceive him. He was a poet of fine apprehension and quickened sensitiveness.

ÉDOUARD ESTAUNIÉ 'PETIT MAÎTRES'

PIETER DE HOOCH succeeded in expressing one of the most rare, fugitive, and subtle qualities of which painting is capable. He has entrapped in his pictures that indefinable essence which we may call the perfume of life, that "atmosphere" which is made up of surroundings, habit, and mode of life of the period. This "atmosphere" is a far different and more inclusive thing than the mere representation of such outward things as costumes or customs, objects or actions. It arises from power to read the heart of the scene. Hence his pictures awake, somehow, a familiar yearning and echo in our own hearts. His tranquil interiors, with their peaceful life, touch us with homesickness, for they exhale something which we recognize, in spite of outward differences of time, place, and habit, as akin in every time, land, and environment.

There is little need to describe De Hooch's individual pictures; they are all nearly alike,—scantily furnished rooms shining with cleanness, bare walls, plain furniture, almost always an open door leading into a tranquil courtyard in which some household duty is being done, or showing us the street of the quiet little town. For actors, the respectable middle classes; women reading, or washing clothes, or caring for children; or when he chooses to show us these people amusing themselves, we see them playing games of cards with the true national phlegmatic patience, or conversing amicably together, while the young folks whisper in corners. All his scenes and events are so simple that the actors seem secondary in importance. The striking thing about his pictures is their lighting—beautiful, soft, transparent, yet Rembrandtesque effects of sun, which, illuminating the successive planes in various degrees of intensity, delight the eye.

Yet after a little, when the wonder at this management of light has passed, the "atmosphere" of the whole reasserts itself, and we see that it is, after all, the real great thing. We feel that we know the room that he shows us as well as that most familiar to us; that we know these simple, kindly folk, that we know their habits and their mode of life—nay, it seems as though we might almost call them by their names. It is the "atmosphere" which Pieter de Hooch has breathed upon the scene that accomplishes the miracle, that has put a flame of life into these silent rooms and immobile actors, and that draws us to the picture by something kindred in our hearts.—FROM THE FRENCH

JOHN C. VAN DYKE 'OLD DUTCH AND FLEMISH MASTERS'

FROM his pictures one might say that Pieter de Hooch had only a slight interest in the intellectual, moral, or anecdotal life of humanity. He used men and women in them much as he used chairs, tables, floors, and windows; people were to him objects showing line, mass, and color. He never troubled himself to any extent with their lives or adventures, their thoughts or their emotions. He cared for their external appearances—their value as factors in composition. Yet he was no more lacking in sentiment and feeling because he was not directly interested in humanity as a subject than Hobbema or Ruysdael, who painted landscapes. De Hooch had plenty of sentiment, but it all went out to the beauty of sunlight and color. He thought light more beautiful than man, and he seldom painted a picture that he did not throw his whole strength upon it.

Whence De Hooch got his love for light is not known. His life is a fog-bank of uncertainty, and his artistic education is something at which one can only guess. Doubtless he took up with the method of Rembrandt at second-hand through some one like Fabritius. There is the same love for shadow-masses illumined by bursts of light in De Hooch as in Rembrandt, but the former is more uniform in distribution and truer in tone than the latter. Moreover, Rembrandt applied his light mainly to the illumination of the human face; it was a means to an end. De Hooch used it to disclose an interior; it was an end in itself. Aside from the general principle of using light as foil to shadow there was little resemblance between the two men. Their use of color was quite different. De Hooch seldom sacrificed it to chiaroscuro. Occasionally, in a red coat sleeve or a yellow braid, the color was out of tone because he had not hit upon the exact value; but this was error rather than design. Usually he kept it in perfect relationship, giving the true value of every tone, no matter what the illumination of it. Some of his gradations of light are marvelous in their truth.

De Hooch was fond of bright color—its repetition was a feature of his composition, and yet he never allowed its brightness to become thinness, harshness, or sharpness. He was more lustrous than the Scottish Wilkie, yet not so high-keyed; richer than the French Watteau, and yet not so sparkling. His tones (probably obtained by many thin glazes) have a quality deep as jewels and mellow as cathedral bells.

His drawing of the figure was not that of Hals, or Steen, or Rembrandt. He was frequently wanting in correct details; but he was seldom wanting in truth of mass, and that was really what he sought to gain. His drawing of architecture, doors, windows, tables, was much better, and was equally effective in giving solidity and substantial weight. In composition he used the round or flowing lines of figures to offset the straight lines of architecture; and occasionally he is bewildering with his short stick-like lines, as, for instance, in the celebrated 'Dutch Courtyard' in the National Gallery.

He had considerable skill in linear composition; but his main reliance was upon an arrangement by light and color. He illumined a rather dark interior by breaks of light, coming sometimes sharply from a single window but more often from several doors or windows. Across this web of illumination, made by bright light piercing transparent shadow, he wove a pattern of deep, rich colors gained from objects placed here and there purposely for their value in light and color. For repeated notes of color and for effects of aërial perspective he often arranged his figures on different planes. A group was frequently put in the foreground beside a screen or mantel, while at the back or in an adjoining room another group would be placed under a different light. This was a common device of the Netherlands genre-painters. Ostade used it very often, and Teniers, the Fleming, placed great stress upon it; but De Hooch made it most effective in giving the appearance of atmosphere.

Even though he was not directly interested in the human face De Hooch must have been a man of lofty mind; for in his pictures he is so serene in mood, so very simple and unostentatious, so rationally happy in the enjoyment of sunshine, children, flowers, rich marbles, and bright robes. There is never a tinge of low taste about him. Even in subject, though he painted the kitchen and the back yard quite as often as the drawing-room, he is never other than refined. Humble life pleased him quite as much as high life; and he saw beauty in the commonplace with its commonplaceness unrelieved by dramatic incident or pathetic story. Material he may be called, because he was not inventive or imaginative in a classical sense; but certainly no one ever saw or painted the beauty that lies in pure materials better than he did.

CHARLES BLANC 'HISTOIRE DES PEINTRES'

WHAT preoccupied Pieter de Hooch as a painter and what constitutes the originality of his talent consists in the deepening and lighting of his canvases. Ordinarily he stands in the shadow to see his picture. One might almost say that he looked at his interiors through a key-hole, and apply to him the words which Diderot applied to Rembrandt: "*Per foramen vidit et fecit.*" The Louvre possesses a picture in each of his two usual manners of employing light. One of them is an interior in which light plays the principal part with strong effects of contrast; in the other, though it is brightly lighted, light does not play the principal rôle. The first exhibits the style which was more characteristic of him.

It shows us a simple room on the ground-floor of a Dutch house. In the background, through an open door and a window, may be seen a little court and wash-house whose white walls are vividly lighted by a beam of sunlight from the reflection of which the chamber receives its illumination. The scene is enlivened by three figures, very slightly interesting in themselves; a woman seated in the shadow in the foreground, beside her a little girl holding a toy, and in the luminous passage beyond, an old woman, crossing the court toward the wash-house. This last figure forms a brown mass which redoubles the intensity of the streaming sunlight, although she wears upon her head a sort of light-colored cap which in its turn forms a bright spot against the brick wall. Such is the simple motive of the picture. But the effect of the chiaroscuro, the simulation of the air, the depth of the canvas, the distance of the court, the light of the sun and its reflection,—all are rendered with the greatest frankness and simplicity of means. The shadows form large tranquil masses and yet are completely transparent; the light is at once soft and vivid, brilliant and golden, the subdued light of that sun which hardly ever fails to visit Holland for at least three or four hours during the afternoon. Observe that the painter, although he does not wish to introduce his principal light brokenly amid his masses of shadow, has no fear of interrupting this light, and that he breaks his composition only in the lightest part, leaving the somber portion in repose. It is only nature that can arrange and furnish such effects as these; it is only a master who is capable of feeling their charm and translating it with so much vigor and such supreme art.

But such a picture possesses interest for the mind as well as for the eye. Great masters of painting often produce moral sensations when they may seem to be attempting to do naught else than please our eyes. The interiors of Pieter de Hooch have about them something mysterious and lovable, which evokes ideas of the family, of domesticity, and stirs sweet emotions in us. I cannot understand, I must confess, how he produces such an effect in a picture like this, in which the principal actor is a ray of sunlight; but the scene certainly breathes a sentiment of peace, tranquillity, and refinement. There are without doubt many people who could not comprehend how one could spend a quarter of an hour before a picture so insignificant in appearance, so little dramatic, in which the figures hardly count for more than the articles of furniture; yet, when one looks at these walls bathed in the warm light, when one pauses for a moment before this humble scene, which for all its action has only an old woman walking away through a stream of sunlight, one feels as if enveloped by a touching sentiment of peace and well-being, and something in one's heart is stirred at the sight of this quiet interior in which the cheerful afternoon sun is shining.

I remember to have once seen, in the Munich Gallery, a picture by Pieter de Hooch called 'A Woman Reading,' which is still more simple in its motive than the one I have just described. It contains absolutely nothing but the single figure of a young woman who is reading in a bare apartment, through the leaded windows of which streams a great flood of sunlight drawing a trembling pattern of the lead lines on the wall. On this wall are hung two pictures framed in plain frames of black ebony; a basket filled with balls of yarn stands on a chair near by; the book which the woman is reading with bent head is a Bible. That is all; but it is impossible to express the subtle sympathy which attaches us to the little canvas, to every one of even its most insignificant details,—the very chair, the shining table, the two slippers of the young woman standing forgotten on the waxed floor of the chamber!

When he paints interiors it is rare that De Hooch does not show us through a half-open door or window a glimpse of the open air,—a bit of garden, court, or street,—so that almost every picture of his has the air of being an antechamber to some other picture, and though the foreground is but moderately lighted we discern that the sun is shining blithely outside, and the eye gladly seeks the cheerful vista into the outside world.—FROM THE FRENCH

CARL LEMCKE 'PIETER DE HOOCH'

PIETER DE HOOCH'S specialty was in painting bright sunlight as it streamed from a cloudless sky into rooms, courtyards, and streets. To represent light falling upon objects already brightly illumined,—white walls, parti-colored pavements, and red roofs,—that was his forte, and few artists have accomplished this with such skill and such an appearance of nature as he. Instead of the shadows which Rembrandt excelled in rendering, instead of the fantastic effects which that master produced by depicting a dramatic struggle, so to speak, between light and darkness, all gives way in De Hooch's works to a dazzling clearness and brightness. To render this effect of sunshine with all its subtle reflections, to paint these delicately lighted twilights, and these interiors with their brightly illumined perspectives, was no easy task.

Action in De Hooch's pictures becomes secondary. The people he paints are in accord with the picture, it is true, but the spectator feels but little interest in their personalities or their occupations. Nothing detracts from the main effect; and we should bear in mind that, as a matter of fact, it is not intended that we should take any special note of the personages, but that the eye should be so occupied with the light that we should before all else regard the picture as a study and effect of light.

Dou, Ostade, and others among the Dutch painters frequently introduce a window into the background of their pictures, through which another light penetrates, broken perhaps by the side of a house in shadow; but De Hooch produces his effects by means of a number of rooms, which, even if they are all lighted, differ from each other in the degree of light as well as in their aërial perspective and local colors, and with the aid of intervening walls, and the various colors and shadows of the rooms, a marvelous, indeed almost incredible effect is produced in the way of depth to the picture and truth to the perspective. We are apparently introduced into a room in which the sun is shining brightly; the light is reflected by the walls and by the colored tiles of the floor; even the shadows are dimly illuminated. Through an open door we look into or through other rooms. Many of the Dutch genre-painters so arranged their pictures that the spectator seems to be looking from the street through a window into a room brightly lighted in the front part only, while in the back of this room all is dim and lost in obscurity, the idea being that the window itself becomes of secondary importance and serves merely as an aid in producing the required effect; and striking effects are thus obtained, as, for example, when figures are placed near the window they are brightly lighted and thrown into relief against the neutral and obscure background, the room itself receding in the transition from light to darkness. Pieter de Hooch, however, liked to so arrange his pictures that we seem to look out from the room through a window or door upon the street or canal. The clear and distinct distance thus seen contrasts with the soft half-light of the room, and by means of the wonderful effect of his perspective the eye is led to look far beyond. His outdoor scenes are equally charming. In these the artist makes use of planes in light combined with linear perspective and strong shadow-contrasts. A good example of this may be seen in his use of red, for which he has a special preference, and for which ample opportunity offers in the roofs and walls of his street scenes. So marvelous is his technique that this red painted with the sun shining upon it produces the brilliant and dazzling effect of real sunlight, as for example in his 'Country House' in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam.—FROM THE GERMAN

ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE 'HISTOIRE POPULAIRE DE LA PEINTURE'

PIETER DE HOOCH was born in 1630, lived from 1655 to about 1658 at Delft, was inscribed as a member of the gild of painters there in 1655; he was at Amsterdam before 1668, and was still a resident there in 1670; he died somewhere about 1677,—that is all we know of him. It is worth while to remark, however, that he was at Delft at the same time as Karel Fabritius, and it is not at all unlikely that from Fabritius he learned that vigorous modeling, simplicity of drawing, richness of color, and excellent management of light that render him worthy to have been one of the best pupils of Rembrandt. The idea that he was in fact a pupil of Rembrandt is cherished by many writers who, in spite of the excellent arguments to the contrary, still consider that he came into direct relations with the great master. It may be that he did; it may be that he did not. Houbraken says that he was the pupil of Berghem, with whom, however, he seems to have no similarity of style, although there is no real reason to presume that he was less likely to have been the pupil of Berghem than of Rembrandt or of Fabritius. Indeed we may accept any one of the hypotheses which pleases us best, for we know nothing on which either to base or dispute it; but it is more profitable to turn directly to his works.

The first thing that strikes us in Pieter de Hooch's pictures is the vibrant harmony of his coloring and the unrivaled facility with which he gilds his pictures and impregnates even the darkest shadows in them with the light of the sun. Next it is the good-humored geniality of his sentiment, the easy quality of unaffected and cheerful intimacy which he lends to the slightest actions and movements, the quality of life which he makes felt through and in everything, and the true and speaking part in the total effect which he gives even to the furniture and knickknacks, so that each of them becomes truly a part of the *home* which the scene represents. He paints with a breadth and solidity of drawing which in its simplicity and solid distinction recalls Rembrandt—a quality of drawing which is inseparable from the modeling, and joins with it to give an appearance of absolute reality to the person or object shown. Such are his salient qualities.

To go into these qualities a little more in detail, and particularly into that which especially concerns the pictorial side of his work, it would seem that De Hooch's magic consists largely in his peculiar aptitude for making us feel that each solid body he shows us is haloed by an impalpable envelope of light which, though it respects the mass as a whole, delicately inveighs upon it, making its outlines more subtle and intangible.

Of all Dutch painters Pieter de Hooch has most exactly rendered the true effects of light, has most aptly caught the effects of the sun's rays as they shine direct, or are reflected, absorbed, or modified in various degrees by the different environments in which they find themselves. Take as examples his two celebrated pictures in the Louvre, which admirably illustrate this management of light. Quite apart from the pleasure which the mind finds in the expressiveness and the fine comedy of the subject of 'The Card-party,' remark how the direct sunlight, streaming through one of the windows, touches in gilded sparkles the embossed leather on the wall, gleams on the glass, on the hilt of a sword, glows on the piece of embroidery, on the frame of the picture and on the mirror, plays upon the curling hair and the silken stuffs, and shines upon the tiled floor. In this picture there is none of that variation in light usual with De Hooch. In this case all the differences in its action arise from accidental causes, such, for instance, as where the curtain in the second window sifts the sunlight, or the glow from the fire throws a cross-light warming and coloring the face, eyes, and teeth of the gay, coquettish little gamester in the red robe; yet see how all these various actions and interactions of light are unified and harmonized. No artifice is apparent; the room seems lit by nature's own radiance. It is difficult not to linger over the other beauties of this picture,—the richness of its coloring, the truth of movements and attitudes, the charming arrangement of the groups, and the perfect cohesion of the whole.

The second picture in the Louvre, the 'Cottage Interior,' is simpler in subject but quite as charming. A woman is seated by a table in the cottage, a little girl stands near her, while in the background another woman crosses a court which opens from the chamber. How much sweet wholesomeness and quiet charm the picture breathes! It has less vivid contrasts of color than 'The Card-party'; there is no shine here of gold or glowing satins. Brown, brownish-red, a touch or two of white, and blue make up the color-scheme. Nor is the light so glowing and brilliant in this cloistral corner, but it is nevertheless true sunlight, although it penetrates less easily into the small house with its little courtyard than into the stately hall with its high windows; but we know that it is shining in all its glory outside, that the house is bathed in it, and that it filters down into the narrow courtyard. In this case, however, the light, instead of having one dominant action as in the previous picture, is employed in two separate fashions. It has here, as it were, two degrees, perhaps even three;—first, there is the pure light from the outside; second, this light, though still lively and abundant, is modified by the narrow walls which form the court; and finally it is diffused through the inner room, shining directly upon none of the objects shown.

The picture excellently exemplifies De Hooch's extraordinary ability in the handling of light. He is not in the least embarrassed by all these different yet simultaneous effects, and shows each of them with convincing truth, both in the broader glowings and in the accidental glints and reflections. Observe, moreover, that even this astonishing *tour de force* has none of the distracting character of a mere technical triumph; the handling of light seems quite subordinated to the painter's simple, straightforward observation of the scene as a whole.

There are pictures by Pieter de Hooch in other galleries in which his handling of even more complex problems is so masterful that, at first glance, you lose sight of it altogether, and your first pleasure is entirely in being admitted to a moment's intimacy with the good Dutch people whom he shows you. In the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, for instance, hangs the celebrated 'Buttery,' where, in a bare paved room, a woman is handing a jug to a little girl in a long skirt and a fine embroidered bonnet. In this picture there are five or six contrasting effects of light. It is shown in one degree in the room in which the scene passes; the buttery receives light both from this central room and from a small, deep-set window, while behind we see another chamber more fully illuminated by a window which opens on a still more vividly lighted court.

In the same gallery there is another admirable interior called 'The Messenger,' in which a lady is reading a letter brought by a servant, while the open door shows us a canal, its further shore lined with white and green houses, with the corner of a quay visible in the distance—it is the whole of Holland in a small frame. In Amsterdam, also, is the wonderful 'Country House,' in which madame, in a rose-colored bodice and yellow skirt, sitting before her pretty red-roofed house under the bluest of skies, is squeezing a lemon into a glass for a gay young gentleman in a coat with a white collar, who, holding his clay pipe in his hand, intently watches the operation, while all about spreads the brilliantly lighted country.

How happy these people are! How placidly they take life! This cheerfulness is another special note in the work of good Pieter de Hooch. He tells us of all the tranquil minor joys of life, not indeed despising its more pretentious pleasures, provided they are innocent, as in the Louvre 'Card-party' or the scene in the National Gallery (which I am tempted to call the 'Drinking-song,' for is not the lady in the black overdress and red skirt gaily singing to her two guests, who are perhaps accompanying her with a gruff chorus, sung out of tune?). For the most part, however, the calm, sweet, familiar, leisurely occupations of humble daily life are those which he prefers to show us; and it is not astonishing that the English, guided perhaps by something more than a pure artistic sense, were the first to fully appreciate the great beauties of Pieter de Hooch, for his work is above all the presentment and glorification of the "home."—FROM THE FRENCH

The Works of Pieter de Hooch

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'COURTYARD OF A DUTCH HOUSE' PLATE I

IN this picture in the National Gallery, London, a lady dressed in a black velvet, ermine-bordered jacket and dark skirt stands in the foreground, and is giving orders to her servant, who is engaged in washing a fish near a pump. The courtyard in which the scene is laid is paved with bricks and enclosed by a paling of red-painted planks. Through a half-open door in this paling we have a glimpse of a garden beyond, and of a red brick house roofed with red tiles. A man clad in the habit of a Dutch gentleman of the seventeenth century is seen approaching from the background.

"The aërial perspective in this work," writes M. Reiset, "is wholly illusive. De Hooch seems to have here incorporated the very air. All the different planes melt into one another by insensible gradations, yet all are brilliant in the sunlight. The scene itself is an absolutely simple one, but so marvelously is the effect of light rendered that it is with reluctance that one turns away from this fascinating little picture."

'A LADY AT HER WRITING-TABLE' PLATE II

THIS picture of a Dutch interior, in the Städel Institute, Frankfort, shows us a spacious chamber with paved floor and high walls hung with black-framed pictures. At a table a woman is seated reading, and through a doorway we see, in a sunlit room beyond, a man in velvet coat and knee-breeches. Sunlight streams through the upper part of the two high windows of the large chamber, illuminating a portion of the wall, the back of one of the chairs, the cap, skirt, and outstretched foot of the woman, and falling in a bright patch upon the floor.

It has been said, and truly, that De Hooch was by no means without poetic feeling—that he often and when least expected "touched a vibrating chord in us." "His subjects," writes a recent commentator, "are prosaic enough in themselves; it is by the atmosphere with which the artist invests them that we are affected. We are insensibly moved, too, by the rhythm of his composition, though it appears most accidental where most cunningly devised. His figures, seemingly placed at random, are always so situated that while they tell the simple story that has to be told, they perfectly complete the composition, support the scheme of color, and powerfully aid the perspective."

'A DUTCH INTERIOR' PLATE III

THIS picture in the National Gallery is often considered De Hooch's masterpiece. It dates from the best years of his life when his processes had been perfected and his hand had lost the tightness observable in his earliest work.

In a brightly lighted chamber two gentlemen are seated at a table, while a young woman, holding a glass full of golden liquor which sparkles in the light, stands before them. The younger of the men laughingly imitates with two clay pipes the gesture of a man playing on the violin,—a figure full of gaiety and of more significance than is usual with De Hooch. Behind this group a servant is bringing in a brazier of coals. On the wall hangs the geographical chart so common in his pictures, which is, in this case, signed on the margin with the painter's initials.

"The picture," writes Sir Walter Armstrong, "is peculiarly interesting for the way in which it allows De Hooch's processes to be traced. In his later paintings he seems to have impasted his lights on a dark ground which has since, in some cases, struck through and modified their brilliancy; but in this example the parts in the shadow are glazed,—that is, they are painted in transparent color over a white ground,—while many of the parts in light are laid on in semi-opaque color over a ground of brilliant orange. Much of the painting is very thin. The servant carrying the brazier, for instance, was evidently an afterthought, for on close observation we may see the tiled floor striking through her petticoats."

'THE BUTTERY' PLATE IV

'THE Buttery,' in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, which was probably painted about 1658, is one of De Hooch's earlier works, and one of the most luminous and pleasing of his pictures. The figures are freely and broadly drawn, and the color is unusually beautiful. "Surely nothing could be more delightful," writes Mr. Timothy Cole. "The action of the servant as she presents the jug to the child to sip is expressive of gentleness and endearment; and what could be more charming than the glimpse of the inside room with its picture and casement and cushioned chair, and the court beyond in the sunlight? How bright and sunny and joyful it all is! It is full of the sentiment of home."

De Hooch's pictures are never very large: this one measures about twenty-six by twenty-three inches.

'THE COUNTRY HOUSE' PLATE V

"NO painter," writes M. Roger Peyre, "has possessed in a higher degree than Pieter de Hooch that feeling for the open air which certain strident claimants would have us believe to be an entirely recent discovery." This picture of a 'Country House' by a historian who never maligned his fellow-citizens by showing them in low tavern scenes or occupied with more or less coarse love episodes, as so many of the Dutch painters constantly did, gives us a glimpse of the simple, sane, and cheerful life of the middle classes of Holland. In the foreground a young woman, clad in rose-color, yellow, and red, is squeezing the juice of a lemon into a glass for her visitor, who, already at his ease, has just lit his pipe. His dress, a brownish vest and brilliant red shoes, is also bright, and the servant who is scouring a tin at the back is clad in blue and yellow. The bright red tiled roof of the house is relieved against an intensely blue sky. In spite of all this vivacity of color, however, the picture is wholly harmonious. The almost blinding brilliancy of the sun is rendered in great perfection, and the air which envelopes every object vibrates and shimmers with light. The picture is in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam.

'A DUTCH LIVING-ROOM' PLATE VI

"THIS picture in the Berlin Gallery, by Pieter de Hooch, that conjurer of light, is a veritable jewel," writes Richard Muther. "The composition is perfectly simple. The scene is a room in one of the houses of Holland in which a young mother is seated near a cradle, smiling at the child lying in it. Through an open door we look into a sort of vestibule where a little girl is standing, while through the house-door sunshine pours into the room. 'Morning Sunshine' the picture might well be called, for truly this is the morning sun itself streaming into the room and imparting to it an exquisite sense of homishness and well-being."

'COTTAGE INTERIOR' PLATE VII

WITH that truthfulness characteristic of the Dutch painters, De Hooch has represented in this picture in the Louvre the bare interior of a humble cottage. A woman in a dress of dark-hued material is seated at a table engaged in some household task. A little child with a plaything stands beside her, and in the distance, through an open door, an old woman is seen crossing a paved court. The room is half in shadow, but the courtyard is flooded with sunlight which illumines the white walls, the red tiled roof of a shed, and the dark figure of the old woman with her light-blue hood.

"The scene and subject are ordinary enough," writes Sir Charles Eastlake, "but the fidelity and skill with which the conditions of light are indicated render it a work of high artistic excellence. Note the ingenious and eminently truthful distinction which the painter makes between the effect of the garden wall seen through the open doorway and then through the glazed window above." "Though not so varied in color as those the artist usually painted," says Mr. John C. Van Dyke, "in truth of light this picture is one of his very best."

'A WOMAN READING' PLATE VIII

THIS picture in the Munich Gallery depicts one of those homely Dutch scenes so often found in De Hooch's works. In a low-studded chamber a woman in a blue frock, red jacket, white cap and apron, is seated near a window with her back to the spectator, absorbed in reading her Bible. "Would it seem that such a simple subject were worth painting?" writes Emile Michel. "Note, however, that the personage is here but an accessory, and that in reality the subject of the picture is the light illuminating this somewhat bare room. The sun is in fact the hero of the scene, and every detail is related to him. See how the sunlight plays upon the white expanse of wall, lighting up the two black-framed pictures, throwing its reflection on the shining floor, gleaming on the red leather of the chairs and the green cloth covering the old chest, and, as with a last caress, lending the softest color to some fruit in a Delft ware dish! These small details, this clean and orderly interior, have a local and intimate charm. There is something almost cloistral in its impression of silence, order, and cleanliness. A sense of propriety, calm, and respectability seems to breathe from the quiet room; and so excellently is this feeling rendered that the critic immediately falls under the spell of a picture which can so completely express a mood."

'THE CARD-PARTY' PLATE IX

THIS picture, now in the Louvre, shows us a large, stately chamber flooded with mellow, diffused light. Seated at the table in the foreground are a lady and a gentleman playing at cards. The lady, dressed in a scarlet silk vest, lace kerchief, and yellowish silk skirt, is showing her hand to another gentleman, who stands behind her holding a glass of wine, and who is apparently directing her game. In the background a young couple have seized the opportunity for whispered converse, while from another room a page enters with a salver, glass, and flask of wine. "The figures," writes Frederick Wedmore, "portrayed as often by Pieter de Hooch without special felicity of grouping, color, or expression, are not here the main objects of our interest. The two tall, narrow windows placed high in the chamber, one of which is wholly curtained by simple folds of brownish-green, while the other is uncovered, showing through its dull oblong panes a patterned space of sky beyond, flooded by the clear gold of such a sunset as sometimes follows rain, form a chord of color and lighting the harmony of which is carried over all. The light falls on the cheeks of the figures, touches the shining bosses of the Cordova leather on the wall, glimmers on a portrait, is reflected from the black-framed mirror, is diffused over the rich, warm textures of many-patterned fabrics, and wavers at last on the alternate black and yellow-gray marbles of the floor."

'THE MESSENGER' PLATE X

"PIETER DE HOOCH," writes Dr. Bredius, "has two styles. The pictures in his first manner, most of which were painted before 1665, are especially bright and luminous. After 1665 he seems to have preferred to leave a large part of his compositions in obscurity, showing the bright light of the sun outside only through some open door or window in the background, and the contrasts between light and shadow became more and more marked as he continued, until in the pictures painted toward the end of his life they are pushed to an extreme, and the figures in the dense shadows become sometimes even difficult to distinguish.

"One of the best specimens of his second manner is 'The Messenger,' painted in 1670 and now in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam. It shows us the vestibule of a residence in Amsterdam. Through the open door we see the canal and the houses on the opposite side of the street. Before the open window sits a richly dressed young woman holding a letter in her hand, while a young man-servant seems about to hand her another. A child, whip in hand, stands near the open door. Here, as often, the play and contrasts of light seem to have been the painter's principal object, for the figures are little more than accessories."

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF PIETER DE HOOCH WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, ACADEMY: An Outdoor Party—BELGIUM. ANTWERP, KUMS MUSEUM: The Little Nurse—BRUSSELS, ARENBERG PALACE: Interior of a Room—LOUVAIN, SCOLLAERT COLLECTION: Dutch Interior—DENMARK. COPENHAGEN GALLERY: An Interior; Family Concert; Playing and Dancing—ENGLAND. DEEPDENE, SURREY: Drinking-party—LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: A Dutch Interior (Plate III); Courtyard of a Dutch House (Plate I); Court of a Dutch House—LONDON, APSLEY HOUSE: A Conversation; A Musical Party—LONDON, LORD ASHBURTON'S COLLECTION: Woman and Child in the Streets of Utrecht—LONDON, BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Card-players; Afternoon—LONDON, HAMPTON COURT: Musicians—LONDON, MONTAGUE HOUSE: Woman Knitting—LONDON, EARL OF NORTHBROOK'S COLLECTION: The Pet Parrot—LONDON, SEAMORE HOUSE: The Hostess—LONDON, STAFFORD HOUSE: An Interior; A Duet—LONDON, WALLACE COLLECTION: Two Interiors—WANTAGE, LORD WANTAGE'S COLLECTION: Courtyard of a House—FRANCE. LILLE MUSEUM: An Interior—NANTES MUSEUM: The Singing-lesson—PARIS, LOUVRE: The Card-party (Plate IX); Cottage Interior (Plate VII)—GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: A Dutch Living-room (Plate VI)—CASSEL GALLERY: An Interior—DARMSTADT, GRAND-DUCAL PALACE: The Parrot—FRANKFORT, STÄDEL INSTITUTE: A Lady at her Writing-table (Plate II)—HAMBURG, KUNSTHALLE: Love's Messenger—MUNICH GALLERY: Woman Reading (Plate VIII)—NUREMBERG, GERMANIC MUSEUM: A Party—HOLLAND. AMSTERDAM, RYKS MUSEUM: The Buttery (Plate IV); The Messenger (Plate X); An Interior; The Country House (Plate V)—AMSTERDAM, SIX COLLECTION: An Interior—THE HAGUE, STEENGRACHT COLLECTION: An Interior—ITALY. ROME, BORGHESE GALLERY: Flute-player—RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: The Lace-maker; A Concert; A Lady and her Cook—UNITED STATES. CHICAGO, COLLECTION OF C. F. YERKES, ESQ: A Musical Party—NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: A Dutch Interior—NEW YORK, COLLECTION OF HENRY O. HAVEMEYER, ESQ: An Interior.

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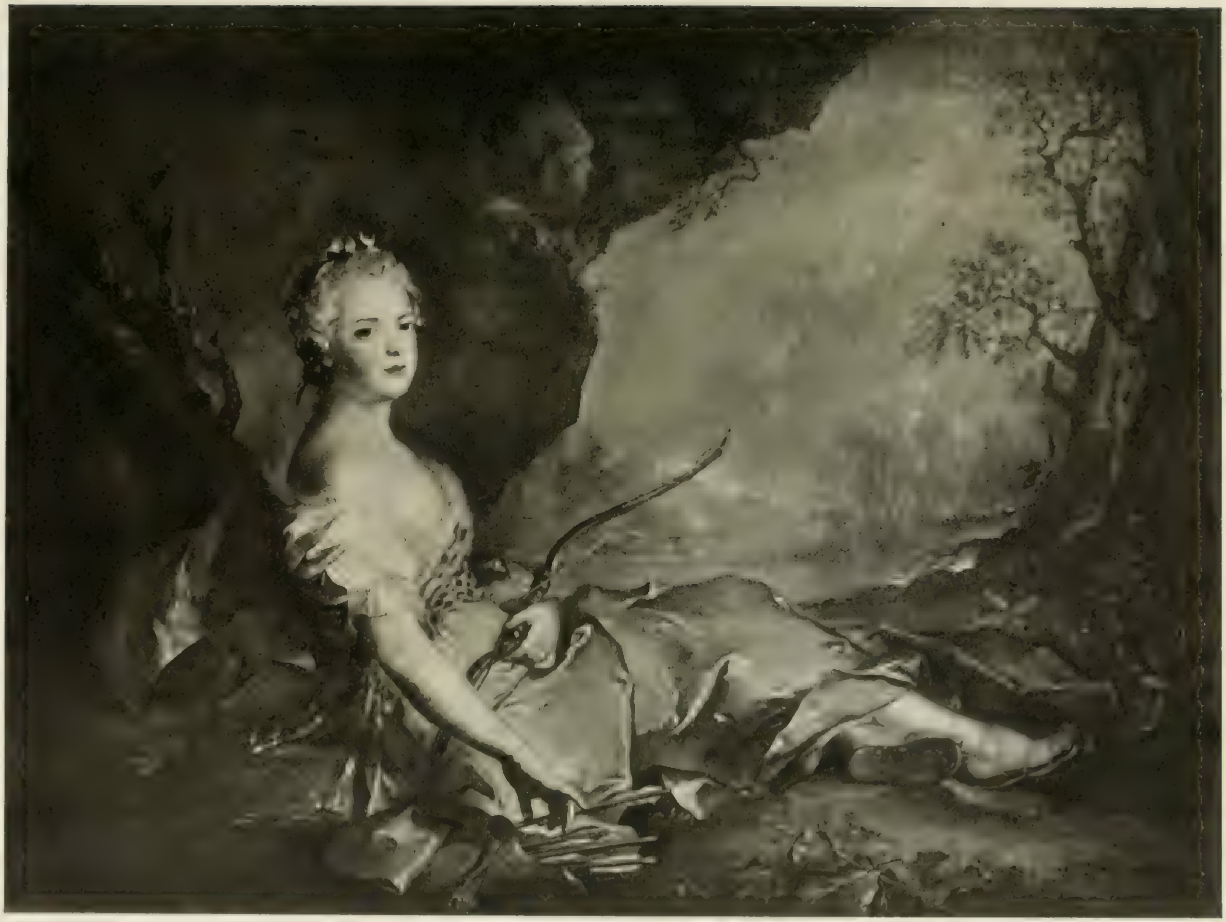
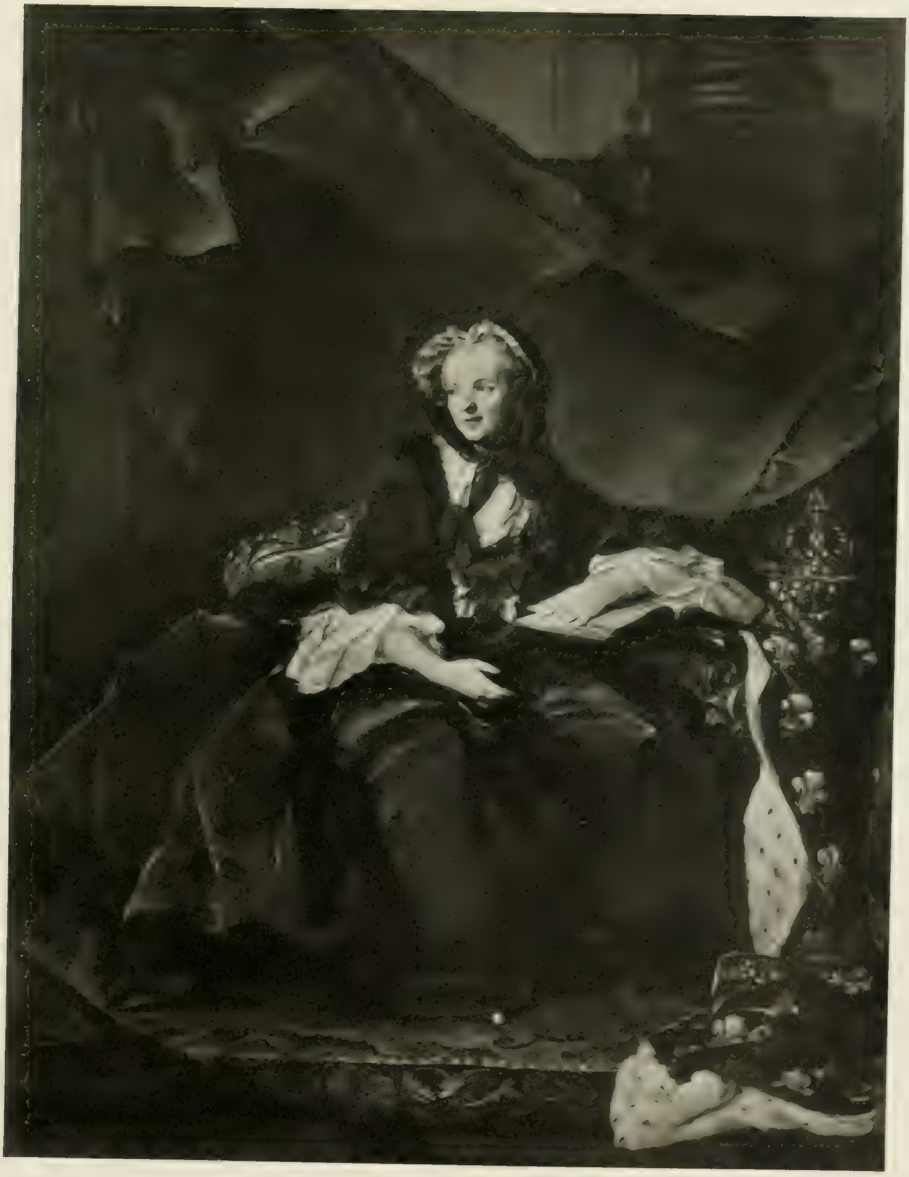


MASTERS IN ART PLATE I
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

NATTIER
MADAME ADÉLAÏDE OF FRANCE AS DIANA
PALACE OF VERSAILLES

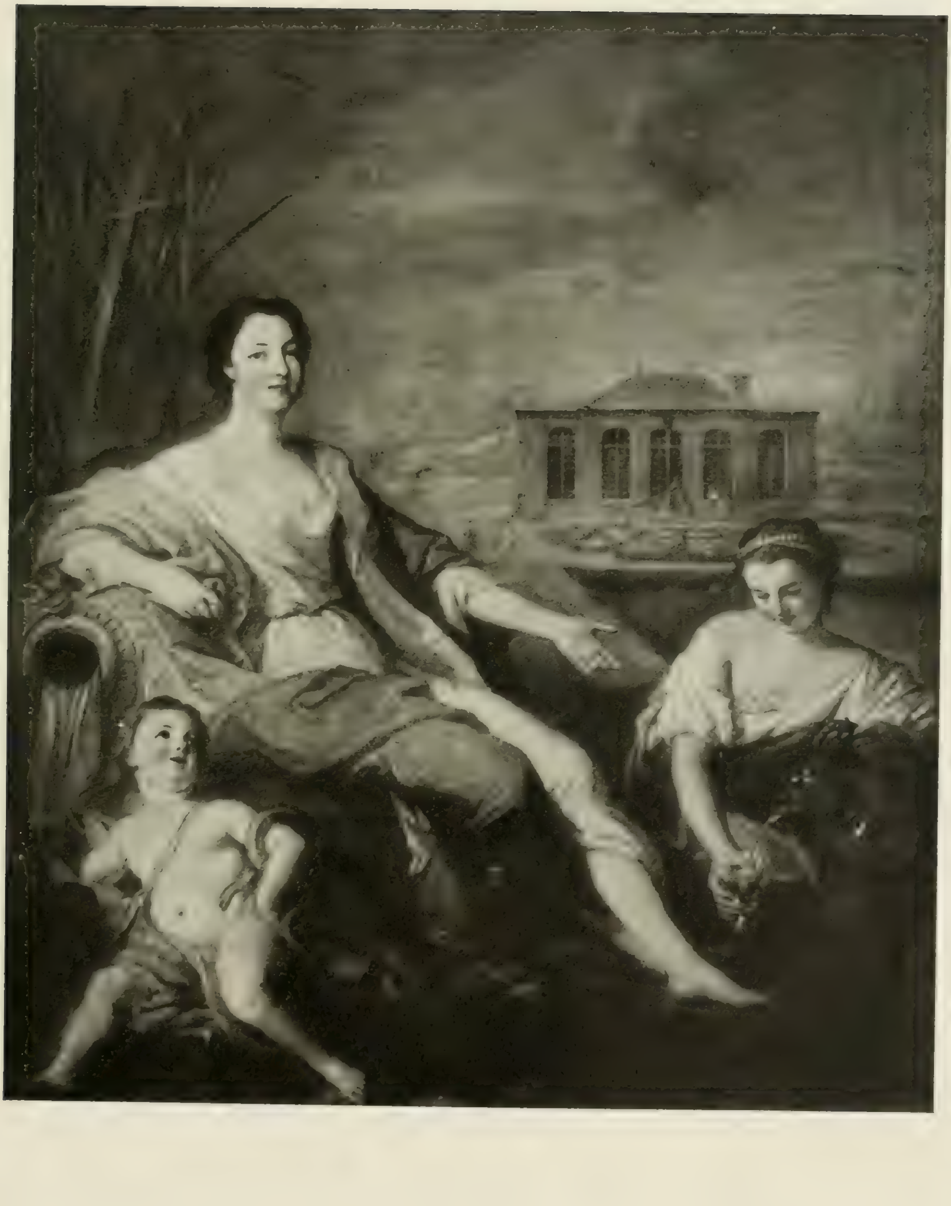


PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

NATTIER

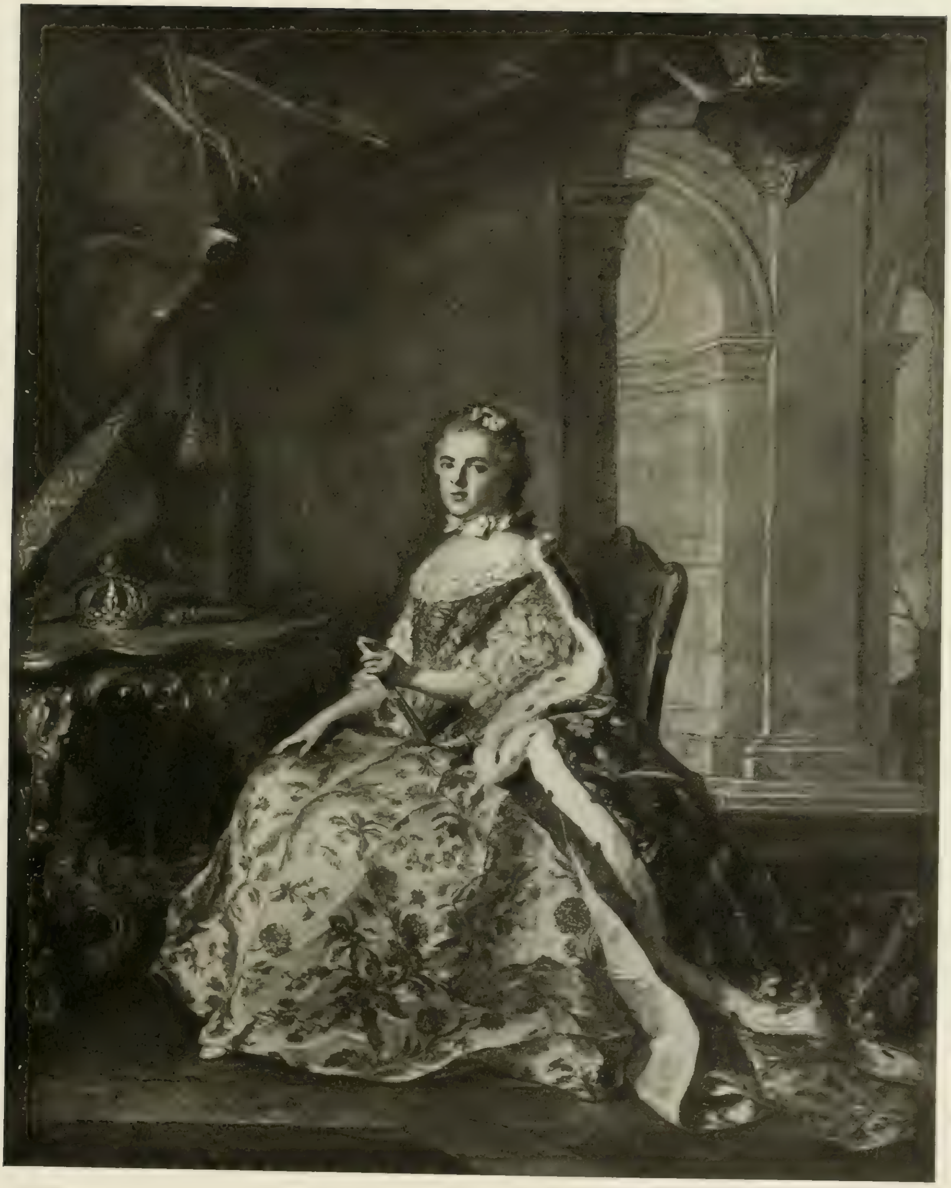
MARIE LECZINSKA, QUEEN OF FRANCE

PALACE OF VERSAILLES



MASTERS IN ART PLATE III
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

NATTIER
MLLE. DE CLERMONT AS NYMPH OF THE WATERS OF CHANTILLY
CONDÉ MUSEUM, CHANTILLY



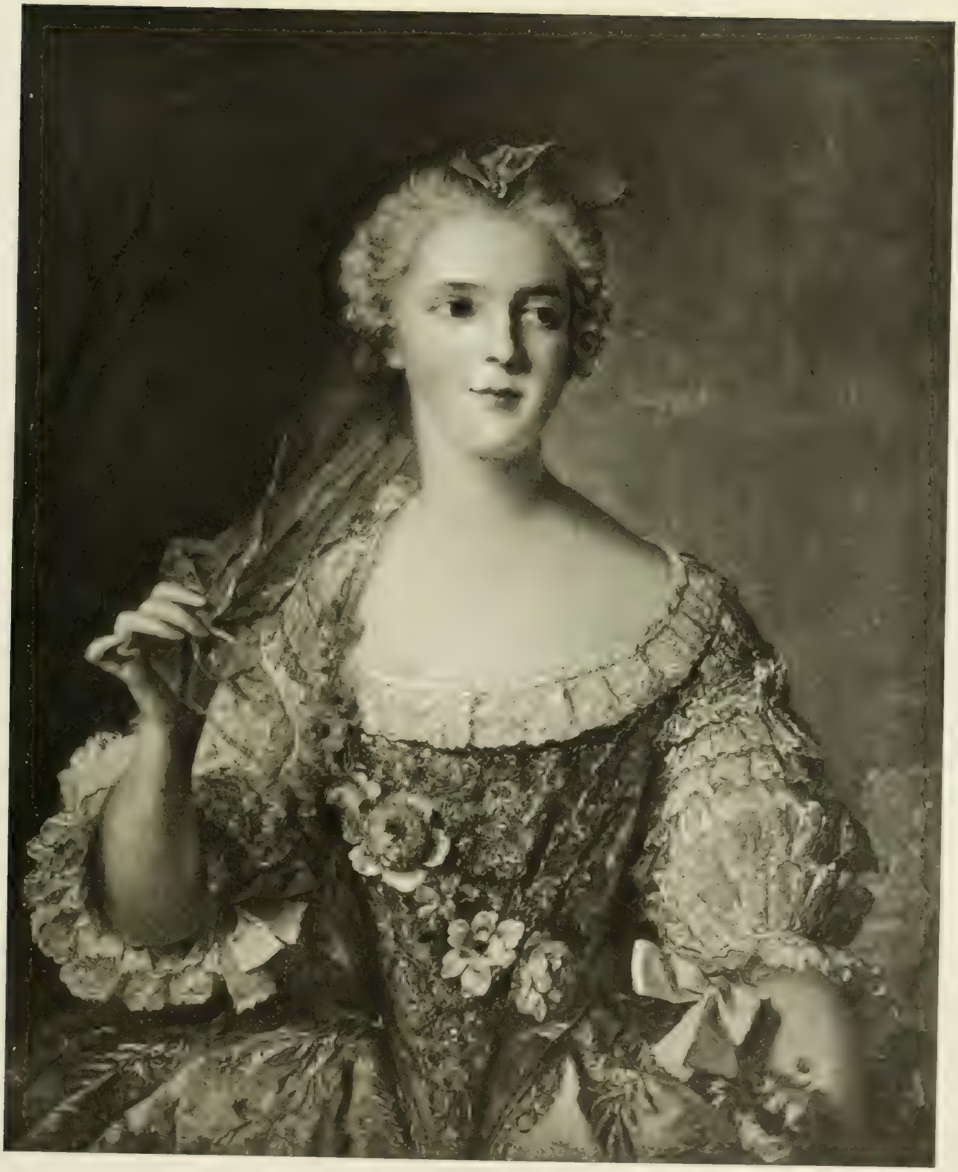
MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

NATTIER

MADAME ÉLISABETH, DUCHESSE DE PARME

PALACE OF VERSAILLES



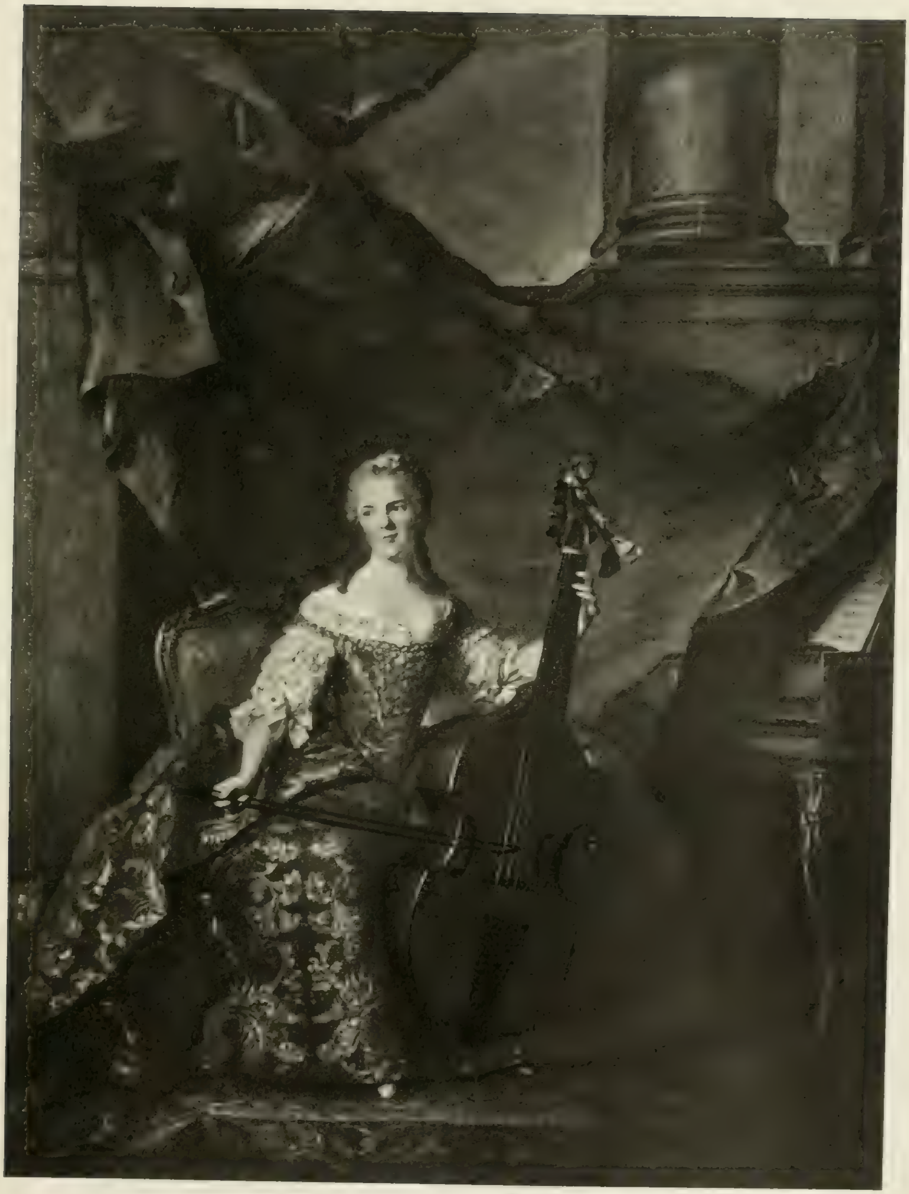
MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

NATTIER

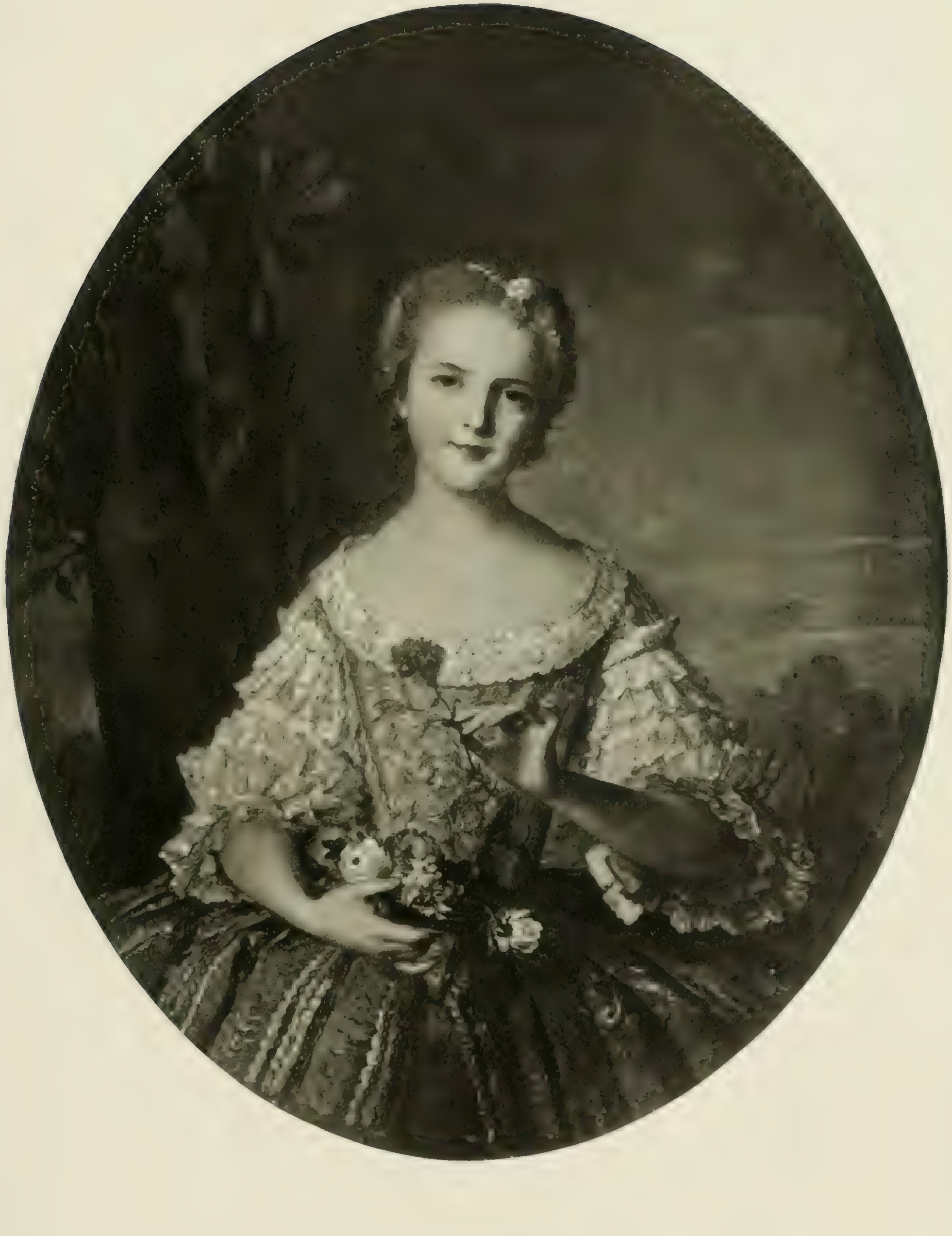
MADAME SOPHIE OF FRANCE

PALACE OF VERSAILLES



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

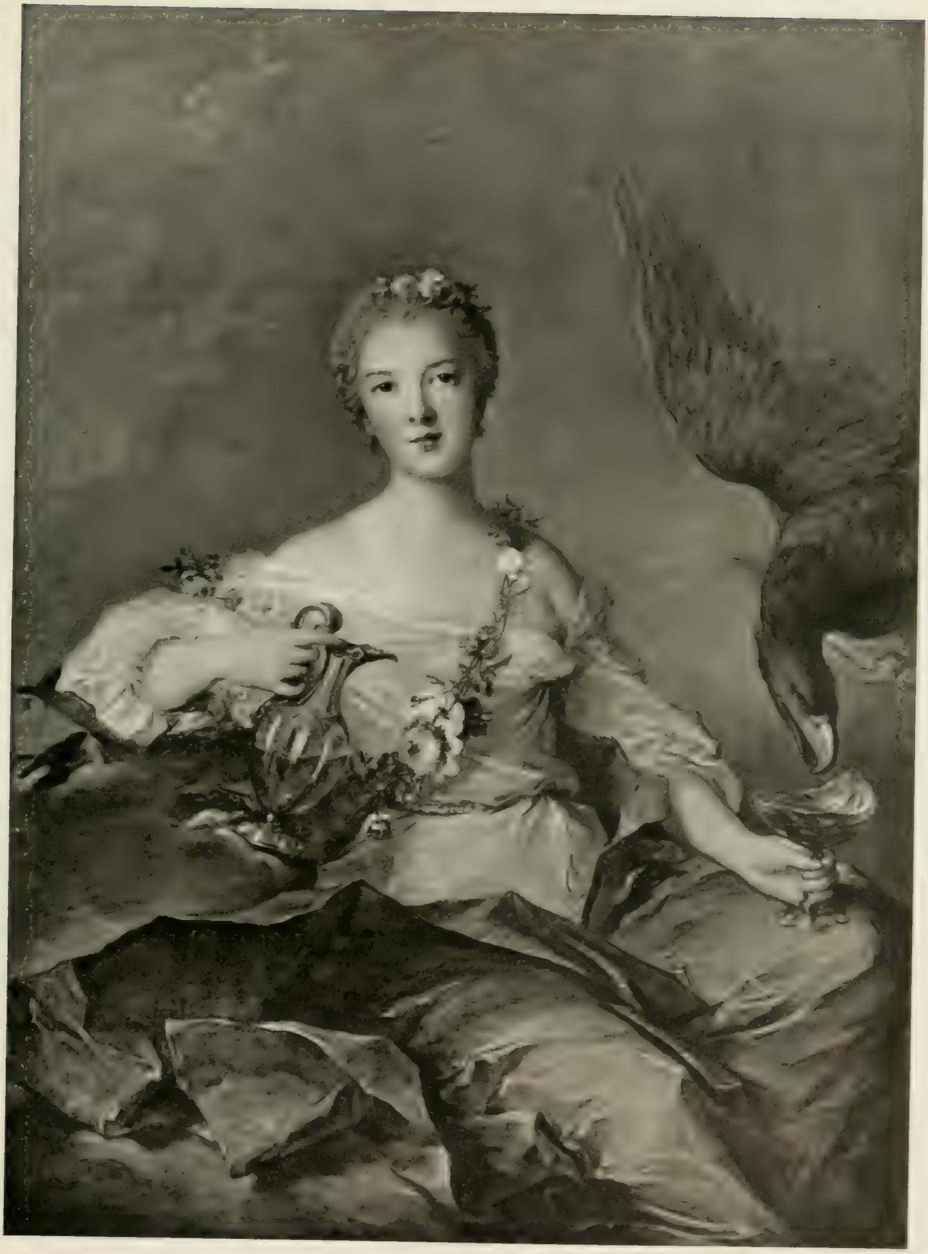
NATTIER
MADAME HENRIETTE OF FRANCE
PALACE OF VERSAILLES



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

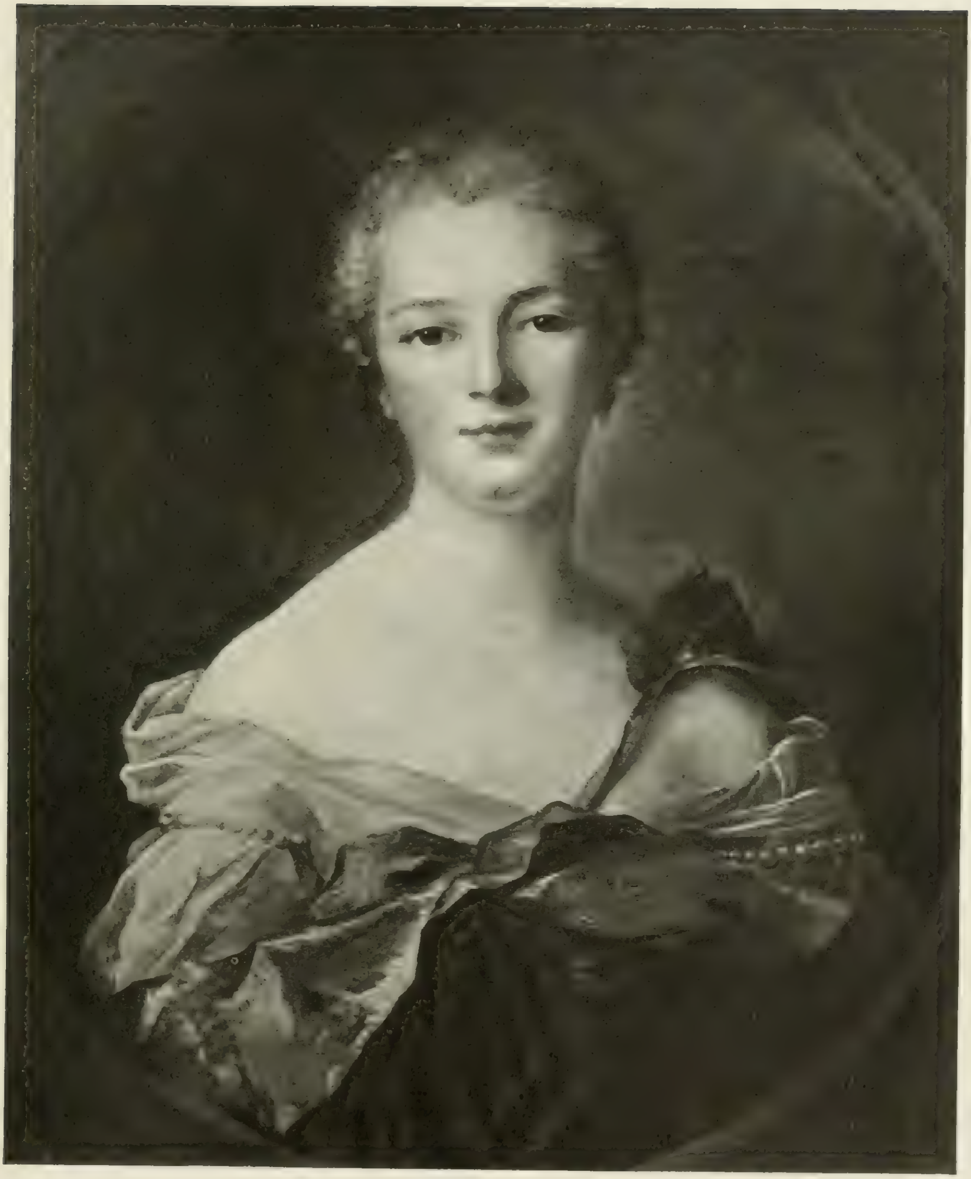
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

NATTIER
MADAME LOUISE OF FRANCE
PALACE OF VERSAILLES



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR 'MASTERS IN ART'

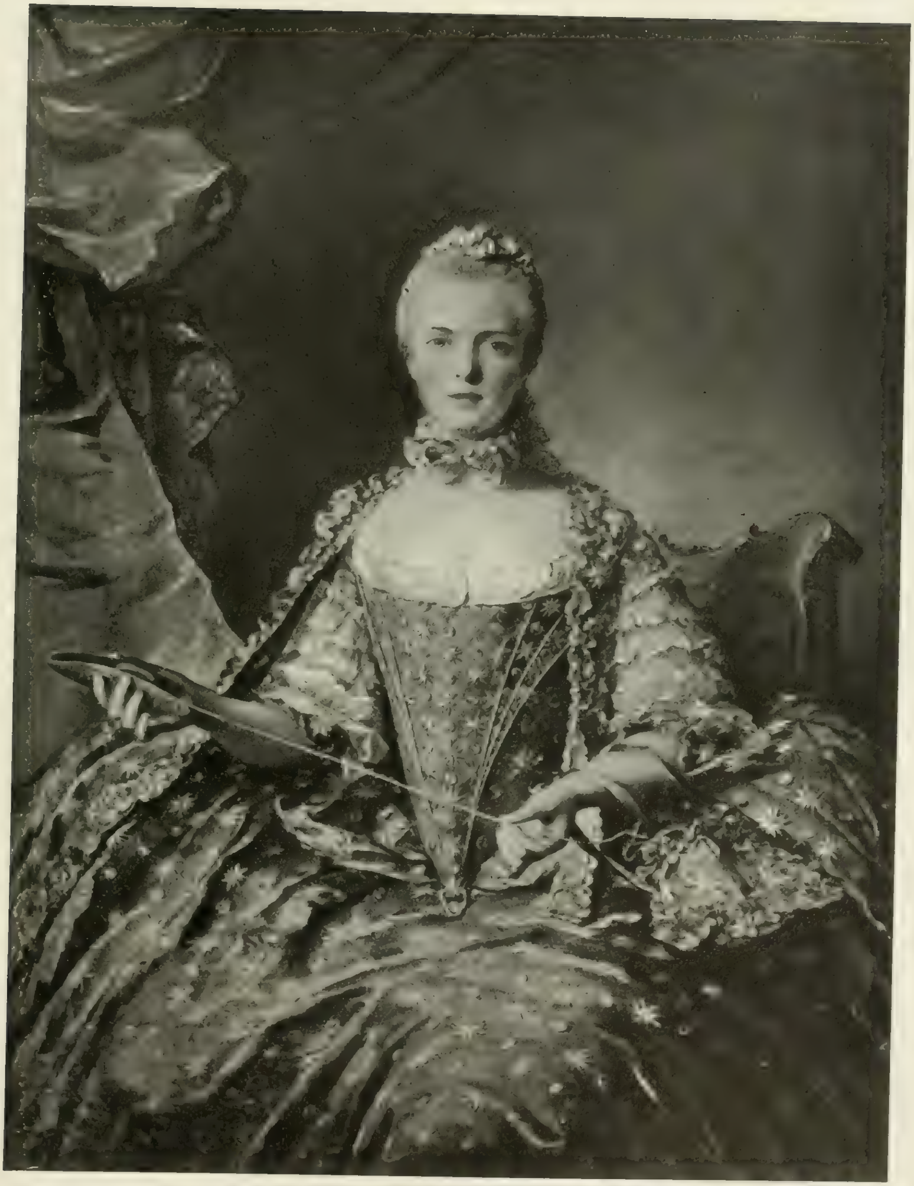
NATTIER
LA DUCHESSE D'ORLÉANS AS HEBE
NATIONAL MUSEUM, STOCKHOLM



MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

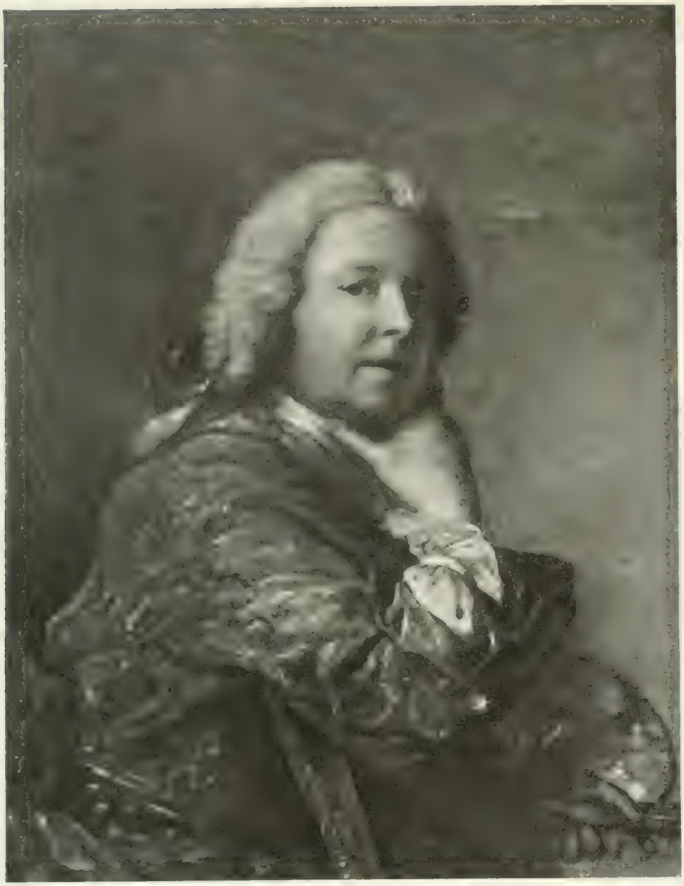
NATTIER
LOUISE-HENRIETTE DE BOURBON-CONTI
PALACE OF VERSAILLES



MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

NATTIER
MADAME ADÉLAÏDE OF FRANCE
PALACE OF VERSAILLES



PORTRAIT OF JEAN-MARC NATTIER PALACE OF VERSAILLES

This portrait, a detail from the picture of Nattier, Madame Nattier, and four of their children at Versailles, bears a legend stating that it was painted by "Jean-Marc Nattier, Treasurer of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture." It was begun in 1730 and finished in 1761. The picture as a whole has various faults, due in part no doubt to the long period which elapsed during its execution, for the children had grown up meantime, and Madame Nattier had died. The portrait of the painter, however, bears all the marks of being a good likeness, although we have no contemporary comment to show that such was the case.

Jean-Marc Nattier

BORN 1685: DIED 1766
FRENCH SCHOOL

THE following account of Nattier's life is abridged from a biographical sketch written by his eldest daughter, Marie-Catherine-Pauline, wife of the painter Louis Tocqué.

MADAME TOCQUÉ 'MÉMOIRES INÉDITS'

JEAN-MARC NATTIER[1] was born in Paris on the seventeenth of March, 1685. His father, Marc Nattier, was an artist and a member of the Royal Academy of France, and his mother was a miniature painter of decided ability. When she was only twenty-two years of age, however, she became paralyzed, and was an invalid for the remainder of her life. Although the expenses necessarily incurred by this sad condition of affairs were a great drain upon their fortunes, the parents gave every possible advantage in the way of education to their two sons, who from earliest childhood had shown such a marked inclination for painting that their father determined to make every sacrifice for their advancement in this art. His hopes were not disappointed, for the boys responded to his wishes with genuine enthusiasm for the study.

As soon as little Jean-Marc, the younger of the two boys and the subject of this memoir, was old enough to hold a pencil, his father sent him to the Academy, where before long he took a prize for drawing. Indeed, his taste and his love for drawing were so great that he eagerly seized every opportunity to copy the works of the great masters; and so excellent were his copies that once when he submitted to the king, Louis XIV., a drawing which he had made from Rigaud's celebrated full-length portrait of that monarch, Louis commended him, saying, "Monsieur, continue to work thus and you will become a great man."

Nattier was only fifteen years old when he copied from prints four large battle-scenes painted by Le Brun. When the drawings were shown to Mansart, who was then superintendent of buildings in Paris, he was so struck by their merit that he rewarded the young draughtsman by conferring upon him the small allowance which was set aside by the Academy for the benefit of its most deserving pupils. The boy's father, moreover, obtained for his son permission from the King to make drawings for an engraver from Rubens's pictures, then in the Luxembourg Palace, representing scenes in the life of Marie de Médicis.

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[1] Pronounced Nat-te-ā, with equal emphasis on each syllable.

After his father's death Nattier devoted himself still more earnestly to study. The Duc d'Antin, noticing his great assiduity at the Academy, proposed that he should go to Rome, where as a pensioner of the king he might take a place there [illegible] in the French Academy of that city; but Nattier had already undertaken several commissions that were so urgent that he declined this honor. In after life, however, he bitterly regretted his decision, and could never forgive himself for having lost such an opportunity.

The death of Louis XIV., that great patron of art, led Nattier to listen to propositions made to him in 1715 by Monsieur Lefort, minister and envoy of Peter the Great, Czar of Russia. Lefort was commissioned by that monarch to induce artists of every kind to go to St. Petersburg, and having already engaged an able French architect, Leblond, to undertake the journey, he found no great difficulty in persuading Nattier to join the czar at Amsterdam, where Peter the Great then was. No sooner had Nattier reached Amsterdam than the czar desired him to make portraits of many of the personages of his court then assembled in that city, and finally ordered him to paint a picture of which he himself, Peter the Great, should be the hero, the subject being the famous battle of Pultowa. When these various works had been completed to the satisfaction of the czar, that prince, who was on the point of leaving Amsterdam, despatched Nattier to The Hague with an order to paint there a portrait of the Empress Catherine, his consort. Scarcely was this work begun than the czarina wrote such a glowing account of it to the czar, who was then in Paris, that he, curious to see it, commanded Nattier to return at once to the French capital, and to bring the portrait of the empress with him, which Nattier did. Now it so happened that on the day on which the portrait arrived the czar was to sup at the house of the Duc d'Antin, and he was so delighted with the striking resemblance which the painting of the czarina bore to the original, although the head was the only part of the portrait that was entirely finished, that he ordered it to be sent to the duke's house, and had it placed upon a throne in the banqueting-hall. On the following day Nattier began a portrait of the czar, with which that prince was as much pleased as he had been with the artist's other works.

On the day before his departure for St. Petersburg, the czar, never doubting that Nattier had fully decided to go to Russia, although as a matter of fact the artist had only agreed to take the journey to Holland, despatched Monsieur Alsouffiow, Grand Marshal of the Russian court, to ask him when he would be ready to follow the emperor. This direct question troubled Nattier exceedingly, for, having been absorbed in his travels and his work, he had given no serious thought to the matter, and was consequently entirely undecided as to what to do. All the hardships and inconveniences of such an undertaking as a journey to Russia at once presented themselves to his mind. If, on the one hand, the alluring prospect of a brilliant fortune lay before him, he could not, on the other hand, shut his eyes to the innumerable difficulties which lay in his path. Fortunately for him, a friend in whom he had every confidence opportunely appeared on the scene and helped him out of his dilemma. Most decidedly disapproving of the scheme, this friend so forcefully represented to Nattier all the dangers to which his talent, his reputation, and even his life would be subjected in expatriating himself and in undertaking such a journey, that the artist, convinced by his friend's reasoning, no longer hesitated, but positively declined to accompany the czar. Peter the Great was so incensed by this refusal that, as a mark of his resentment, he immediately ordered the portrait of the czarina to be removed from the studio where it had been taken at his command that miniature copies might be made from it; and as a consequence the picture was never entirely finished, nor, indeed, was it ever paid for.

All thought of Russia being given up, Nattier now devoted himself to the task of painting his picture of admission to the Royal Academy,—a historical work (now in the Tours Museum) representing Perseus showing the head of Medusa at the wedding of Phyneus. In the year 1718 he was received into the Academy with every possible mark of distinction. As his natural taste lay in the line of historical painting, his first work after becoming a member of this society was a large allegorical painting of the family of Monsieur de la Motte, Treasurer of France.

In 1719 occurred the "System" of Law,[1] that scheme which destroyed so many fortunes and had such a disastrous effect upon Nattier's finances that it cannot be passed over in silence. Messieurs Couturier and Desvieux, directors of the India Company, whose portraits Nattier was at that time painting, advised the artist to sell his drawings of Rubens' works to Law in exchange for stock in the "System." Unfortunately Nattier took this advice, and the drawings were disposed of for the sum of 18,000 livres paid in bank-notes. At the end of two months the notes depreciated to half their face value, and soon afterwards, in the general ruin of Law and his "System," became utterly worthless, while Nattier's beautiful drawings, the admiration of all Paris, were carried off by Law's son.

This loss, a considerable one for a young artist, was followed by a family lawsuit[2] which so reduced his financial resources that nothing was left him but his talent. He consequently determined to devote his attention to portraiture as the most lucrative branch of art, and was soon fortunate enough to acquire a great reputation in that line.

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[1] John Law, a Scotchman, was an able adventurer in finance, who succeeded in impressing the French government with his scheme for the issue of paper money. He acquired from France the territory then called Louisiana, which he proposed to colonize — an enterprise which became famous under the name of "The System," afterwards known as the "Mississippi Bubble." The East India and China companies were later absorbed into it, and it was thereafter known as the "Compagnie des Indes." In 1718 Law became Director-general of the "Banque Royale," of which the king guaranteed the notes. The Company and the Bank were combined, and in 1720 Law was made Comptroller-general of Finance. For a while the "System" prospered and great fortunes were made in speculation; but the overissue of paper money brought on the catastrophe, and in the same year the "System" collapsed, with financial ruin to its shareholders. Law's estate was confiscated, and he was driven from France — EDITOR.

[2] This was a criminal affair which resulted in the imprisonment of Nattier's brother in the Bastille, where he committed suicide before learning his sentence. — EDITOR.

In 1724 Nattier married Mademoiselle de Laroche, a charming girl whose talents, youth, and beauty had captivated his heart. Her father was a former officer to the king, and the family lived with such an air of ease and luxury that Nattier, judging from appearances, thought that in following his inclination he should also benefit his financial condition. It was not until several years after his marriage that he discovered that his father-in-law's fortune had been entirely wiped out by Law's "System," and found himself obliged to support a dowerless wife and a family of children who could in no way lighten for him the burden of their maintenance. Happily his reputation for portraiture brought many distinguished patrons to his studio, and before long he became, so to speak, the rage among the fashionable world—a distinction which he enjoyed for several years. Among the works which contributed most largely to his reputation were the full-length portrait of Marshal Saxe, an allegorical picture of Mademoiselle de Clermont, one of the Princesse de Lambesc as Minerva arming her brother the Comte de Brionne, and those of the princes and princesses of the House of Lorraine. His work called forth the admiration of all, and won for him the epithet, bestowed upon him by Gresset, the poet, of "pupil of the Graces and painter of Beauty."

All these portraits were treated historically, and added so much to Nattier's reputation in that particular style of painting that the Chevalier d'Orléans, Grand Prior of France, wished him to finish the series of pictures in the Temple[1] which had been begun by the artist Raoux, who had died before completing it. The first of the series, however, was to be painted in competition with the gifted artist Noël Nicolas Coypel; but as Nattier was so fortunate as to be victorious in the competition the Grand Prior decided in his favor, and placed a beautiful apartment in the Temple at his disposal. There he painted the six allegorical pictures which completed the decoration of the Prior's gallery, and finally the full-length portrait of the Grand Prior himself in command of a seaport with all appropriate attributes.

In the year 1740 Madame la duchesse de Mazarin engaged Nattier to paint portraits of her two nieces, the beautiful Mesdemoiselles de Nesle (notorious in later years as Madame de Châteauroux and Madame de Flavacourt), as 'Point du jour' and 'Silence.' These two pictures created such a sensation at court that the queen's curiosity was excited; and when she saw them she was so struck with their exact resemblance to their fair originals that she immediately ordered Nattier to paint a portrait of one of her daughters, Madame Henriette. The artist accordingly painted a full-length of this princess engaged in making a crown of flowers, and afterwards, by order of

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[1] The "Temple," originally the fortress-residence of the Order of Knights Templars, was built in the twelfth century. After the abolition of the Order in 1313 the building was used for various purposes, and during the reign of Louis XV. was the official abode of the Grand Priors of France. The last vestige of the Temple was finally destroyed in 1820. — EDITOR.

Louis XV., painted a second portrait of Madame Henriette and also one of her sister Madame Adélaïde, which were placed at Choisy in the king's sleeping-apartment. When these works were finished his majesty bade Nattier come to Versailles to paint his own portrait, after which the artist was despatched to the Abbey of Fontevrault with an order to paint the portraits of the three royal princesses who were being educated there. This expedition was a secret one, as the king wished the pictures to be a surprise to the queen, who when she saw them was so delighted with Nattier's work that she decided to have him paint her portrait also.

In his portrait of the queen, which he accordingly made, Nattier succeeded even beyond his hopes, and was gratified by the universal applause which it evoked, not only because of the excellent likeness it bore to her majesty, but also on account of the noble simplicity of the composition — a simplicity which he had taken pains to preserve at the express request of the queen. Nattier was also successful in his portraits of Monsieur le Dauphin and Madame la Dauphine, Monsieur le duc de Bourgoyne, and Madame, the daughter of the Dauphin. While engaged on these works he received an order to paint the princesses for the third time. A portrait of Madame Élisabeth, the Duchess of Parma, in court dress was his last work, for he fell ill very soon after it was completed.

Nattier's reputation had been greatly increased by his continuous and pronounced success. Commissions poured in upon him from all the youth and beauty of court and city. He had the honor to paint the Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans, the Prince and Princesse de Condé, and many other personages belonging to the nobility. It would be an endless task to enumerate them: suffice it to say that his talents were in demand at almost all the courts of Europe, and that there was none where his name was not known and which did not deem it an honor to possess some example of his work.

Always industrious, Nattier devoted every moment not given to painting to reading and drawing, his favorite pursuits, and the beautiful sketches which he has left are due to this employment of his leisure moments.

If Nattier's prosperous days only were to be recorded in this biographical sketch and no mention made of those full of sorrow and sadness which followed, this would be the place to close; but truth demands that as exact and faithful an account shall be rendered of the last years of the artist's life as has been given of the first. As a matter of fact, the extent of Nattier's fortune was never so great as it had seemed to be, and still less was it in proportion to his reputation as a painter. Moreover, he had unfortunately neglected to insure an easy old age for himself, so that had he attempted to continue to live with the same degree of comfort to which he had been accustomed he would have been obliged to work up to the last moment — all through the long illness, in fact, which confined him to his bed for more than four years. Appreciating as he did the necessity for work, it was doubly hard to find that his popularity was waning. Long before he became incapable of using his brush he experienced the unhappy fate of so many celebrated men of every age,—he realized that he had outlived his reputation. War, that enemy to art, the inconstancy of the public, the taste for novelty—everything, in short, combined to make him experience the most pitiful neglect. An almost complete desertion on the part of the public succeeded the great popularity to which he had been accustomed, until at last, of all his commissions, there remained only the completion of a few works begun for the court in his more prosperous days.

Domestic sorrows also embittered Nattier's last years. The keenest of these was the death of a son, who had shown a decided talent for painting, and whom at his own expense he had sent to the French Academy at Rome. This son drowned himself in the Tiber six months after his arrival in Rome; and as Nattier had become a widower in 1742, three daughters were alone left to console his declining years. In July, 1762, he became ill; and after four years of great suffering he died, on the seventh of September, 1766.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

MADAME TOCQUÉ closes the account of her father's life with a touching tribute to his virtues. "He was most tenderly attached to his friends and to his children," she writes; "and such were the frankness and simplicity of his nature, the purity of his character and the sweetness of his disposition, such his scrupulous honesty and eager disinterestedness in serving others, that he fully merited the titles of a good father, a true friend, and a thoroughly upright man—titles by no means brilliant it may be, but which when taken in their fullest significance are the highest praise that can be bestowed upon a man."

The writer then goes on to summarize a statement made by her father in explanation of his lack of worldly success, in which Nattier reproaches himself with having made many unfortunate bargains, as, for instance, his disposal to Law of his drawings of Rubens' pictures in exchange for stock in the "System"; blames himself for careless investments and a too great willingness to lend money to people who as a rule never returned it; for his negligence in exacting payments for many portraits which he had painted, not only for his friends, but often for mere acquaintances; for having spent more money than he had been justified in spending in the purchase of articles of virtu; and finally he pleads that he had had heavy expenses to bear, as an invalid wife and a family of nine children had necessitated large inroads upon his fortune.

"With so much to contend with," concludes Madame Tocqué, "it may be seen that it was difficult for Monsieur Nattier to save much of the money which he had so easily acquired; but can any one in justice blame him, and does he not judge himself too harshly? Surely any man may be counted happy who at the end of a long life can reproach himself with no other failings than those which every noble and generous soul can readily forgive."

The Art of Nattier

ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE 'HISTOIRE POPULAIRE DE LA PEINTURE'

THE name Nattier calls up innumerable charming visions of pretty, blooming ladies with soft, caressing eyes, clad in the daintiest and most sumptuous gowns—gowns of velvets and silks and satins, gowns embroidered with gold and delicate with laces, gowns with the stiff bodices and swelling skirts of court or town, or those coquettish dishabilles which, if we are truly gallant, we will unquestioningly accept as the accredited garb of the Olympian goddesses and muses. Nor is the result less captivating when he clothes one of these delightfully frivolous little ladies in the tunic of a penitent Magdalene (a tunic, be it assured, of satin, and from the most fashionable tunic-maker, and which clings so coquettishly about her pretty limbs) and exiles her to a cave in the desert; and no less fascinating when he replaces the penitential tunic (ah! delicious little penitent—she has been careful not to forget her becoming court-plaster patches!) by the leopard's skin and quiver of the nymph a-hunting. How delicately graceful are these small heads, with the close-dressed powdered hair that gives them something charmingly boyish of aspect! They all wear, it may be, even the goddesses, a touch of rouge—perhaps the painter himself may have taught them how to lay it on most becomingly—but we acknowledge that it is quite in character and wholly deceptive. It is all, of course, as false, as theatrical, as one can well imagine, and yet somehow entirely unaffected and broadly simple. Reconcile the two if you can!

Casanova says that Nattier could paint an ugly woman, produce a perfect likeness, and yet make her beautiful. If he could he certainly solved a problem that has vexed artists since the beginnings of portraiture. We would not, however, be so ungallant as to suggest that he availed himself of this talent when he painted the numerous portraits of Louis XV.'s charming daughters, which are unquestionably his most important works. They hang, the gentle little ladies, unworthily, in the dusty galleries of Versailles, high up under the roof, in stifling heat in summer, bedewed with dampness in winter, with no care, apparently, for their rank, their delicate graces, or their fortunately solid painting. It seems strange that the authorities intrusted with these valuable pictures should be thus careless of them, since, in recent years at least, Nattier's work has been accorded the sincerest proofs of popular admiration. Whenever a picture of his has been sold it has fetched an extremely high price, and when one has appeared in a loan exhibition it has attracted much admiration.

In color, Nattier was fond of broad unbroken tones. Never was he more himself than when he had to paint a sweeping robe of rich blue bordered with fur, or a gown of warm, glowing red, shining here and there with gold; and yet, though he painted full colors without dulling them, he never made them garish. His eye for harmony was sure.

The quality of his talent is, as was his education, wholly French. The copies he made from Rubens' pictures were, his contemporaries assure us, far from being truthful renderings of the originals; and his journey to Amsterdam and The Hague was not undertaken because of an inclination to study Dutch or Flemish art, but solely to undertake commissions. His talent is peculiarly and thoroughly French in the fullest acceptation of the term. It is light of touch, graceful, easy, clear, and self-poised. Though he did not go beneath the surface, or attempt to portray character in his portraits, they are marked, one and all, with great charm, simplicity, harmonious effectiveness, perfect distinction, and true refinement.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

ANDRÉ PÉRATE 'CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE'

IN every one of Nattier's portraits, even those in which the subjects seem to have been most unpromising, we must admire the delicacy of modeling and the rich and subtle harmonies. In the eyes of this magician of the brush no woman could seem ill-favored—that she was a woman was enough for him. He once said to Casanova, and not without a touch of pedantry perhaps, "The gods have granted me a kind of magic—the power to transfer from my mind to my brush the divine charm of beauty,—a charm none can define, since none can tell wherein it lies, and yet one which all recognize and admire. But impalpable and fugitive as is the shade that separates beauty from ugliness, the effect of it is startlingly great to those who have no knowledge of our art."

This impalpable shade of separation betwixt ugliness and beauty vanishes under Nattier's brush. It fades beneath the witchery of a smile, the sparkle of a glance, the shimmer of gold-embroidered stuffs. His was the art of charm and grace; the art of creating fascination with a touch of rouge, and grace with a flowing line.—FROM THE FRENCH

P. HÉDOUIN 'MOSAÏQUE'

CELEBRATED as Nattier was in his own day, little information has come down to us concerning his life, and we find only brief mention of him by any of the eighteenth-century biographers; yet his art was more characteristic of that century than was that of any other French artist. Without Nattier's portraits, indeed, how could we form any accurate idea of the pink-and-white complexions, the velvety cheeks, their fairness emphasized by tiny black patches of court-plaster, the ravishing eyes, and all the varied and coquettish costumes of the duchesses, the countesses, and the marchionesses—the fair charmers of the reign of Louis XV.?

Of that gay and brilliant world Nattier became the idol. Strong as this epithet is, it is nevertheless none too strong, for by all women, whether pretty or plain, he was known as "the Magician." It is easy to see why; for no painter ever succeeded so skilfully as he in not only concealing the defects of nature in his models, but in converting those very defects into charms. He knew how to give an interesting air to a plain face, a captivating vivacity to a dull blue eye, and to a bold black eye that was hard and forbidding he could impart so spiritual and tender an expression that the most timorous would be charmed. His brush, indeed, might be compared to the magic wand of Armida, for it bestowed beauty, grace, and piquancy upon every face that came under the spell of his enchantment; and perhaps the most wonderful thing about it all was that notwithstanding the flattering transformations which his models underwent, the resemblance which his portraits bore to their originals invariably remained striking.

If, however, I should be called upon to pass judgment upon Nattier as a painter, I should be obliged to admit frankly that in my estimation he is inferior to Rigaud and even to Largillière. He never possessed the force, scope, and style of the first of these portraitists, nor the breadth of execution nor unctuous coloring of the second. At first sight, it is true, Nattier's manner of painting has an exceptional fascination and charm. His touch was light and delicate, his color sparkling, and his draperies, painted in a way peculiar to himself, while they define the form beneath, float and flutter with an unparalleled airiness and grace. Finally, his compositions are always marked by both propriety and *esprit*. These qualities, however, are generally accompanied by a certain stiffness, a certain finical affectation, a studied and artificial air; and in consequence his portraits have none of that frankness, truth, and appearance of nature — that realism, in short — which are found in the works of the great masters.

As likenesses Nattier's portraits were said to be excellent, although it was admitted that he beautified even beauty itself. This method of painting, which contributed so largely to his success, especially among the ladies of the court, is not in my opinion true art as I understand the word. But after all, his talent, like that of the more gifted Watteau, was in perfect harmony with the spirit and the taste of the times in which he lived.

Nattier occasionally attempted historical painting; but there is nothing remarkable about any of his works in this kind that have come down to us. He lacked the boldness, force, and severe nobility which should characterize historical pictures, but painted them with the same delicacy and in the same somewhat affected manner as he painted the portraits of the pretty women of the court; and the very qualities that make these court portraits so indescribably charming become, in his historical efforts, serious faults. — FROM THE FRENCH

CHARLES BLANC 'HISTOIRE DES PEINTRES DE TOUTES LES ÉCOLES'

"HE would paint an ugly woman and depict her features so accurately that the most scrupulous examination failed to discover any untruthfulness, yet nevertheless those who saw the portrait only would deem her beautiful. In some imperceptible way he had bestowed a real but undefinable beauty upon the whole." This is Casanova's dictum upon Nattier. The "imperceptible way" was the artist's gift of grace; a gift to which we owe so many charming portraits and so many charming painters of the French school.

Assuredly Louis XV.'s queen, Marie Leczinska, was not beautiful; she was the Cinderella of that brilliant court. Yet when we look at Nattier's portrait of her we find her charming, and marvel that those dimpled hands and rounded arms, as white as ivory, could not confine her flighty husband. When we recall her story, and remember how she was elbowed aside into the shadow, ever protesting from her obscurity, with a somewhat *bourgeois* prudery perhaps, against the follies of the butterfly life about her, and mark how the painter has somehow contrived, by the border of black fur which winds about the folds of her red velvet robe, to suggest her lifelong exile from her native Poland, the image of the queen takes on a strong fascination for us, and we pay tribute to the subtle art of the painter.

Nattier was never a great artist; but he was the painter of pretty women *par excellence.* If his drawing was slightly insipid and cold, his brush was endowed with suppleness and grace; and the harmony of his coloring is sometimes so remarkable that it produces the effect of those splendid ancient tapestries which, mellowed by time, have faded into a magical harmony. He was, nevertheless, in no wise afraid of pure colors, and boldly transferred to his canvases the vivid tones of the splendid stuffs with which the court ladies of his day were wont to adorn themselves,—the flame-color or bright greens of their ribbons, the violet or scarlet of their taffeta or velvet mantles, the blue or corn-color of their silks, and their white satins; but he blended, combined, and harmonized the strong tones so cunningly, and so warmed his chiaroscuro to meet them, that the effect is never harsh nor crude.

Costume played no less an important part in his canvases than in women's portraits by all artists, but he was by no means dependent upon the sheen of rich stuffs, the cloud of delicate laces, or the gleam of gold. Indeed he was especially fond of posing his sitters as mythologic or allegoric figures whose costumes counted but slightly, and such subjects are not the least delightful of his works; nor, in spite of their fantastic quality, do they cease to be truly historical in the broader sense.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

W. BÜRGER 'GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS': 1860

JEAN-MARC NATTIER was a court painter with all the accomplishments and all the faults peculiar to that species of fashionable manufacturer. He imparted an appearance of youth and nobility to his models, frequently deviating from nature to bestow a sort of conventional flattery upon people to whom aristocratic birth had not always lent distinction or charm; and, as a natural consequence, his portraits are marked by no depth nor individuality of character.

All the princesses painted by Nattier so strongly resemble one another that they might easily be mistaken for one and the same. Upon leaving the gallery at Versailles, where so many of his portraits are collected, one remembers but a single face, a description of which would answer for the passport of any pretty woman,—a round face, a nose of no particular kind, a medium-sized mouth, and a pink-and-white complexion. Sometimes this same charming lady appears disguised as a vestal virgin seated in a temple near the sacred fire, and she is also to be met with under the titles of Mademoiselle de Lambesc as Minerva arming her young brother the Comte de Brionne, and Madame la duchesse d'Orléans as Hebe holding an urn of nectar in her hand. But Nattier was unquestionably an able artist, and painted with marvelous skill the gleaming satins, lustrous silks, and costly brocades—all the accessories in short, however trifling, that we see in his sumptuous and stately portraits.—FROM THE FRENCH

OLIVER MERSON 'LA PEINTURE FRANÇAISE AU XVII^{e} ET AU XVIII^{e} SIÈCLE'

NATTIER, whose fame was very great about the middle of the eighteenth century, and who was subsequently almost forgotten, seems to have recently sprung again into a singularly exaggerated popularity. His early vogue was due to the fact that, as Mariette puts it, "his method of painting charmed those, particularly the ladies, to whom fine colors and smooth finish were the first of things in art." They flocked to his studio, the fair ones and the plain; and, since even the ugly among them found that, by some miracle, they had become lovely on his canvases, it is not surprising that the gallant painter became the fashion. His trick of subtly flattering his sitters by representing them as Olympian goddesses added too to his popularity in that artificial age.

But times have changed; and it is difficult to account for the newly arisen vogue of our own day for Nattier. He has not one single quality of real eminence: his drawing is often incorrect, his technique without salient merit, his color lacks any unusual charm, novelty, or distinction, and his allegory seems to modern eyes little short of ridiculous. Surely the merit of having flattered his sitters, of having rouged their cheeks and brightened their eyes, seems hardly enough to set this "pupil of the Graces and painter of Beauty" above even the worthiest of his contemporaries.

Nattier had, be it admitted, moments of superiority, especially when, as portraitist to the royal house of France, he painted his noble portraits of the queen and princesses in court dresses or in the garbs of mythology. These works, if not of the sincerest art, are at least stamped with distinction and truly royal elegance.—FROM THE FRENCH

PAUL MANTZ 'GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS': 1894

AT about the period when Nattier was at the height of his esteem with the fine ladies of Louis XV.'s court the witty Cochin was publishing in the 'Mercure' a series of ironical essays hitting off the foibles of that frivolous world. One of these skits thus satirizes the contemporary fashion for allegorical portraits of women:

"Our ladies are represented," he writes, "almost indecently naked, their only garment a tunic, which leaves throats, arms, and legs uncovered. This garb, which is in reality none, is eked out by a piece of silk, blue, violet, or some other color, wrapped about them in such a way as to serve no useful purpose, although it must be cumbersome to wear nevertheless, since it contains many yards of fine stuff. Some of these ladies are crowned with blades of wheat or other such rustic adornments, most appropriately fastened with strings of rich pearls. Their most common amusement, it appears, is to lean upon earthenware pots filled with water which they are invariably tipping over, apparently for the purpose of watering the gardens at their feet. This leads us to believe that they must be unusually fond of horticulture—a supposition confirmed by the fact that they are always represented in the midst of the open country. Another favorite recreation with them seems to be the raising of birds, even of those sorts most difficult to tame, such as eagles, which we frequently observe them attempting to nourish with white wine out of golden cups. They seem, however, to be most thoroughly successful in the breeding of turtle-doves, for these gentle birds flutter about some of them, especially those of more melancholy humors, in great numbers."

Although Nattier is not named, it is clear that the writer's irony is directed at his portraits, with their diaphanous draperies, their flowing urns, their agricultural attitudes, and their Hebes attempting to "nourish eagles with white wine out of golden cups." But, if we must admit that Nattier's allegorical subjects are mere theatrical nonsense, we should remember that he was constrained by the fashion of his times. The painter Raoux had shown the way to Olympus before him, and had depicted Mlle. Prévost as a bacchante, Mlle. Journet as a priestess of Diana, Mlle. Quinault as Amphitrite, as Silvia, and as Thalia, not to mention the host of actresses to whom such masquerading came more naturally. Nattier but carried the fashion further, and subpœnaed, as it were, all the fairer denizens of Olympus. How many noble ladies became Hebes, or Floras, or Auroras under his brush!—nay, even the most unoffending of the *bourgeoises* were transformed into muses at the very least. How many white-armed nymphs tilt urns to irrigate symbolic reeds!—for Nattier was allegorical even to his minor accessories; and never was there a more lavish use of turtle-doves and white-wine-nourished eagles than in his pictures.

To name all his shortcomings at once, we may as well confess that he was frankly a mannerist, and that instead of modifying his processes according to his models, and instead of searching for their individual characteristics, he preferred to adhere to his own rather limited type; that he was least successful in his portraits of men, since he so softened their features as to make them effeminate,—a tendency towards oversoftness for which he was not, however, wholly to blame, for it marked all the painting of his time. He seems, moreover—gallant courtier that he was—to have been unwilling to admit that any woman could be ugly, and was from first to last a persistent flatterer.

Admitting all these faults, however, I believe that we owe a long unpaid debt of recognition to Jean-Marc Nattier; and even at the risk of bringing down upon my devoted head the contempt of purists and of those enamored of the "grand style," I must frankly confess that I cannot join the ranks of those who scorn him. As a painter he possessed no mean ability; his coloring, at the very least, was always effective and agreeable, and he was undeniably the possessor of a most distinctive and individual quality of charm. Theatrical he was, it is true, but he was the court painter of a theatrical age; and we may well ask if, on the whole, the Court of Louis XV. could have found a better historian.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

The Works of Nattier

ELEANOR LEWIS 'THE COSMOPOLITAN': 1897

THE pictorial figure of the fifteenth Louis against its no less pictorial background has been a favorite subject with artists of the pen, and his life has been thoroughly investigated even as regards his family relations. We are made acquainted with the private life of this royal family, with its monotonous, comfortless luxury, its paralyzing dullness, its daily low levels of enjoyment and occasional heights of aspiration; and are led to observe the significant fact that at the most corrupt court of Europe, and possessing in husband and father the most corrupt prince in Europe, it was yet possible for that prince's wife and children to lead lives that the breath of scandal never touched.

As to the king himself, it must, in common fairness, be remembered that circumstances were against him from the first,—the age in which he lived, his surroundings, associates, early orphanage, and early accession to absolute power, for he was only five when the sequence of events placed him upon his great-grandfather's throne. There could be but one feeling for the beautiful boy with his graceful body, gold-brown curls, and dark-blue eyes, his childish dignity and gracious acceptance of the homage placed at his feet—he was more than "*bien aimé*," he was adored. The first concern of his advisers was to get him married. The regent had betrothed him to his three-year-old cousin, an Infanta of Spain, but political intrigue broke off the match, and she was sent home. A maturer bride replaced her. In August, 1725, he wedded the Polish princess, Marie Leczinska. He was at this time fifteen, and almost ideally beautiful; while the queen, who was twenty-two, possessed in lieu of beauty a fine complexion, a charming expression, and moral graces which endeared her to the people if not to the court. Although her married life was passed at Versailles, it was passed in comparative retirement. She had a quiet circle of personal friends, while the court and the royal mistresses followed the king. At Versailles were born her ten children, whose list, beginning with twin daughters in 1727, includes two sons, one of whom died at the age of three, and concludes with a daughter in 1737.

Each princess was given a "household" at her birth, for with these babies, as with their seniors, etiquette was rigidly observed. The eldest, known simply as "Madame," with her twin sister, Madame Henriette, the Dauphin, and Madame Adélaïde, remained at court; but the four younger princesses were sent early in 1738 to be educated at the Abbey of Fontevrault, where ensued that curious routine of religious discipline, fragmentary study, and mild amusement which, under the name of their education, was to continue for more than ten years. Music and dancing, for which all the princesses had a natural aptitude, were the only branches pursued with even a semblance of system. As for solid studies, Madame Louise was twelve years old before she knew the alphabet, and her older sisters fared little better. Such discipline as there was, was exercised in the wrong direction — Mesdames Victoire and Sophie were made timid for life by being compelled to say their prayers alone in the burial-vault of the convent; while, on the other hand, there was no restraint at all in the matter of eating, and they were frequently ill from over-indulgence. Madame Félicité's fatal illness in 1744 was in the beginning merely a bad cold, but was soon aggravated into a fever by injudicious eating and excitement. In view of the danger, she was hastily baptized, — a trifling ceremony which the "Most Christian King" had hitherto forgotten, — lethargy set in, and the next day she died, at the age of eight. Their majesties did not seem much troubled at her loss: the king played and dined in public as usual; the queen dined alone for a few times, but played cards each evening and never spoke of the child again.

At about this time large allowances, out of all proportion to their manner of life, were given to Mesdames Victoire, Sophie, and Louise, and in 1747 Madame Victoire was permitted to return to Versailles. The two younger princesses remained at Fontevrault another two years and a half, thus passing more than twelve years without once seeing their parents, although at so short a distance from Versailles. They finally returned almost as untaught, almost as ignorant, as they went.

During their monotonous convent years several events of importance had taken place at court, first amongst which may be mentioned the marriage of "Madame." In 1739, being then twelve years of age, she was wedded with great expense and splendor to the Duke of Parma, and went to live in Spain. At first she was cordially welcomed, but the dislike of Elizabeth Farnese soon clouded her life. This imperious old lady blamed her daughter-in-law for everything, — for being young, for liking sweets, for possessing the love of her youthful husband, for remembering her own country, for longing for her twin sister, for existing at all when she might so much more suitably be dead. Three times, however, she had the pleasure of returning to France, where her jocund, piquant beauty was greatly admired. At her last visit, in September, 1757, she came fresh, blooming, and gay. Three months later she lay dead of smallpox at Versailles.

Scarcely happier was Madame Henriette. According to her portraits, she possessed an ivory whiteness of complexion, great tender, melancholy eyes, and delicate, aristocratic features. Unfortunate in her love for the Duc de Chartres (their marriage being forbidden by the king), parted from her twin sister, her other self, Madame Henriette found her best remaining joy in the society of the Dauphin, and in being gentle and considerate with all. More than any of her sisters she was noted for a certain gracious amiability and tact.

She shared their artistic tastes, and played the violoncello well, and excelled in drawing and in the painting of miniatures. Her father's favorite when in health, she no sooner began to fail than he turned from her with that noticeable shrinking from the thought of pain and death which grew upon him year by year. He bade her conceal her pallor under rouge, saying harshly that he did not like white faces, and she obeyed. She tried to conceal her illness itself as long as possible. Lonely in the midst of numbers, desolate in magnificent Versailles, she died, in February, 1752, murmuring some last words about "My sister, my poor sister!" The king's grief, intense for a moment, did not interfere with his ordinary diversions, and was entirely dissipated with the superb funeral bestowed upon this sweetest of all his daughters.

Of Madame Sophie, who died in 1782, in good time to escape the Revolution, there is comparatively little to be said. She was shy, reserved, terribly afraid of thunder-storms, harmonious with the others in tastes and habits, and blends indistinguishably with the family group.

Madame Victoire followed the lead of Madame Adélaïde, with her survived the rest, with her died in exile, and at about the same time.

The strongest character among the sisters was undoubtedly Madame Adélaïde. She was decidedly the best educated, and seems to have had a natural inclination for study. She understood English and Italian, was well versed in history and mathematics, and played with skill upon several instruments, especially the violin. She was, moreover, very exact in matters of etiquette—an all-important science at that time. The king often consulted her, and, where her prejudices were not aroused, her judgment was good. With advancing age she grew domineering, and whereas Madame Victoire put her finger into other people's pies out of pure gossipy interest as to their contents, Madame Adélaïde examined them as her right. . . .

The sisters usually spent the forenoon in their own rooms, reading, painting, practising, tending their flowers, and on most days receiving a short visit from the king. At about noon they dined, later were present at his majesty's "*débotter*," visited the queen at six, played a game of cards, concluded the evening with a hearty meal, and went early to bed. They learned to play upon various instruments, including the bass viol and the tambourine. They also seem to have read with some method, and each formed her own collection of books. Now and then they hunted, an amusement of which they were passionately fond; but this and every other pleasure yielded to that of eating. Gormandizing was a failing with all the sisters, and much of their ill-health was due to it. D'Argenson says plainly that they took far too little exercise and ate at irregular hours, always keeping in their cupboards a supply of ham, Bologna sausage, and Spanish wine. . . .

The tranquil routine of Marie Leczinska's life was not interrupted by the return of her daughters from the convent. They had their own lives to lead, she hers; and she paid them hardly any attention except in matters of etiquette, for which, with all her simplicity, she was a stickler, and in requiring them to play cards with her daily at a stated hour. Their feeling for her naturally held less warmth than duty. For their father, on the other hand, reprobate though he was, they entertained a very real affection; and he, on his side, seems to have cared for them as much as he could care for anything. The queen's death, in 1768, drew them still closer together in their regret for a common loss; and his later intimacy with Madame du Barry did not alter their relations, except as it led Madame Louise to a convent, in 1770, the better to pray for his much imperiled soul.

In 1774, when the king died of malignant smallpox at Versailles, he could hardly be called an old man, yet he had long outlived the bright promise of his youth. Throughout his terrible infectious illness he was tenderly nursed by Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire. They reached their moral apogee beside his death-bed. Henceforth, under the new régime, their course was steadily decadent. "The old aunts," as the "adorable princesses" were now called, found their chief occupation from this time on in criticizing Marie Antoinette, "the Austrian woman;" and sowed with lavish hands the seeds of discord. The calamities of their later years were but the legitimate harvest of their sowing.

When the storm of the Revolution burst over France, Mesdames Adélaïde and Victoire, the last of their family, stood alone, like frightened children, in its path. Helpless, piteous, scared, they were thrust out from the safe seclusion of a palace into the rude streets. It was only after a long and painful debate that they were allowed to leave France. For some time they lived in Rome, then, on the approach of the French troops, withdrew to Caserta. When the Bourbons were driven from Naples the poor exiles fled once more, this time to Trieste, where they died. When Louis XVIII. came to the throne he had their bodies brought back to France, and interred in the tomb of their race at St. Denis. After so many vicissitudes, Mesdames de France sleep at last in peace.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'MADAME ADÉLAÏDE OF FRANCE AS DIANA' PLATE I

THE first portraits which Nattier painted of the daughters of Louis XV. were two companion mythological likenesses, one depicting Madame Henriette as Flora, and this picture, showing Madame Adélaïde as Diana. The youthful princess is seated beneath the shadow of a rock in a glade which opens to show a distant prospect. She holds a bow in the left hand, and draws an arrow from her quiver with the right. About her waist is wrapped a leopard's skin, and the small crescent on her head suggests her allegorical divinity. The picture is wrongly listed in the Versailles gallery, where it hangs, as 'Madame Victoire en Nymphe Chasseresse.'

'MARIE LECZINSKA, QUEEN OF FRANCE' PLATE II

ONE of Nattier's most successful and dignified portraits was that of the queen, Marie Leczinska, which was first exhibited in 1748, when she was forty-five years old. The queen, dressed in a red robe trimmed with fur, is seated against a background of columns draped with a green curtain. On her head is a kerchief of black lace tied over a white lace cap. Her arm rests upon a table on which lie the crown, the royal mantle, and a copy of the Gospels. This picture originally hung in the queen's own apartment, and if not the original of the subject, which Nattier repeated many times, it is certainly a replica which he was expressly commissioned by the queen to execute for her. It is now at Versailles.

'MLLE. DE CLERMONT AS NYMPH OF THE WATERS OF CHANTILLY' PLATE III

MADEMOISELLE DE CLERMONT was the daughter of Louis III. of Bourbon, Prince of Condé, and in the romance called by her name which Madame de Genlis has written, she appears as one of the most picturesque and pathetic figures of her time. She was, according to the novelist, of supreme beauty, great wit, and lovable character. When twenty years old she went to the celebrated watering-place, Chantilly, with her father, and soon won all hearts. Here she fell in love with a young courtier, Louis de Melun, Prince d'Épinay, and, it is reported, was clandestinely married to him. He was, according to the novel, killed in a boar hunt at Chantilly, and Mademoiselle de Clermont remained all her life faithful to his memory. Nattier's portrait of her was painted in 1729, five years after the death of her lover. It now hangs in the Condé Museum, Chantilly. It shows her as the nymph of the waters of Chantilly, seated before the spring and leaning on an urn. On her left a naïad, in a white tunic and violet drapery, pours the mineral water into a crystal cup; on her right is a child holding the serpent of Æsculapius to mark the health-giving quality of the spring. The child's body is relieved against a yellowish-green drapery; and the lady herself is clad in a light tunic, with a thin blue drapery thrown about her shoulders. Behind may be seen the pavilion of Chantilly, with its bit of formal garden, as it was in her time.

'MADAME ÉLISABETH, DUCHESSE DE PARME' PLATE IV

THIS portrait, at Versailles, of Madame Élisabeth, eldest daughter of Louis XV., and twin sister of Madame Henriette, was Nattier's last work. It represents the princess, who by her marriage with the Infante Don Philip of Spain had become Duchess of Parma, in a court dress, seated in a palace. Her gown is white, embroidered with gold, and her long ermine-bordered mantle is covered with fleurs-de-lis. A crown is placed beside her upon a rococo table. The portrait was painted after the early death of the Duchess, the face being copied from one of the artist's former pictures of her.

'MADAME SOPHIE OF FRANCE' PLATE V

THIS picture, at Versailles, is one of the three which Nattier painted in 1747 at Fontevrault, where he had been sent by the king without the knowledge of Marie Leczinska, that he might take the portraits of her daughters there as a surprise to her. Madame Sophie is represented in a white dress embroidered with gold, holding her veil with her right hand. It may be regarded as a companion picture to that of the little Madame Louise, painted at the same time.

'MADAME HENRIETTE OF FRANCE' PLATE VI

THIS picture, now at Versailles, is the finest full-length portrait executed by Nattier, and is especially brilliant in its scheme of color. Madame Henriette, dressed in a gown of rich red brocade patterned with gold leaves, is seated in a gilded chair before a voluminous curtain of blue silk draped across the back of the canvas. With one hand she touches the strings of a bass viol which rests against the stiff folds of her ample skirt, and in the other she holds the bow. Her bodice is embroidered with pearls, white satin bows are on her lace sleeves, and in her powdered hair are delicate pink and pale yellow flowers.

The picture was begun in 1748 and finished six years later — two years after the death of Madame Henriette. Nattier has left a letter regarding this portrait in which he speaks of it as "one of my best works, which I am sure will do me great credit."

'MADAME LOUISE OF FRANCE' PLATE VII

THIS likeness of Madame Louise, the youngest of the daughters of Louis XV., was one of those portraits painted by Nattier at the Abbey of Fontevrault, where the three younger princesses were then being educated. In a letter to the Duchesse de Luynes, the queen, writing of these portraits, says: "The two elder girls have recently grown pretty; but I have never seen anything so charming as the little one. She has such a touching, tender, sad little face, and is almost pathetically sweet and *spirituelle*." As M. de Nolhac has observed, "Nothing could better set forth the charm of Nattier's portrait of the little Madame Louise as a child of eleven than this maternal description of her, so delicately expressed by the queen." The picture is at Versailles.

'LA DUCHESSE D'ORLÉANS AS HEBE' PLATE VIII

THIS portrait of the Duchesse d'Orléans, formerly Madame Louise-Henriette de Bourbon-Conti (whose likeness is also reproduced in Plate IX), represents her as Hebe, the goddess of youth, seated in the clouds. Her dress is white, and a gray-blue drapery is thrown over her knees; a garland of flowers crosses her breast, and flowers are in her powdered hair. In her hand she holds a shell-like goblet, towards which the eagle of Jupiter descends with spread wings. In her other hand is a gilded glass ewer filled with nectar. The picture is now in the National Museum of Stockholm. It is signed "Nattier pinxit, 1744."

‘LOUISE-HENRIETTE DE BOURBON-CONTI’ LATE IX

MADAME LOUISE-HENRIETTE DE BOURBON-CONTI, daughter of Louis Armand II., Duke of Bourbon and Prince of Conti, was married at the age of seventeen to the Duke of Chartres, afterwards Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, and was the mother of Philippe Égalité. She died in 1759, at the age of thirty-three, and we know little about her save that she was witty, sharp-tongued, and one of the most beautiful of the great ladies of Louis XV.'s court. The present likeness, now at Versailles, shows her in a white underdress draped with a blue scarf. Her complexion was dark and vivid, and her hair, when unpowdered, was brown.

‘MADAME ADÉLAÏDE OF FRANCE’ PLATE X

THIS portrait, at Versailles, of Madame Adélaïde, third daughter of Louis XV., represents the princess in a dress of crimson-and-white shot silk covered with embroidered stars. She holds a shuttle and gold thread—“*faisant de la frivolité*” the catalogue says. This may perhaps refer to the then fashionable occupation of “unraveling,” which consisted in disentangling the gold and silver threads from trimmings, laces, epaulettes, and brocaded and embroidered stuffs. The gentlemen were expected to provide the materials for this popular pastime, and the ladies frequently derived goodly sums from the sale of the proceeds. Indeed, so much the rage did this “unraveling” become in the fashionable world of that period that we are told that a gentleman who entered a circle of ladies was in danger of losing “all his gold fringes and laces, nay, even his very coat,” in the eagerness with which his decorations were torn from him.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF NATTIER, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

ENGLAND. **Barnard Castle, Bowes Museum**: Portrait of a Lady; A Lady as Diana—**London, Collection of Alfred Beit, Esq**: La Duchesse d'Orléans as Hebe—**London, Wallace Collection**: Queen Marie Leczinska; A Prince of the House of France (in part by Tocqué); Portrait of a Lady; The Bath; The Countess of Dillières—**Sheffield, Collection of Reginald Vaile, Esq**: The Countess of Neubourg and her Daughter—FRANCE. **Amiens Museum**: Portrait of Gresset; A Young Girl—**Bordeaux Museum**: A Daughter of Louis XV. (unfinished)—**Chantilly, Condé Museum**: Mlle. de Clermont (Plate III); Louise-Henriette de Bourbon-Conti as Hebe; La Princesse de Condé—**Dijon Museum**: Queen Marie Leczinska—**Limoges Museum**: Madame de Pompadour—**Marseilles Museum**: Madame de Châteauroux as ‘Point du jour’—**Nantes Museum**: ‘La Camargo’; Portrait of a Lady—**Orleans Museum**: La Princesse de Conti—**Paris, Louvre**: The Magdalene; A Daughter of Louis XV. as a Vestal Virgin; Madame Adélaïde; Mlle. de Lambesc and the Comte de Brionne; A Knight of Malta—**Perpignon Museum**: Louis XV.—**Tours Museum**: Perseus Showing the Head of Medusa at the Wedding of Phyneus—**Valenciennes Museum**: Le Duc de Boufflers—**Versailles, Palace**:[1] Queen Marie Leczinska (Plate II); Marie-Josephe de Saxe; Madame Adelaide; La Duchesse du Maine; Madame Adelaide (Plate x); Madame Henriette (Plate vi); Madame Élisabeth, Duchesse de Parme (Plate iv); Madame Adélaide as Diana (Plate i); Madame Henriette; Madame Sophie; Madame Louise (Plate vii); Madame Victoire as Hebe; Madame Henriette as Flora; Madame Victoire; L'Archduchesse d'Autriche; Madame Élisabeth in Hunting-costume; Le Duc de Bourgoyne; Madame Sophie as a Vestal Virgin; La Princesse de Tourenne; Madame Henriette; Madame Adélaide; Madame Henriette; Madame Sophie; Madame Louise-Henriette de Bourbon-Conti (Plate ix); Madame Henriette; Madame Sophie (Plate v); Mesdames Adélaide, Victoire, and Sophie; The little Infanta Isabella; Jean-Marc Nattier and his Family (see page 20)—GERMANY. Dresden, Royal Gallery: Marshal Saxe — Frankfort, Städel Institute: Portraits of Jean-Georges Leerse and his Wife — Frankfort, Collection of M. Alexandre Manskopf: Two Portraits — Mayence Museum: La Princesse de Talmont — SPAIN. Madrid, The Prado: A Prince of France; Two Portraits of Mlle. de Berry—SWEDEN. Stockholm, National Museum: La Duchesse d'Orléans as Hebe (Plate viii); La Marquise de l'Opital; La Marquise de Broglie as a Sultana — Stockholm, Von Platen Collection: Madame de Flavacourt as 'Silence'; La Duchesse de Châteauroux; La Princesse de Rohan-Soubise — UNITED STATES. Boston, Art Museum: Portrait of a Lady — Chicago, Art Institue: The Duchess of Montmorency (loaned).

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[1] The titles here given to the portraits at Versailles do not in all cases follow the names in the official catalogue of that gallery; several have been renamed in accord with M. de Nolhac's more correct identifications, published in the ‘Gazette des Beaux-Arts,’ 1895.—Editor.

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A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES
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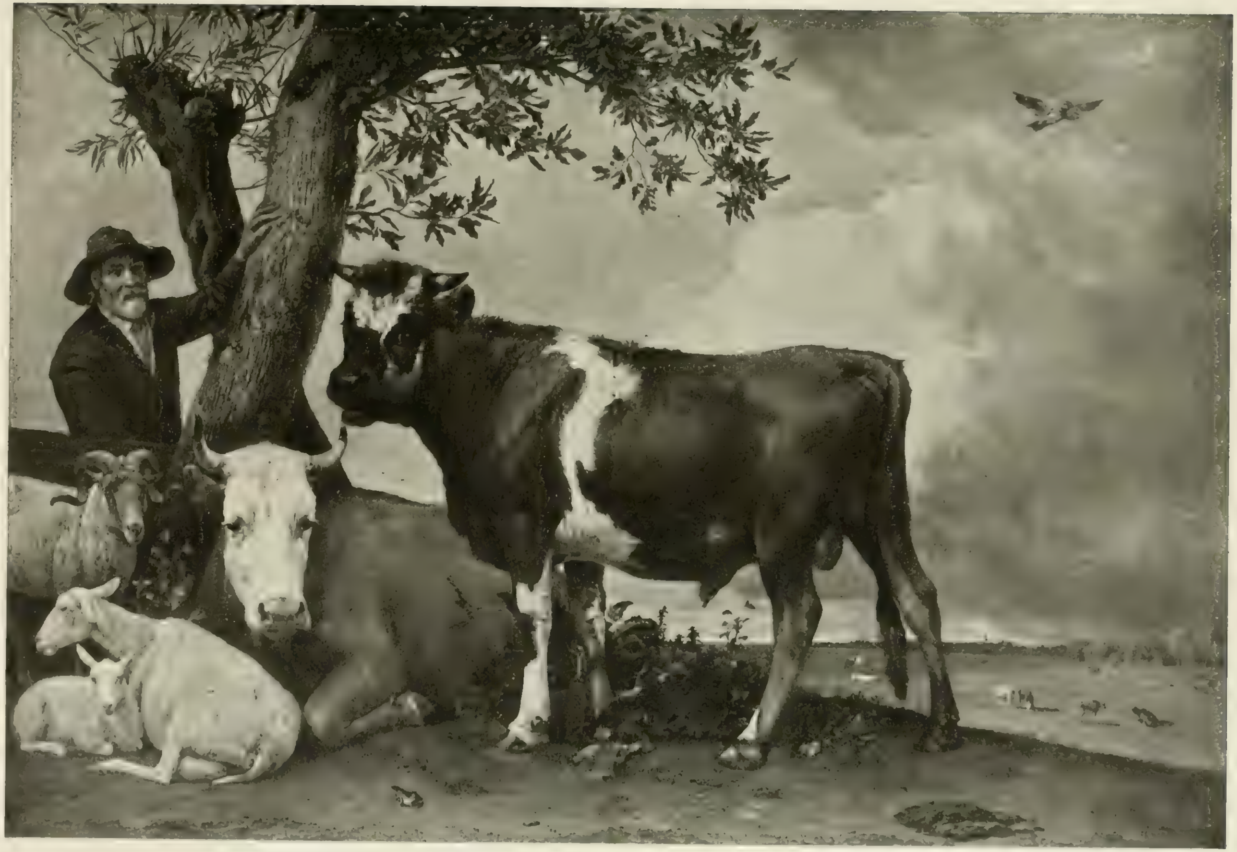
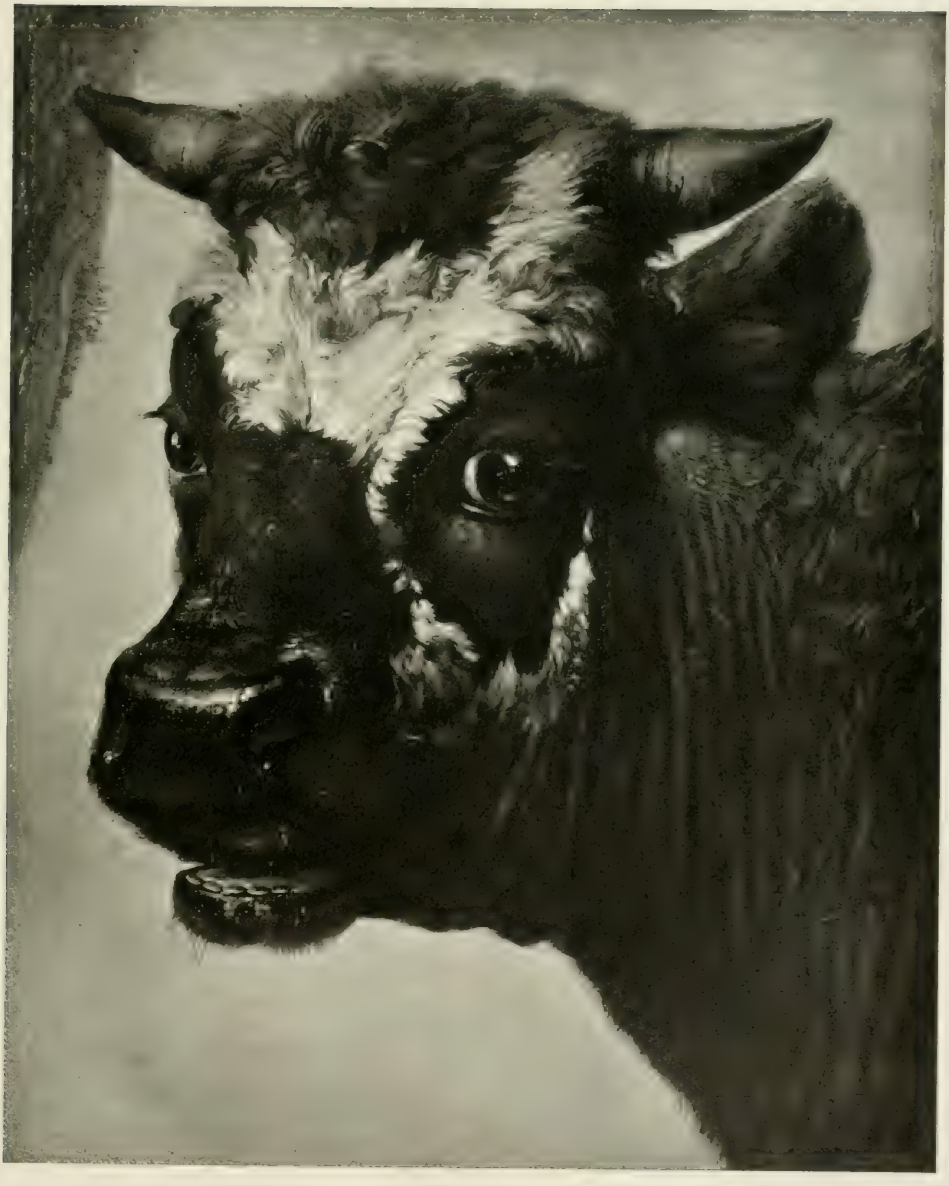


MASTERS IN ART PLATE I
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

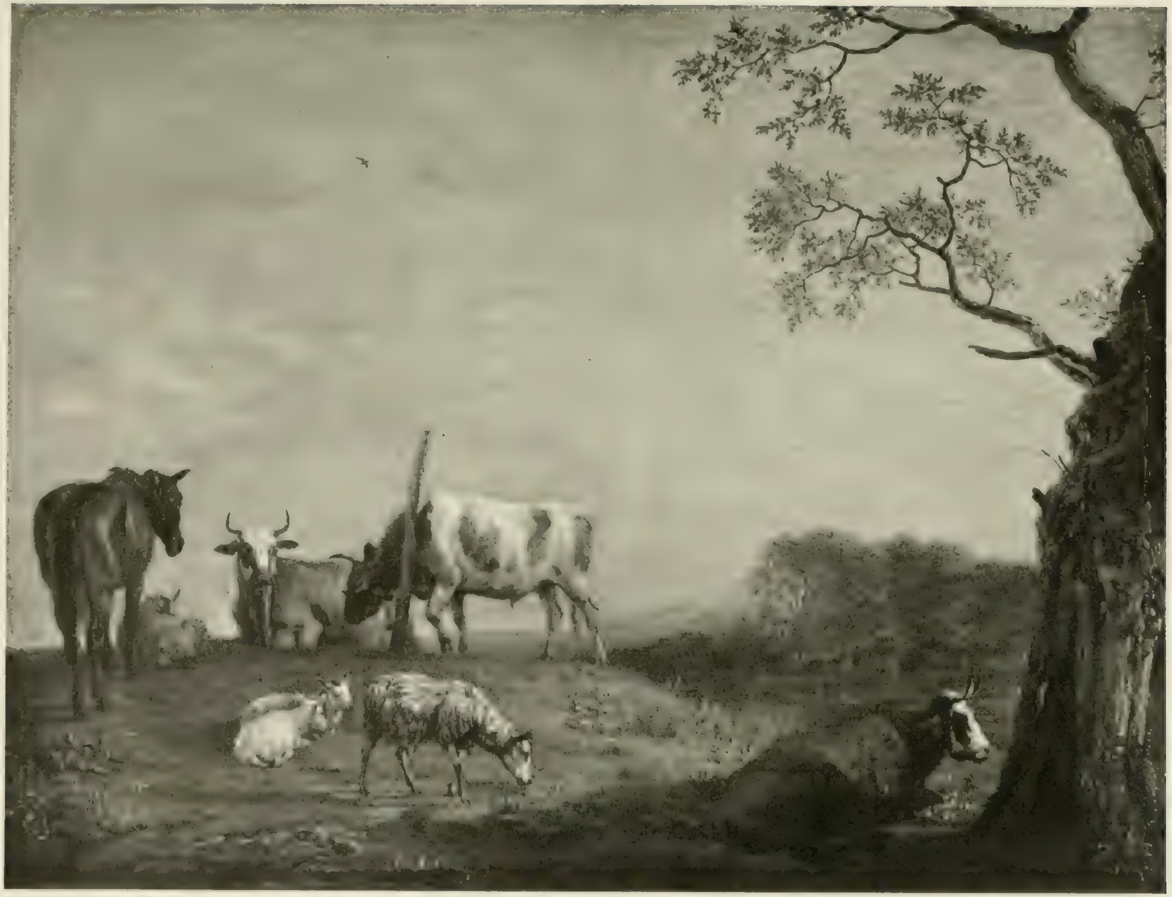
PAUL POTTER
THE YOUNG BULL
GALLERY OF THE HAGUE



MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

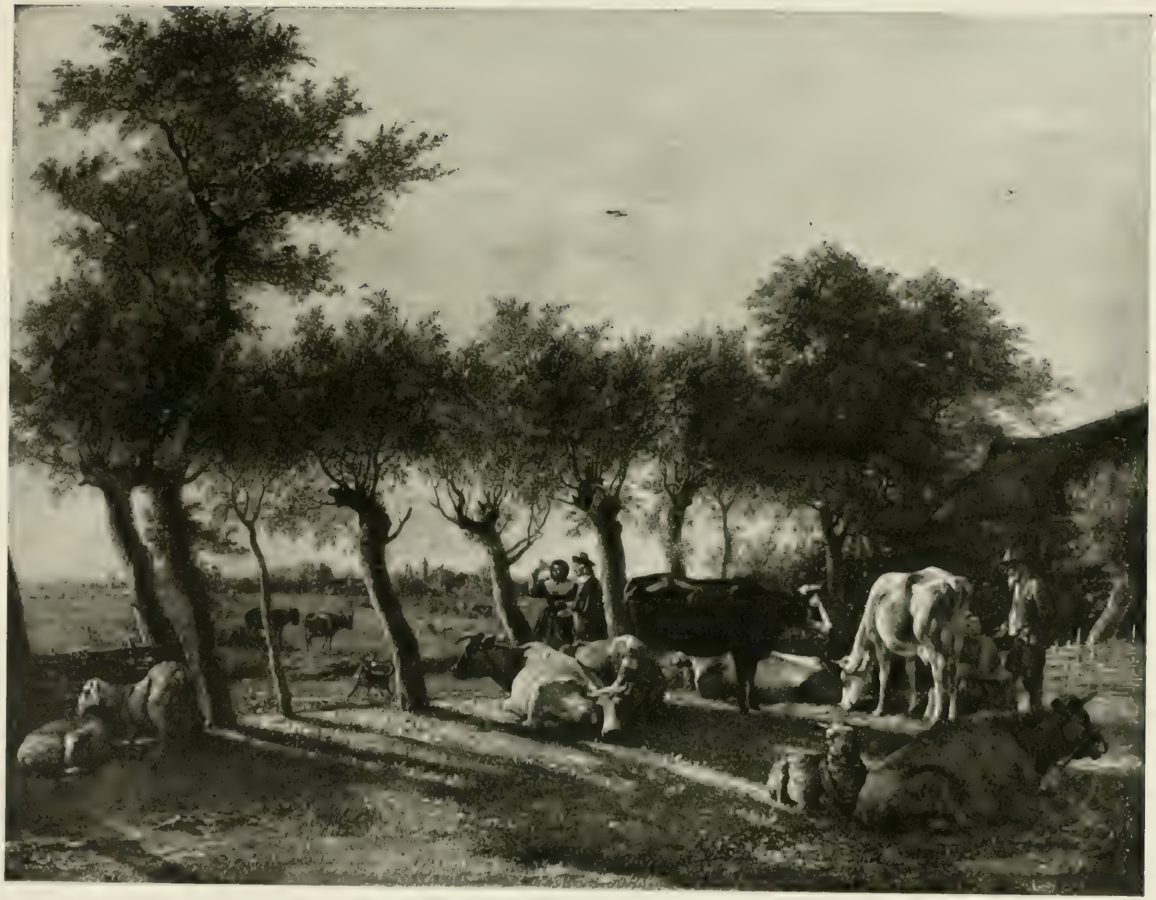
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CIE

PAUL POTTER
THE YOUNG BULL [DETAIL]
GALLERY OF THE HAGUE



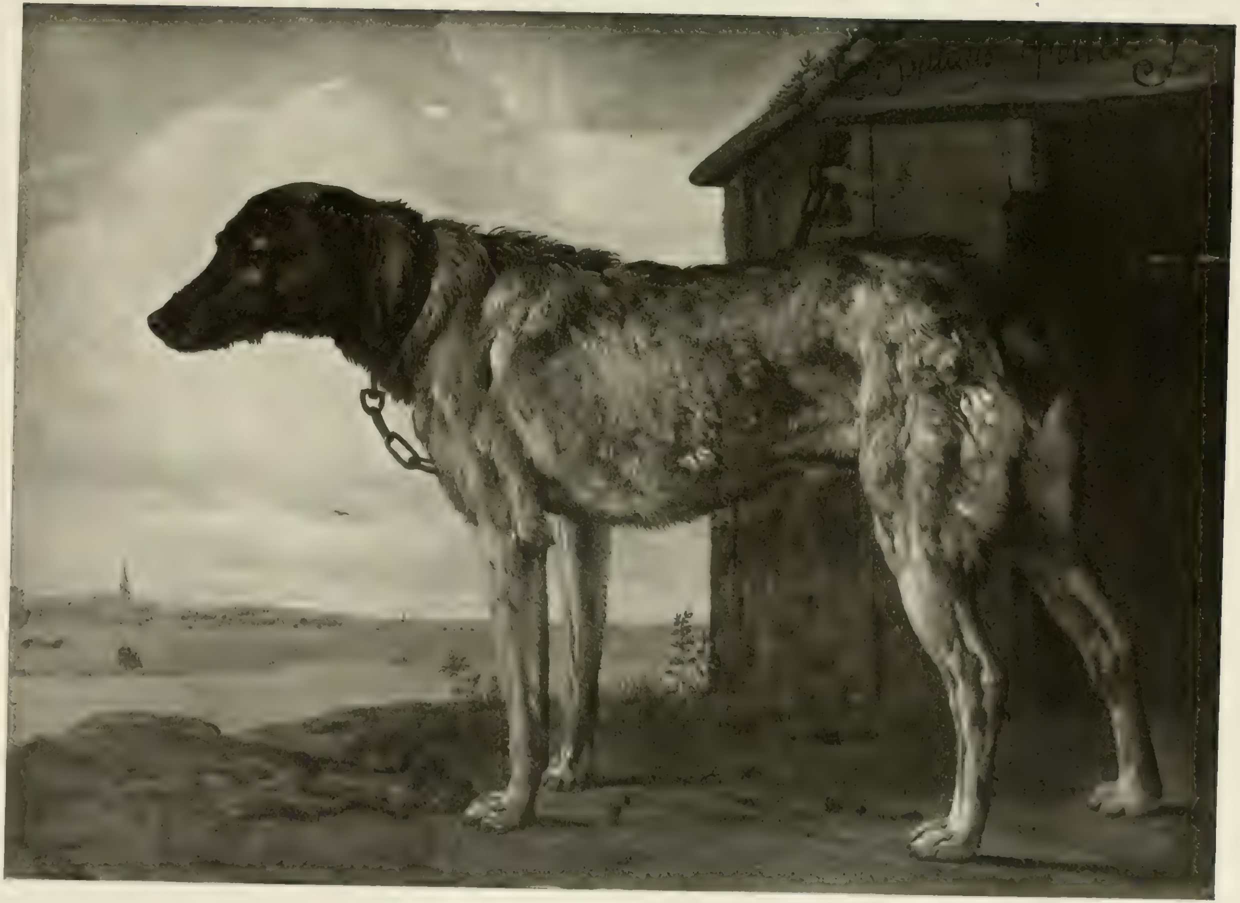
MASTERS IN ART PLATE III
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CIE

PAUL POTTER
ANIMALS IN A PASTURE
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN



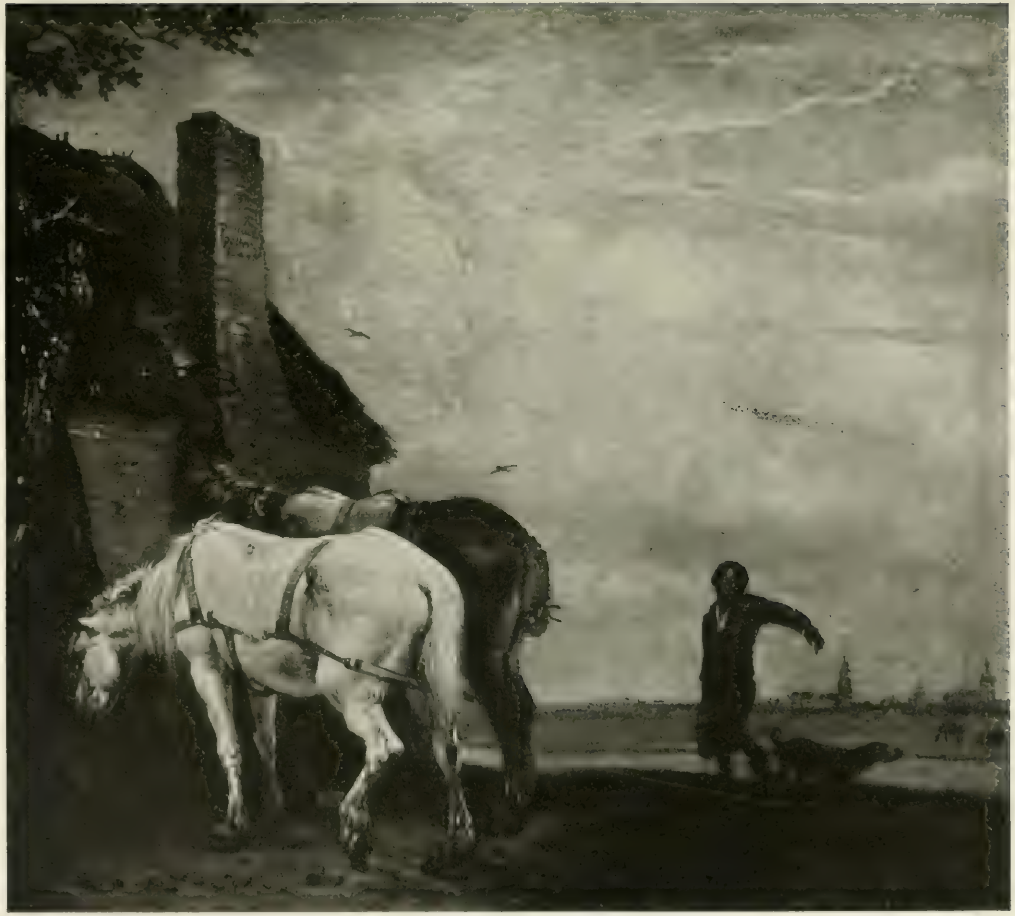
MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CIE

PAUL POTTER
DAIRY-FARM NEAR THE HAGUE
DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S COLLECTION, LONDON



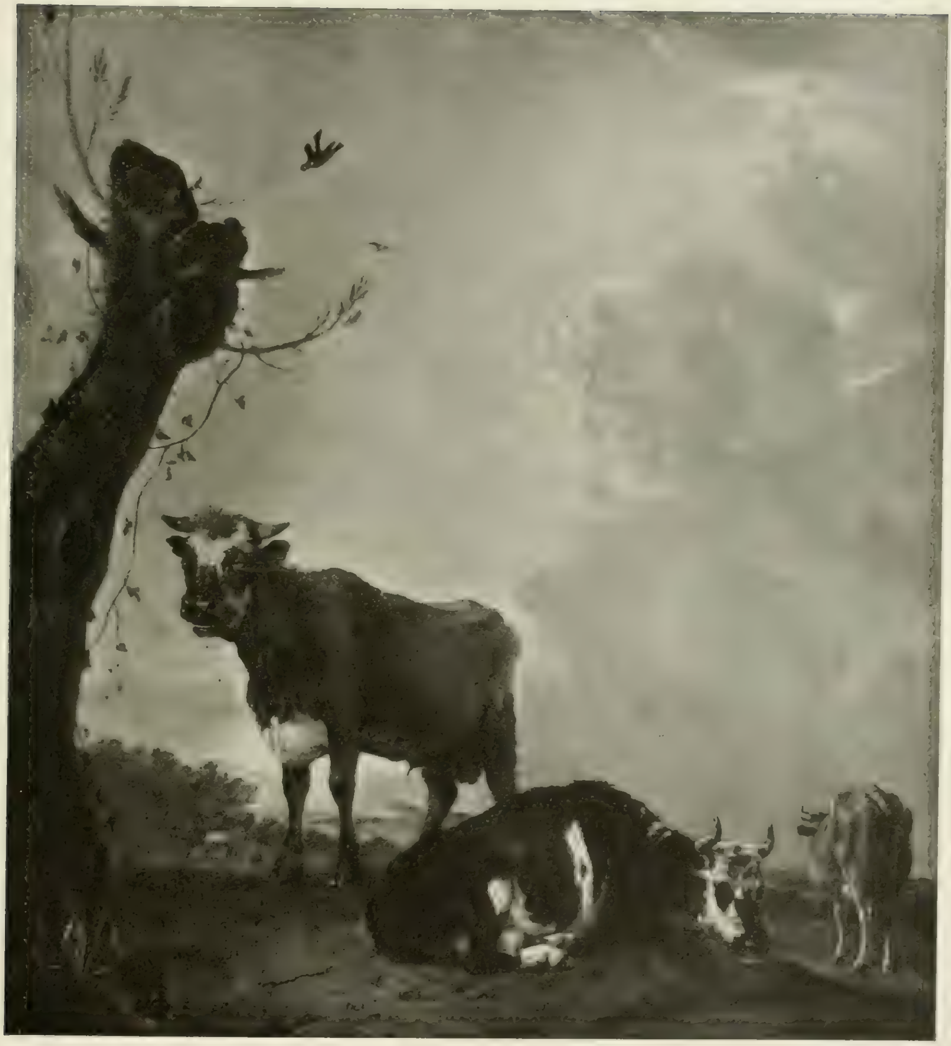
MASTERS IN ART PLATE V
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CIE

PAUL POTTER
THE WOLFHOUND
HERMITAGE GALLERY, ST. PETERSBURG



PAUL POTTER
HORSES AT THE DOOR OF A COTTAGE
LOUVRE, PARIS

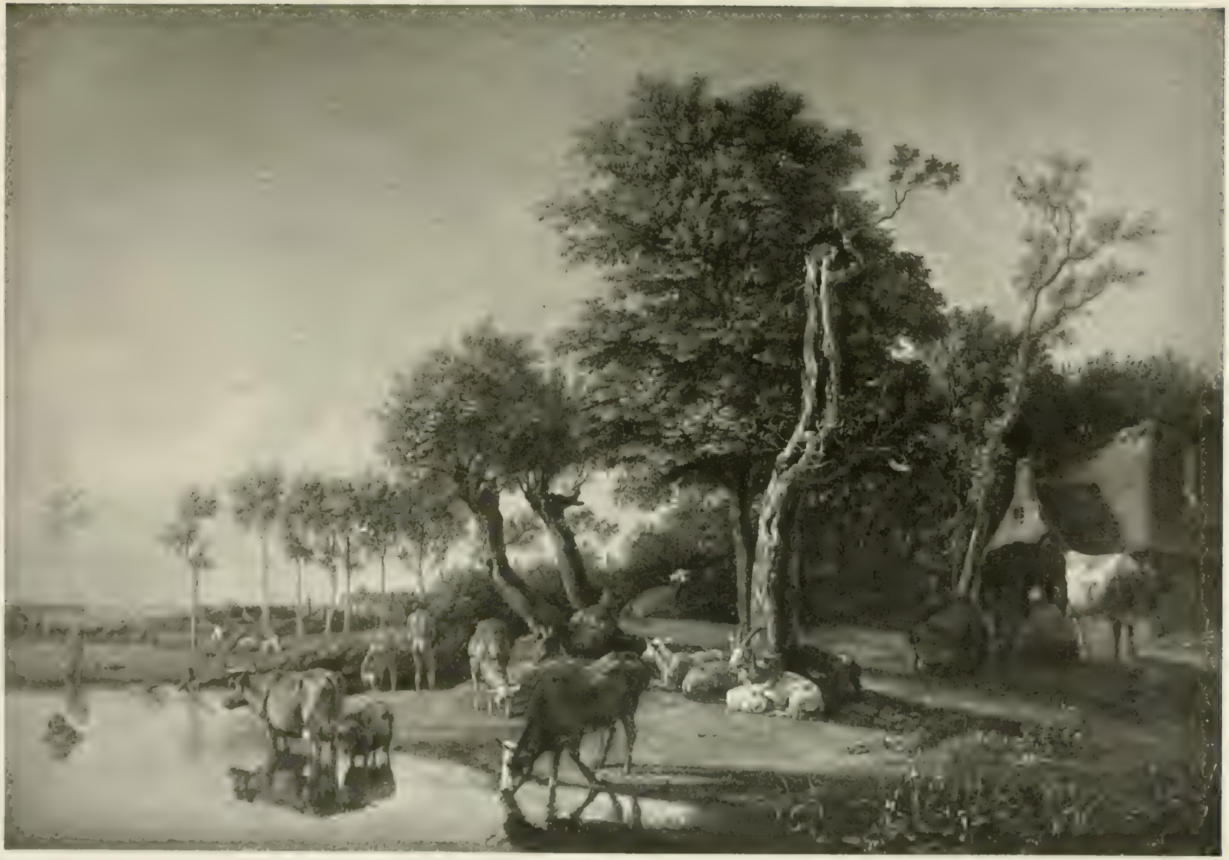
MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO.



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

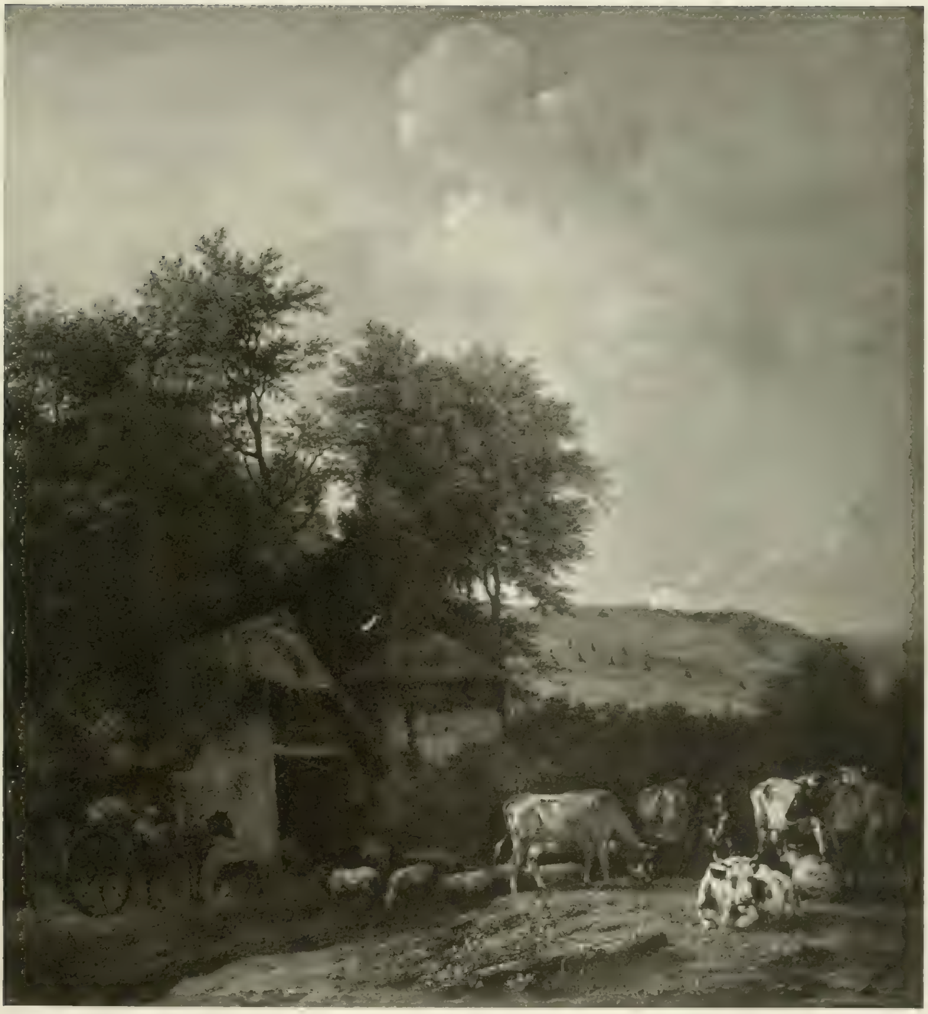
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

PAUL POTTER
A BULL AND TWO COWS
BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

PAUL POTTER
THE COW REFLECTED IN THE STREAM
GALLERY OF THE HAGUE



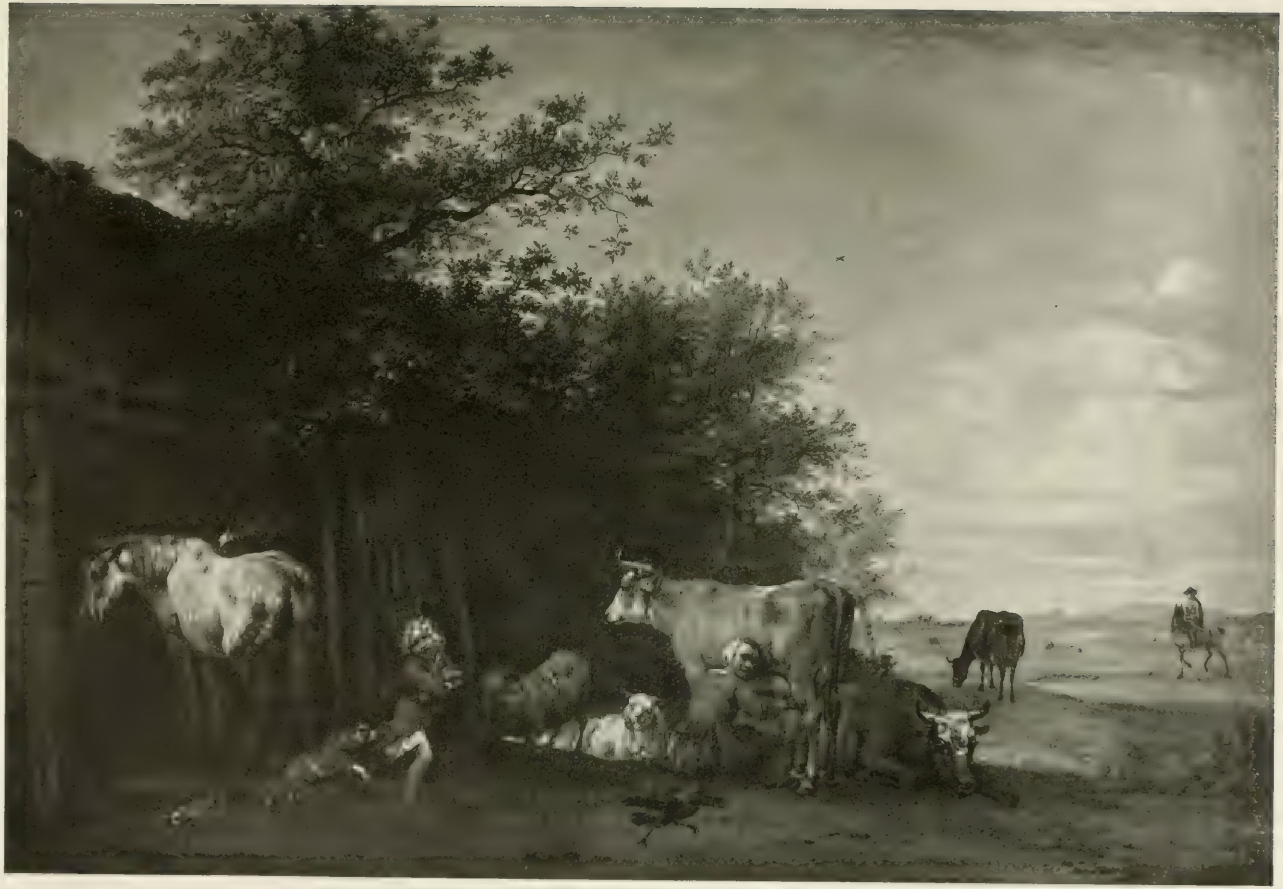
MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CIE

PAUL POTTER

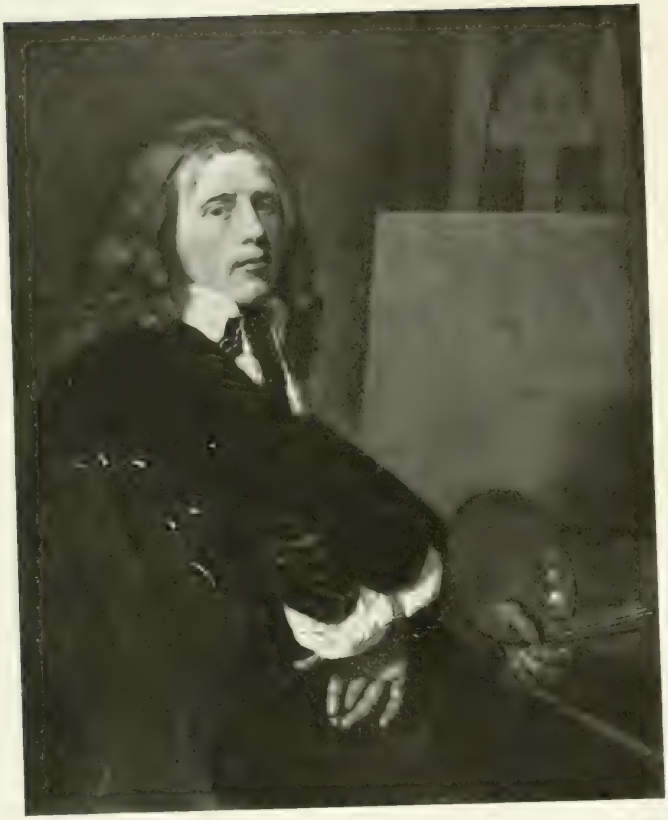
LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE

NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



MASTERS IN ART PLATE X
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CIE

PAUL POTTER
THE YOUNG THIEF
BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON



PORTRAIT OF PAUL POTTER GALLERY OF THE HAGUE

This portrait was painted by Bartholomeus van der Helst in 1654, and as Potter died in January of that year it must have been completed but a few days before his death. It shows the young artist, clad in velvet, with palette and brushes in his hand, looking seriously over his shoulder at the spectator. His long hair is light auburn, his moustache delicate, his lips full and strong, and his expression sensitive and refined The picture is a remarkable work, and it is evident that Van der Helst, though far from an emotional painter, must have been deeply moved by his model — the young and famous artist, who, at the height of his fame, was dying.

Paul Potter

BORN 1625: DIED 1654
DUTCH SCHOOL

FRANK CUNDALL 'LANDSCAPE AND PASTORAL PAINTERS OF HOLLAND'

PAUL POTTER, one of the most successful in his lifetime of any of the Dutch painters, was born at Enkhuizen, in November, 1625. He was christened, on the twentieth of the month, after his maternal grandfather, Pauwels, another form of Paulus; but he uniformly adopted the latter version in his signature. His early studies were directed by his father at Amsterdam, and by Jacob de Weth at Haarlem, as is proved by the latter's entry in his sketch-book: "In the year 1642 P. Potter came to me to learn painting for eight pounds a year." But such, however, were his natural gifts that at the age of fifteen he was, we are told, recognized as an artist.

The environs of Enkhuizen did not, any more than did those of Amsterdam, offer scenes of surpassing beauty. Flat fields, monotonous canals, and poor clumps of trees were not calculated to fire poetic imaginations in a landscape painter; but these same flat fields were peopled with a tribe of robust cattle whose rich brown and golden tints contrasted favorably with the surrounding verdure. That the young Paul conceived at first hand a desire to become the portrayer of these scenes is evident, for he owed it neither to his forerunners nor, in any great degree, to his own father, from whom he only learned the actual technique of his art. He threw himself into his self-allotted task with ardor, and many a careful study he made of ox, cow, horse, sheep, goat, and pig, thus becoming acquainted with their habits and customs, the textures of their coats and the formation of their frames, as well as with the trees and plants by which they were surrounded. So accurately did he study their forms that a writer on the natural history of Holland, writing between 1769 and 1779, did not hesitate to illustrate his work from paintings and sketches by Potter, including geometrical drawings made to demonstrate the proper proportions of cattle.

An etching by Potter of a 'Herdsman,' bearing date 1643, proves that the lad had acquired considerable proficiency as a draughtsman at the early age of eighteen, although as a painter he was but timid, owing to his inability to express the desired effect without painting all he saw. With experience his touch became firmer, and he developed into a bold painter; but, unfortunately, his very facility was against him, and he began to draw cattle the size of life, such as 'The Young Bull,' which oppresses by its magnitude. Soon, however, he returned to better proportions.

For about two years (1646–1648) he resided at Delft, where a number of painters, proficient in all branches of art, were practising at that time, and there several of his best works were executed. On the sixth of August, 1646, he was chosen a member of the Corporation of St. Luke. In 1649 he removed to The Hague, where he was also received in that year into the painters' gild as a "master painter." Two years earlier a Pieter de Potter had been admitted a member; this—the sole record at The Hague of either of them—probably refers to the father or the brother of Paul. At The Hague Potter received much patronage at the hands of Count John Maurice of Nassau, Governor of the Duchy of Cleves, and the Princess Amalia van Solms.

In 1650 Paul fell in love with Adriana, daughter of his friend and neighbor, Claez Dircksz Balckeneijnde, who resided in the Nieuwe Bierkade. Balckeneijnde was an architect of some importance, who had beautified the château of Prince Frederick Henry of Honsholredijk, and the old palace of Noordeinde. In 1636 he was commissioned by the magistrates of The Hague to construct a new building for the use of the Arquebusiers. They conferred on him the title of master builder of the town, and his portrait was included in Van Ravestein's picture of the magistrates deliberating upon this projected building. It is said that Balckeneijnde opposed the union of his daughter with "a painter of animals," remarking that had he been a painter of men it would have been another matter; but in spite of parental objections the marriage took place on the third of July, 1650.

In August of the following year a son was born to the young couple, who was christened Pieter after his paternal grandfather, and as Balckeneijnde stood as his godfather we may assume that the worthy architect was reconciled to have a painter of animals for his son-in-law. Unfortunately, this child lived only a few weeks, and in September was buried in the church of St. James.

Potter was a most assiduous worker. His widow's stepson, writing to Houbraken in later years, told him that he had often heard his mother say that when with difficulty she had persuaded her husband to leave his work for an hour's walk in the country, he was wont to utilize the time in making sketches for his pictures.

His success at The Hague appears to have raised the jealousy of other painters, and it is supposed that these petty annoyances caused him to leave that town in 1652 for Amsterdam. At all events there seems to be no evidence in favor of Argenville's statement that he was driven from the city through doubts of his young wife's fidelity. According to Houbraken he was persuaded to change his residence by one of his most important patrons, Dr. Nicolaas Tulp, a magistrate of Amsterdam, who in the quality of deputy had paid frequent visits to The Hague. A likeness of this Dr. Tulp, who was a great patron of the fine arts, has been handed down to us by Rembrandt's portrait of him in 'The Anatomy Lesson.'

Little is known of the two short years during which Potter resided in the wealthy city of Amsterdam. The dates of his works, however, prove that they were years of ceaseless activity, in spite of the dire complaint, consumption, which then threatened his life. That his fame was at that time spreading beyond the confines of his own country is evident. In 1652 an itinerant French dealer who was collecting pictures for the art-loving Queen Christine of Sweden wrote to her: "I have seen and considered three or four times an easel landscape upon canvas done by a painter named Potter, who swore to me that he had spent five months, without intervals, in perfecting it. It is admired by all the painters, and, to tell the truth, nothing could be more curiously done. There is not the single figure of a cow nor horse nor ram nor sheep, nor a tree nor herb which you are not forced to admire. I took the liberty of offering the painter 300 *frans* for it. He replied that he would sell it for 400, but at that price only that his name might be made known in Sweden. I do assure you that I have never seen a more curious picture. . . . I have begged the painter not to sell it immediately."

Early in 1653, on the second of January, Potter and his wife thought it prudent to make a mutual will, from the terms of which it may be gathered that they were in good circumstances. A few days later they were consoled for the loss of their first child by the birth of a daughter, who was baptized on the twenty-third of January. But their happiness was of short duration, for in less than a twelvemonth from this date Paul Potter had fallen a victim to consumption, and was buried on the seventeenth of January, 1654.

The life of Paul Potter affords a striking contrast to that of many of his countrymen. Rich, successful, patronized by amateurs and recognized by his brother artists, he had everything that a painter could wish for; but a too close application to his art told on a weak constitution, and a short but successful career was terminated when he was little more than twenty-eight years old.

That he worked hard is evident, for during a period of about ten years (his earliest dated picture belongs to the year 1643) he executed about one hundred paintings still known to exist, twenty etchings, and numerous drawings and studies. To these hundred pictures may possibly be added some thirty or forty more of which traces have been lost, but of which mention is made in various sale catalogues of the eighteenth century. A total of about one hundred and thirty or one hundred and forty paintings for a career of ten years seems high, especially when one considers that the first four years of Potter's working life were devoted to the production of studies, and that the work executed in his later years was of a very highly finished character. Of about eighty of his pictures which are dated—a large proportion of his entire works—nearly seven-eighths belong to the period between 1647 and 1654. They are almost invariably signed "Paulus Potter."

The Art of Paul Potter

CHARLES BLANC 'HISTOIRE DES PEINTRES'

"SOME Dutch painters," wrote the Abbé de Lamennais, "have been able to lend the nature they depicted an indefinable accent which touches, moves, and begets reverie. By what mysterious magic do they thus hold us absorbed for hours together in contemplation of subjects which seem most commonplace in nature?—a meadow with a brook flowing through it and a few aged willow trees, a valley traversed by a storm-swelled torrent, the rain-clouds just clearing from a sky lit by the setting sun, a cabin niched at the foot of a naked rock on some deserted strand, beyond which surges the storm-shaken sea, a distant sail bending under the stress of wind. The mysterious magic which can transmute such simple scenes as these is the imagination of the artist, which, communicating itself to you, wakes an answering emotion in your breast. It is, in a word, Art, bearing you upon its puissant wings above the sway of the mere communicating senses. It was because he himself had come to recognize it, that, under the exterior forms of the animals Paul Potter painted, we can discern the individuality of each beast, the manifestation of its characteristic and typical nature."

One hundred years ago such an appreciation as this would not have been understood, or, rather, such ideas would have occurred to no one. The art-lovers of his own day saw in Paul Potter no more than a faithful copyist of nature, truthful even to naïveté, and extremely skilful in rendering what he had cunningly observed. It was reserved for our century to discover the subtler meaning; to recognize in the animals of Potter, as in the landscapes of Ruysdael, I do not know what vague, elusive sentiment.

Every living creature that has received our common gift of life, breathes our common air, and is warmed by our common sun, should, of right, interest us; but between ourselves and these inferior beings we need an interpreter,—some simple soul who, because of his very simplicity, can approach closer to them than we, and by his genius show us their individualities and the differences between them. In a word, a poet or a great painter is needed to thus become spokesman for the dumb and neglected world that lies but one degree beneath man's level, to understand its hidden idioms, and to so translate them that our minds or hearts can read them. We need a Bernardin de Saint Pierre to reveal to us the secret harmonies of nature; a Ruysdael to move us by the sight of a stormy sky and the shudder of great trees tortured by the gale; a Paul Potter to make audible to our grosser ears the voice of common nature in the plaint of lambs and the lowing of kine.

There is no country more favorable as a field for the painter of animals than Holland; none more fruitful in beautiful and picture-making models. The humidity of the climate makes the land one great fertile grazing-ground of tender green, over which wander numberless flocks and herds, the colors of their hides and skins, mottled with contrasting and harmonious tones, showing vivid and warm against the verdant background. In no other land are the colors of the cattle so rich and various. It seems as if nature, in this level country, overshadowed by a sky which is almost always sad and gray, had thus in a measure compensated for the monotony of the land itself. Potter had to do no more than to stray about the environs of The Hague to find models ready made to his hand; and apparently the first which met his eye seemed to him beautiful enough to paint, could he but faithfully copy them in the simplicity of their noonday repose.

An ardent devotee of his art, he seems never to have gone abroad without a sketch-book in which he jotted down the outlines of every object which struck his attention,—tree, weed, fence, hedge, or shepherd. As for the animals themselves, although he did not commonly seek to portray their more active movements, as did Berghem, he drew them with the most scrupulous care and in all imaginable attitudes, from simple profile to most difficult foreshortenings. He was fond of drawing cows at such a view as should contrast their rounded outlines with the characteristic square projection of their hip-bones, and added the figures of sheep and goats to his groups of cattle that he might gain an agreeable contrast of outlines; though it was his liking to make some cow or some great motionless bull raising his horned head above the herd—the stupid king of the pasture—the dominant figure. What intelligent attention, what patience, what love, he brought to the rendering of the least details! None, howsoever minute, escaped him, down to the individual bend of each horn, the various shapes of the ears, and the movement of the eyelids, upon which the degree of kindliness or fierceness of expression depends.

These beautiful sketches, fully finished and most exact in drawing, were however merely studies for compositions; though Potter conceived a "composition" so simply that he had often but to add a background to his sketch to transform it into a picture. In his studio at home he diligently continued the work. He introduced into the foreground some large plants, also studied from nature, and completed his composition by adding perhaps an old knotted and bent willow trunk, transferred direct from note-book to picture, or a small house or shed, copied faithfully in its least details down to the cracks in the wall or the smoke from the roof. Thus, in a studio full of visitors, and amid the noise of conversation, he finished the many charming works which for over two hundred years have held places of honor in the greatest galleries, a delight to the amateurs who have owned them, which have made the reputation of the engravers who have reproduced them, and the fortunes of the dealers who have bought them to sell again and again, and always at increased prices.

There is a pretty wood which lies adjacent to the city of The Hague, in which the Prince of Orange built a little pleasure-palace called "The House in the Wood." This was one of Paul Potter's favorite haunts. He has depicted scenes from it in many of his pictures—some of these, indeed, contrary to his usual habit, being almost pure landscapes, in which the animals and figures are but accessories. In general, however, Potter's backgrounds are the least excellent parts in his pictures; and many critics have taken a malicious pleasure in pointing out their monotony. But to reproach one who was primarily a painter of animals with such a shortcoming seems unjust. True, Potter had not the spiritedness and imagination of Berghem, and did not, like the latter, illuminate his landscapes by capricious and shifting beams of sunlight, nor make them picturesque with the romantic ruins of ancient castles; but on the other hand he was more natural, and more truly Dutch. Brought up amid these monotonous prairies, which he never quitted to travel abroad, Potter made no attempt to borrow from Italy that warm lighting which vivifies so many of Berghem's noble landscapes. He painted only what he knew,—the gray, heavy skies and the flat sweep of the Dutch plains; and these he reproduced faithfully, adding nothing, attempting neither to embellish them nor to charge them with meaning.

Moreover, nothing better suited his chosen subjects than this type of natural scene. The somber sky served as an admirable foil to relieve the creamy fleeces and variegated coats of the animals which took first place in his compositions. Indeed, it seems as if through fear of a divided interest, or to weld the whole into a closer unity, he sometimes intentionally slighted his landscape backgrounds. At any rate, they often possess less interest than they would have in nature; and as to foreground, he frequently contented himself with adding a thistle or two, a dead branch, and a few field flowers. With Berghem, the whole landscape is in movement; it shines and changes and is as animated as are the animals it enframes; but with Potter the landscape is a secondary consideration; he sacrificed all the rest of nature for the benefit of his herd.

Sunlight is not always, nay, not even usually, absent from his pictures. He preferred to lay his scene in that time of day (no fanciful or uncommon hour indeed, for there was no fantasy in his nature) when the sun is wont to first show itself in Holland. Covered with clouds during the morning, it does not usually shine out until about four in the afternoon, after which it illumines the land until sundown. At this hour the light comes from just above the horizon and rakes the plains in long beams, enlivening each object, throwing it into relief by a long shadow, and warming and enriching the colors of the animals. The sky is still overcast and gray, a neutral expanse which serves to enhance the foreground, unless, by chance, an occasional lowering cloud catches the light. For fear that even such a dull overhead sky should divert the attention which he wished to have centered upon his animals, Potter, with notable exceptions, painted it rather thickly, sometimes almost "woollily," rather than to allow it to detract in the least from the vivid hides of his bulls, the soft fleece of his sheep, and the shining skins of his goats.

In 1652, for some reason, Paul Potter quitted The Hague for Amsterdam, which was then the residence of the greatest painters of Holland, and apparently the sight of their splendid achievements made a deep impression on him. At any rate, it is certain that he made at least one attempt to enlarge his manner, to use canvases of larger proportions—in a word, to elevate his charming pastorals to the rank of historical paintings. This was doubly an error. Cattle shown at life-size in a picture cannot interest us; they cannot possibly support the comparison with nature itself. To make such colossal dimensions tolerable we require some subject of special charm and poetry which admits of strange effects of light and of dramatic interest. Potter forgot that if a picture but two or three feet square could exercise its full charm it would be fatal to enlarge it to five or six times that area, and his great 'Bull' does not deserve the immense celebrity which it has acquired. The eye is shocked by the unnecessary and unlooked-for dimensions; and his precise manner, admirable in smaller works, seems here insufficient and cold.

But if he did not succeed in paintings upon so large a scale, what energy, sentiment, and perfection we find in Potter's works of smaller dimensions which were better suited to the simplicity of his subjects and which display to highest advantage all the delicate precision of his brush, and—dare I say? —all his emotional tenderness. Surely there is no one who, seeing these pictures, which for two hundred years have been telling us, in paint and color, the story of these dumb patient servants of mankind—surely there is none, I say, who has not admired, and been struck at first glance by their exact truth and their simplicity. But, on the other hand, how many have stood before them without seeing anything more; without experiencing any other emotion than mere admiring wonder; without, in a word, understanding the underlying sentiment that abides in them. Yet, for my own part, I have no hesitation in saying that to me the poetry of genius is as present in these peaceful compositions as in the larger works wherein others have depicted the achievements of heroes.

One distinguished appreciator has said of Paul Potter's animals: "Other artists have painted cows, cattle and sheep, drawn and colored them well, but he alone seems to have seized their expressions, their instincts, their individualities—in a word, what serves them as a soul." We admire the flocks of Berghem, Van de Velde, and Karel Dujardin, but those of Paul Potter move us. Should we rank the painters of Holland purely according to their picturesque or picture-making achievements we could not set Potter among the first; but within his own domain he is the master of them all. None other came so close to truth. Not only did he know his animals thoroughly in their anatomies, their habits, and their instincts, but none other ever so exactly observed and recognized those exterior appearances which their characters impress upon them, or the various movements and postures which betray the agitation or calm of their simple natures. How vividly he makes us feel the strength and construction of his great bulls! Yet he never obtains this effect of solidity and mass at the expense of fine detail. With the exception of the sky and background he sacrificed nothing which might for a moment retain the curiosity or attention. The star-shaped spot where the hair parts on the forehead of the cow, how it grows about the beginning of the horns, how it lies sleek upon the dewlaps and with what a different sleekness it lies along the shoulder, how it bristles along the backbone, how it is disordered where the animal has licked itself, or upon the belly where it has lain, or where it has scratched itself against a tree,—such least accidents of coat or hide are expressed with scrupulous accuracy. The wool of the sheep, the fine fleece of the young lamb, are rendered by different handlings of the brush. He does not even forget to paint the bits of stick and wisps of straw which cling to the haunches of the sheep that has been lying down in the farmyard. In a word, to that exactness of ensemble which characterizes the race he added those exact details of expression or habit which give character to each individual beast; and because of this he stands easily preëminent among all the painters of *animals*.

It sometimes seems as if the love of natural life were strongest in those who are predestined to an early death. Like Van de Velde, who loved his land so greatly, Potter bore in his breast the germs of a premature death. It is said that he wore out his health in excessive toil, working, indeed, as his biographer writes, "without rest all day and by the lamp far into the night." He spent the long winter evenings in etching the studies which had served their purpose for his paintings; and never went about without his sketchbook. But this continued application, of which his family and friends complained, and which they regarded as the cause of his death, was demanded of him by an imperious urging of his nature. It would almost appear as though certain foredoomed beings had some undefined warning which drove them to devour the hours allotted to them in desperate haste to accomplish their task before it shall be cut short—to crowd the whole of life into a half. It was thus with this great painter of the humble herds and fields. Paul Potter died before attaining his thirtieth year. Two centuries have elapsed, yet his pictures have, year by year, steadily increased in value; even poor, worn copies of his etchings fetch remarkable sums. It is right that his works should be thus prized; for in the least of them we may trace the qualities that made Paul Potter great,—his profound knowledge, his love for exact truth, his search for accuracy of line even at the risk of hardness, his naïveté, his sentiment, nay, even something of his tenderness. . . .

The beasts of the fields of Holland have given Paul Potter an immortal name; and he in his turn has taken them under the protection of his genius. Never before did animals occupy the first place in the creations of a painter, nor serve as the main subjects of a picture. Since the time of the Renaissance at least no one had dared to import them with such authority into art. Yet it is by right that they enlist the services of the greatest geniuses. There is a profound truth, as yet not fully recognized, in the words of Michelet: "The tree which has weathered all seasons, the bird which has looked down upon all lands, have we nothing to learn from them? Does not the eagle read what we cannot in the sun, and the owl in the night darkness? And the solemn kine, so passive under the shade of the great oak, is there no thought in those long reveries of theirs?"—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

F. T. KUGLER 'HANDBOOK OF PAINTING'

OF the masters who have striven preëminently after truth, Paul Potter is, beyond all question, one of the greatest that ever lived. He acquired a correctness of drawing, a kind of modeling which imparts an almost plastic effect to his animals, an extraordinary execution of detail in the most solid impastos, and a truth of coloring which harmonizes astonishingly with the hour of the day. In his landscapes, which generally consist of a few willows in the foreground and of a wide view over meadows, the most delicate gradation of aërial perspective is seen. But there was very little poetry in his soul. He was an excellent craftsman, but cannot be ranked high as an *artist*.

ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE 'HISTOIRE POPULAIRE DE LA PEINTURE'

THE Dutch masters of the seventeenth century lavished all their genius upon the simple things of the earth,—those men or animals which serve her mutely and ingloriously, yet not without a high though silent mission. The painters of Holland loved these simple subjects so intensely that they gave them grandeur through simplicity, and style through careful and detailed attention. Among them all, Paul Potter best exemplifies this intensity of attention focused upon a limited field. There is something of the same pathos in his achievement that there is in that of Ruysdael. Potter, the stricken consumptive, loved the fields and the beasts of the fields as deeply and touchingly as the poverty-stricken Ruysdael loved the ungrateful dunes, the ruined cemeteries, and the wind-shaken seas of his native land.

The great, flat, verdant plains of Holland commence at the end of each village street, and stretch away under an unchanging sky to the horizon, only dotted here and there with groups of animals, black, white, and red, that move so leisurely as to seem almost motionless. Occasionally we catch sight of a splendid black-and-white spotted cow, which, having considered the pro and con of the question, bends her knees and slowly sinks down upon her flank; but we may be sure that she will rest there immovable quite long enough for Paul Potter to sketch her. At the horizon the plain is bordered by a line of trees so picturesque in outline that the greatest "composer" would hesitate to change it, their darker verdure contrasting with the fresh green of the grass. The sun, veiled by thin gray clouds, sheds its pallid rays in fanlike beams upon the plain. Such is the country that Paul Potter painted, or, if you like the expression better, imitated; for his exquisite care for detail, the quality which has displeased many critics of his celebrated 'Bull' at The Hague, seems to me the very reason of his artistic being, the key to his genius.

These critics say that this picture is an almost puerile piece of deception, depicted hair by hair, and flock of wool by flock of wool. One of the primitive jeweler-painters could not have chiseled the frog more exactly, or better imitated the tufts of herb, the bark of the tree, the horns of the ram, the wet pink muzzles of the sheep, or the beard of the cowherd. All is executed with the patience of a jeweler, careful, detailed, and loving, not only in those parts of the picture which are in the immediate foreground, but even to the least objects of the distance. The woodpecker in the sky, the farm hidden among the trees, and all the far-lying plain are executed with the same fine precision.

If, however, one took account of these details only one would not understand the picture at all; but, on the other hand, if one did not take account of them one would lose still more. To completely understand the work it is needful both to feel and to forget them; for the picture attains its extreme and moving force only through its extreme care in detail.

The pale and consumptive youth, evidently predestined to a premature grave, whose portrait Van der Helst has given us, is he who accomplished this robust work. Though he labored constantly and ardently, he seems to have felt none of that restless fever which has urged so many other stricken geniuses frantically to crowd each moment of their lives because it is to be so brief. On the contrary, Paul Potter worked slowly, patiently, and tenderly. To his loving eye the plains of Holland discovered all the hidden treasures of their deceptive monotony; and detail by detail, with such infinite patience as you may see exhibited in the primitive pictures of St. Luke depicting the Virgin, his patient pencil traced, line by line, the great portrait of Fecundity. —ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

PAUL CHÉRON 'GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS': 1875

CONSCIENCE, sincerity, true solidity, at the expense of brilliancy and cleverness—these are the dominant qualities of Potter's talent. Who ever better rendered the sharp bony hips of cows, the barrel-like swell of their bellies, or the placid, wondering vacuity of their expressions? He seems never to have striven after the tricky effects and dexterities of mere execution. His manner was uniform, monotonous, sometimes indeed heavy; but closer examination discovers fundamental seriousness, perfect naturalness, quick and thorough comprehension, and conscientious patience. He supplemented the greatest exactness of observation by the sincerest painstaking labor.—FROM THE FRENCH

A. VON WURZBACH 'PAULUS POTTER'

PAUL POTTER painted repeatedly the flat Dutch plain across which in the far distance is seen a little farm and occasionally the steeple of a church. Sometimes he chose a forest as a background, and painted the trees in a peculiar emerald-green hue in which the lack of light and shade is even more striking than in the flat plains. It should be remembered, however, that Potter did not attempt to expend his strength upon the painting of any landscape, but concentrated all his powers upon the psychological representation of animals; and in this respect he is incomparable. He understood the character of the bull, the sheep, and the pig, and interpreted it with a truth and fidelity to nature that has scarcely been equaled by the greatest portraitists in their rendering of the human physiognomy.

The frequent repetition of his motives and groups, however, betrays the same poverty of invention that is noticeable in his landscapes; but this failing becomes apparent only upon close study of his works, and then only when he is compared—and he can justly claim such comparison—with the inexhaustible genius of a Rubens, a Rembrandt, a Jan Steen, and an Ostade.—FROM THE GERMAN

JOHN C. VAN DYKE 'PAUL POTTER'

PAUL POTTER was an inspiration rather than a consummation. He could draw a cow, a tree, a rock, a leaf, with harsh exactness, and he could paint them with a rasping, wiry brush; but he could not put them together and make a picture of them. He did not understand subordination, atmosphere, values, or picture planes. His compositions begin anywhere, and ramble indefinitely so long as there is canvas; they are illuminated by a light that comes from no point in particular; and their coloring is lacking in unity, depth, richness, and transparency. This was the result of an insufficient education, which he was striving to better with unwearying patience and industry when his life was suddenly cut short. What he might have done had he been spared can hardly be considered; what he achieved under adverse circumstances, together with the noble patience and candid spirit of his achievement, cannot be too highly praised. If we regard his work as the study of a young man devoted to the realistic portrayal of character in landscape and cattle, we shall find much to admire; if we regard his work as final pictorial accomplishment, we shall not escape disappointment.

ÉMILE MONTÉGUT 'LES PAYS-BAS'

THE best judgment that I have ever heard or read upon Paul Potter was given to me in speaking of his famous 'Young Bull,' by a pastor of a church in Rotterdam. My impressions of the picture are so exactly in accord with this judgment that I cannot do better than to transcribe it here, as nearly word for word as I can remember.

"To my thinking," said this gentleman, "Paul Potter's great 'Bull' is one of the finest works that Dutch painting has created. In it Potter has done more than produce a fine painting of a number of animals; indeed he has written the true idyl of Holland. He has expressed the deep, attentive, delicate, almost maternal affection of the Dutch peasant for his beasts."

"An idyl of Holland," that is what Paul Potter's work is, and therein lies its greatness. My friend was right, and his judgment will be confirmed by any attentive spectator of the picture. Potter attempted to sum up in it, and *has* summed up, indeed, the poetry of the agricultural life which holds so large a place in the economic history of the Dutch people, and to which the greater part in the development of their prosperity is due. At the time when he painted the 'Bull' this agricultural life was at its height. Dutch energy and ingeniousness were concentrated upon agriculture. Referring to dates, I find that it was painted about 1646 or 1647; that is to say, before the

Peace of Westphalia and just before the famous Congress of Münster, which Ter Borch has depicted in his celebrated work of that name. In other words, the 'Bull' was painted just before the time when Holland was to display that remarkable revival of activity which continued for more than three-quarters of the century and made her the leader of central Europe in trade. In this memorable work, then, Paul Potter expressed what was, at the moment, the principal life, spirit, and activity of his land.

Rembrandt in the 'Night Watch' did for the civil life of Holland what Paul Potter did in the 'Bull' for its rustic life; and both pictures are, despite their appearance of vulgar reality, works of the highest patriotic importance. What Rembrandt expressed in the 'Night Watch' was the ecstasy of liberty, the burning fervor of men still in the honeymoon of independence. What Paul Potter expressed in the 'Bull' is the happiness, less fervid but still deeper seated, which the freeholder of the soil, the man without the badge of servitude, experiences in seeing crops spring and flourish through his efforts, and flocks and herds multiply under his care. In these two works, then, is set forth the whole life of the little Republic; each complements and supplements the other.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

M. F. REISET 'GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS': 1878

PAUL POTTER took account of every detail. He left nothing to chance, and seems to have consulted and keenly observed the nature before him for each stroke of his brush. Nor was he content when he had attained exactness of exterior form. He seems even to have tried to catch the character, if I may so express myself, of each animal he painted. If, as an eminent artist has said, "drawing is the honesty of art," Potter was one of the most upright of artists, for none ever drew with greater precision, conscientiousness, or success.—FROM THE FRENCH

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN 'LES MAÎTRES D'AUTREFOIS'

'THE Anatomy Lesson,' the 'Night Watch,' and Paul Potter's 'Young Bull' are the most celebrated things in Holland. To the last the Gallery of The Hague owes a great part of the interest it inspires.

'The Young Bull' is not priced. Estimating it according to the present value of the artist's other works, there is no doubt that in a European auction it would fetch a fabulous sum. Then is it a beautiful picture? By no means. Does it deserve the importance attached to it? Incontestably. Then is Paul Potter a very great painter? Very great. Does it follow that he really does paint as well as is commonly supposed? Not exactly. That is a misapprehension that it will be well to dissipate.

On the day when this imaginary auction of which I speak opened, and consequently when every one had the right to discuss freely the merits of this famous work, if any one had dared to let the truth be heard he would have spoken very nearly as follows: "The reputation of the picture is greatly exaggerated and at the same time perfectly legitimate. It is erroneously considered an incomparable specimen of painting. People think it is an example to be followed, a model to be copied, one in which ignorant generations may learn the technical secrets of their art. In that again they deceive themselves entirely. The work is ugly and ill-conceived, and the painting is monotonous, thick, heavy, dull, and dry. The arrangement is poor. Unity is lacking in the composition, which begins no one knows where, does not end anywhere, receives light without being illuminated, escapes on every side and runs out of the frame—so exactly like flowered chintz does the picture seem to be painted. The space is too crowded without being occupied. Neither the lines, nor the color, nor the distribution of the effects, give it even those first conditions of existence which are essential to any fairly well-arranged work. The animals are ridiculous in their size. The painting of the fawn-colored cow with the white head is very hard. The ewe and the ram seem modeled in plaster. As for the cowherd, nothing can be said in defense of him. Only two portions of this picture seem to be intended for our notice,—the wide expanse of sky and the enormous bull. The cloud is well in place and is lighted where it should be; it is also properly tinted according to the demands of the principal object, its purpose being to serve as a relief to the bull. With a wise understanding of the law of contrasts the painter has beautifully graded the light tints and the deeper shadings of the animal, and has opposed the darkest parts to the light portion of the sky. But this is hardly a merit, considering the simplicity of the problem. The rest is merely a surplus that might be cut away without regret, and indeed to the great advantage of the picture." This would be a brutal criticism but an exact one. And yet public opinion, less punctilious or more clear-sighted, would say that the signature was well worth the price.

Public opinion never goes entirely astray. By uncertain roads, often by those not most happily chosen, it arrives definitely at the expression of a true sentiment. The reasons given are not always good, but there are always other reasons that justify the expression. It is deceived regarding qualities, sometimes mistaking faults for excellences; it estimates a man for his manner—in reality the least of all his merits; it believes that a painter paints well merely because he paints minutely. What is astonishing in Paul Potter is the imitation of objects carried to the point of eccentricity. People do not know, or do not notice, that in such a case the soul of the painter is of more worth than the work, and that his manner of feeling is of infinitely greater importance than the result.

When he painted the 'Young Bull' in 1647, Paul Potter was not twenty-three years of age. He was a very young man; to judge by the average young man of twenty-two years, a child. To what school did he belong? To none. Had he any masters? We know of no other teachers than his father, Pieter Simonsz Potter, an obscure painter, and Jacob de Weth, of Haarlem, who had no force to influence a pupil either for good or evil. Paul Potter then found around his cradle, and afterwards in the studio of his second master, nothing but the most rudimentary instruction. Strange to say, the pupil needed nothing more. The greater part of his life was passed in the focus of the most active, the most inspiring, and the richest art that the world had ever known, except during the preceding century in Italy. Masters were not lacking; the choice was only too embarrassing. The greatest of all, the most illustrious, Rembrandt, had already produced the 'Night Watch.'

But what of Paul Potter? How did he isolate himself in the heart of this rich and swarming school, where practical ability was great, talent universal, styles somewhat similar, and yet the methods of feeling very individual? Had he any fellow-pupils? We do not hear of them. His friends are unknown. It is the utmost we can do to be sure of the exact year of his birth. He reveals himself early, signing a charming etching at fourteen; at twenty-two he is ignorant on many points, but on others his maturity is unexampled. He labored and produced work upon work, doing some things admirably. He accumulated them in a few years in haste and abundance, as if death were at his heels, and yet with an application and a patience which render this prodigious labor miraculous. He married young for any one else, but late for him, for it was on July 3, 1650; and in January, 1654, less than four years afterwards, death seized him in the height of his glory, just before he had completely mastered his craft.

What could be simpler, shorter, and more definite? Genius and no lessons, an ingenuous yet cunning method, attentive observation, and reflection. Add to these natural charm, the gentleness of a meditative mind, the application of a scrupulous conscience, the sadness inseparable from solitary labor, and, perhaps, the melancholy belonging to sickly beings, and you have very nearly all of Paul Potter. The great 'Bull' at The Hague represents his qualities excellently with one exception—that of his charm. It is a great *study*, too great from the common-sense point of view, not too great for the research of which it was the object, nor for the instruction that the painter drew from it.

Remember that Paul Potter, compared with his brilliant contemporaries, was ignorant of all the expedients of his handicraft. I do not mean, of course, the tricks of which his frankness can never be suspected. He devoted special study to forms and aspects in their absolute simplicity. The least artifice was an embarrassment which would have spoiled him because it would have altered his clear view of things. A great bull in a vast plain, a far-reaching sky, and no horizon,—what better opportunity could there be for a student to learn once for all a host of very difficult things, and to know them by rule and measure? The action is perfectly simple—he did not fail with it; the movement is true, and the head admirably full of life. The beast shows his age, his type, his character, his disposition, his length, his height, his joints, his bones, his muscles; his hair is rough or smooth, in flocks or curls, his hide is loose or stretched—all is perfection. The head, the eye, the neck and shoulders, the chest, from the point of view of simple yet exact observation, form a very rare specimen, perhaps without an equal. I do not say that the subject is beautiful, nor that the color is well chosen; subject and color are here subordinated too visibly to preoccupations of form for us to exact much on that head when the designer has given us all, or nearly all, under another. Moreover, the tones and the exact depiction of exactly observed details result in rendering nature as she really is, in relief, gradation, power—almost even in her mysteries. It is not possible to aim at a more circumscribed but more formal result or to attain it with more success. People say "Paul Potter's Bull," but that is not enough: they might say "*The* Bull," and, in my opinion, that would be the greatest eulogium that could be bestowed upon this work, so mediocre in its weak parts and yet so decisive.

Almost all of Paul Potter's fundamental qualities are exhibited in 'The Young Bull.' In each work that he undertook he set himself to study some external manifestation of nature or some new branch of his art. His pictures are studies, and only studies, of animals closely examined, grouped without much art, drawn in simple attitudes or in difficult foreshortening, never with an effect that was either very complicated or striking. Many of them are very weak or very strong according to whether they are regarded as an example by a master or as a splendid exercise by a pupil.

The result is often thin, hesitating, sometimes even painfully labored. The touch is immature. Paul Potter's eye, of most singular exactitude and of a penetration which nothing ever fatigued, scrutinized and studied every detail, never wearying, never stopping. He ignores the art of sacrifice, and has not yet learned that things must sometimes be understood and but half expressed. You feel the urgency of his brush and the hopelessness of the elaborate embroidery-like fashion which he employed to render his compact masses of foliage and thick grasses of the fields.

His work as a painter emanates from his work as an etcher. To the end of his life, even in his most perfect works, he never ceased to paint as if with a burin. The tool becomes more supple, it is true, and lends itself to other uses; but still under the thickest paint you feel the fine point, the sharp-edged notches, and the biting touch. It is only gradually and with effort, by a progressive and entirely personal education, that he learns to manage his palette; but as soon as he succeeds in this he is superior.

Little by little the painter may be seen freeing himself from the draughtsman; his color becomes more decided, his palette more learned, and finally chiaroscuro is born of itself, as if a self-made discovery by this naïve spirit.

The experience that Paul Potter acquired was due to himself alone. He learned from day to day, every day, and let us not forget that the end came before he had done learning. As he had no master, so he had no pupils. His life was indeed too short to permit of any teaching. Moreover, what would he have taught? His manner of drawing? That is an art which can hardly be taught. Arrangement and the knowledge of effect? He was scarcely sure of these even in his last days. Chiaroscuro? It was taught in all the studios of Amsterdam much better than he practised it himself: it was, indeed, the one thing that the sight of the plains of Holland had only revealed to him towards the end of his life, and then but occasionally. The art of composing a palette? It is evident how much trouble he had to become master of his own. As to all academic expedients, his works themselves give evidence how little knowledge he had of these.

Paul Potter painted fine pictures which were not always fine models; or rather, he set many good examples, and his whole life was but a piece of excellent advice. More than that of any painter of that honest school, his work breathes simplicity, patience, circumspection, and persevering love of truth. These precepts were perhaps the only ones that he had received; certainly they were the only ones that he could transmit. All his originality came from them, and his greatness also.

With a love for the country, a soul that was open, tranquil, and serene, a profound yet healthy sensibility, a sense of proportion, a liking for things clearly defined, of proper balance of forms, and possessed of an instinct for anatomy, he was a constructor of the first order, an exemplar of that virtue which has been called the honesty of talent.

His natural bent was for drawing, but such was his desire after perfection that he set himself the aim of becoming a great painter, and had already succeeded in painting excellently. He divided his labor among the various branches of his art with an unusual equanimity. To judge by the portraits of his sad and suffering face, he was of an exquisite nature. Such was this young man, unique in his time, and who will always be unique. Such was he from his earliest gropings to his latest and greatest works.—FROM THE FRENCH

The Works of Paul Potter

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE YOUNG BULL' PLATES I AND II

PAUL POTTER'S 'Young Bull' in the Gallery of The Hague was painted in 1647, when the artist was twenty-two years old. The picture measures eight feet six inches high by nine feet ten inches wide, and is popularly considered his masterpiece, though many critics rank it as inferior to some of his other and smaller productions. In spite, however, of its manifest faults as a work of art, it may justly be regarded as the most complete and conclusive representation of a bull that has ever been painted. The animal is life-size, reddish-brown in color, with white on back and forehead. Although not lacking in breadth of treatment, the work is marvelously minute in point of execution. Each single hair upon the creature's head, about which the flies are buzzing, is painted with exactness, and the bark and foliage of the tree, the toad on the ground, even the grass, herbs, and pebbles are all faithfully and minutely rendered. The other animals cannot be said to add to the interest of the picture, nor is the figure of the cowherd without serious faults.

"The supreme merit of Paul Potter's 'Young Bull,'" writes De Amicis, "may be expressed in one word: it is *alive.* The serious, wondering eye, which gives the impression of vigorous vitality and savage pride, is painted with such truth that, at the first sight, one feels inclined to dodge to the right or left, as one does in a country road when one meets such animals. The moist black nostrils seem to be smoking and drawing in the air with a prolonged breath. . . .

"Infinite criticisms have been made on this 'incredible stroke of audacity by a young man of twenty-two.' The large size of the canvas has been censured, the commonplace nature of the subject, the poverty of the light effects—for the light is equally diffused and everything is placed in relief without the contrast of shadow—the stiffness of the legs of the bull, the crude coloring of the other animals, the mediocrity of the cowherd's figure; but, for all this, Paul Potter's 'Bull' is one of the noblest examples of art, and the greatest work of the prince of animal-painters."

'ANIMALS IN A PASTURE' PLATE III

THE Dresden Gallery possesses two small companion pictures by Paul Potter, one of which is here reproduced. It bears the signature of the artist and the date 1652. It is a scene characteristic of Potter, and is made attractive by his usual simplicity and fidelity to nature. The pigment was laid on so thinly that the wooden panel on which the picture was painted shows through in places.

'DAIRY-FARM NEAR THE HAGUE' PLATE IV

ONE of the finest of Paul Potter's works in England is the picture in the Duke of Westminster's collection, London, dated 1647. It measures one foot three and five-eighths inches high by one foot seven and three-quarters inches wide. The scene represents a dairy-farm between The Hague and the village of Geestbrug. The château in the distance is that of Binkhorst, which is still standing. The whole picture is bathed in the glowing warmth of the afternoon sun, which, although near setting, is still bright enough to emphasize the lengthened shadows cast by the trees and the animals.

"Full of truth, most effective, and of an admirable unity and softness of tone," writes M. Reiset, "this celebrated picture is beyond all praise."

'THE WOLFHOUND' PLATE V

THIS picture of a wolfhound, painted in a vigorous and masterly manner, is in the Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg. The figure of the dog is life-size; his hide is shaggy and of a yellowish tan color in the body and dark gray about the head. The landscape background represents a flat plain of Holland divided by a canal. Over the entrance to the kennel to which the dog is chained is the signature of the artist, with the date 1650.

'HORSES AT THE DOOR OF A COTTAGE' PLATE VI

THIS unusually beautiful picture by Paul Potter, now in the Louvre, Paris, is dated 1647, the same year in which he painted the great 'Bull.'

Fromentin has thus described it: "It is evening, and the two farm-horses, the one a bay and the other white, have finished their day's work. Unhitched from the cart but still harnessed, they stand before an empty trough, the white horse hanging his head with weariness. From the river below the carter is bringing a bucket full of water, his figure relieved in soft outline against a sky aglow with the setting sun. The picture is a *poem* in the highest and rarest meaning of the term. It is unique in sentiment and design, in mystery of effect, in beauty of tone, and in poetic quality."

·THE BULL AND TWO COWS· PLATE VII

"THIS picture in Buckingham palace," writes Kugler, "combines with Paul Potter's usual fidelity to nature a more than common power of effect, great breadth, and freedom of treatment."

A young bull, standing near the trunk of a tree, faces the spectator, his restless, impatient bearing in marked contrast to the calm serenity of his two companions. Low trees and sandy hills are seen in the distance. The picture is dated 1649.

·THE COW REFLECTED IN THE WATER· PLATE VIII

THIS work at The Hague is ranked as one of Paul Potter's greatest achievements. Bürger calls it "a picture of the highest quality, a real masterpiece," and Kugler draws our attention to the "exquisite freshness and charm with which the summer morning is represented, the picturesqueness of the composition as a whole, the attraction of its separate motives, and the wonderful precision of touch and execution." In his earlier works Potter's landscapes were often shown under a hard, dry, strong light, and later he erred in an opposite direction, that is, in the dullness and leaden quality of his illumination; but at his best, as here, the light is warm yet soft and clear, and the whole work extremely limpid and beautiful in its effect. The picture, which measures but one foot four inches by one foot nine inches, was painted about 1648.

·LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE· PLATE IX

THIS picture, now in the National Gallery, London, was painted in 1651, three years before Paul Potter's death. It shows us a meadow with farm buildings overshadowed by trees, cows, horses, sheep, a dog, and two men unloading a cart near the open door of a shed. In the background is a hilly corn-field stacked with cut sheaves of wheat. The time is evening. The scene is warmly lighted by the low rays of the setting sun, and the sky is treated with more interest than is usual in this artist's work. The picture, exquisitely finished throughout, is but one foot ten inches high by one foot eight inches wide.

·THE YOUNG THIEF· PLATE X

ON rare occasions, as in this picture in Buckingham Palace, London, Potter attempted to make an incident his subject, and in this instance he has attempted to be mildly humorous. From the stable on the left runs a boy, the "young thief," carrying a puppy, the mother of which is attacking him and has caught him by the coat. The dairy-maid, who, with her back to the spectator, is milking the cow, turns her head to laugh at the lad's plight. It is, however, in spite of this incidental and story-telling interest, and because of its faithful delineation of the forms of the animals, the soft light, and the landscape, that this picture deserves to be ranked among Potter's most successful achievements.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY PAUL POTTER, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA. Vienna, Imperial Gallery: Landscape and Cattle; The Flock — Vienna, Czernin Collection: Herd of Cattle — Vienna, Harrach Collection: Cattle — BELGIUM. Brussels Museum: Two Pigs — Brussels, Arenberg Collection: Repose by the Grange — DENMARK. Copenhagen Gallery: Cows on a Hill; Cows in a Meadow — Copenhagen, Collection of Count Moltke: Landscape with Cows and Pigs — ENGLAND. Basildon Park, Collection of Charles Morrison, Esq: Landscape with Cattle — Bearwood, Collection of J. Walter, Esq: Two Cows and a Bull — Deepdene, Hope Collection: The Stable Door; Landscape with Cattle; Landscape with Cows — Heytesbury, Collection of Colonel Everett: Landscape with Cattle — London, National Gallery: Landscape with Cattle (Plate ix); The Old Gray Hunter — London, Apsley House: Deer in a Wood — London, Bath House: Two Oxen; Cows and Bull — London, Duke of Bedford's Collection: Cattle in a Landscape; A Hawking-party — London, Bridgewater House: Cattle in a Meadow — London, Buckingham Palace: Bull and Cows (Plate vii); The Halt; The Young Thief (Plate x); Three Cows in a Field; Two Pigs — London, Dorchester House: The Rabbit-warren — London, Grosvenor House, Duke of Westminster's Collection: Dairy-farm near The Hague (Plate iv); Landscape — London, Earl of Kilmorey's Collection: Cavaliers and Cattle — London, Collection of Alfred de Rothschild, Esq: The Water-mill — London, Wallace Collection: Landscape; Herdsmen with Cattle; The Milkmaid; Cattle in Stormy Weather — Somerley, Earl of Normanton's Collection: Three Cows — Stratton, Hampshire, Earl of Northbrook's Collection: A Young Bull — Swinton Park, Collection of S. Cunliffe-Lister, Esq: A Dairy-farm — FRANCE. Montpellier Museum: Cattle in a Meadow — Paris, Louvre: Horses at the Door of a Cottage (Plate vi); The Meadow; The White Horse; The Wood by The Hague — GERMANY. Berlin Gallery: Departure for the Hunt in the Wood by The Hague; Cattle Resting — Cassel Gallery: On the Pasture-land; Herdsman and Cattle — Dresden, Royal Gallery: Animals in a Pasture (Plate iii); Herdsman with Cattle — Gotha Gallery: Landscape; Cattle in a Meadow; The Farm — Hamburg, Kunsthalle: Horses at the Watering-place — Innsbruck, Tyrolese National Museum: Landscape with Cattle — Munich Gallery: Landscape with Cattle — Schwerin Museum: Two Landscapes; Milking; Halt of the Huntsman — HOLLAND. Amsterdam, Ryks Museum: The Bear-hunt; Orpheus; Shepherds and their Flocks; The Shepherd's Hut; Landscape with Cattle; The Little Dog; Horses in a Field; Cows in a Field — Amsterdam, Six Collection: The Dairy-maid; Equestrian Portrait of Diderik Tulp — The Hague Gallery: The Young Bull (Plates i and ii); The Cow Reflected in the Stream (Plate viii); Cattle in the Meadow — The Hague, Steengracht Collection: Cows in a Meadow — IRELAND. Dublin, National Gallery: Head of a Bull — ITALY. Rome, Borghese Gallery: Landscape and Cattle — Turin Gallery: Four Oxen in a Landscape — RUSSIA. St. Petersburg, Hermitage Gallery: The Cow; The Life of a Huntsman; Cows in a Landscape; Ox in a Meadow; The Wolfhound (Plate v); The Halt of the Huntsmen; Landscape; The Stable-boy.

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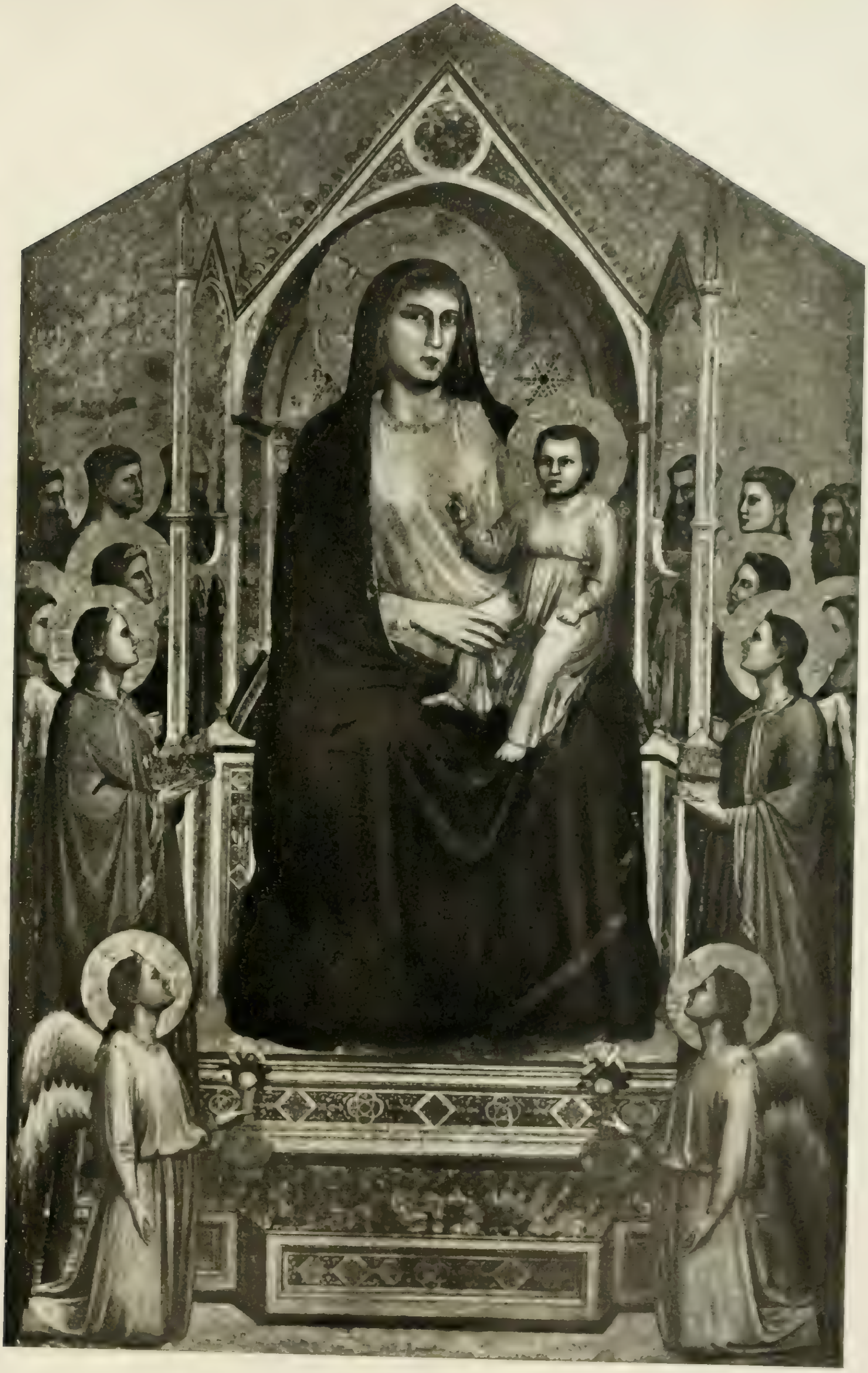
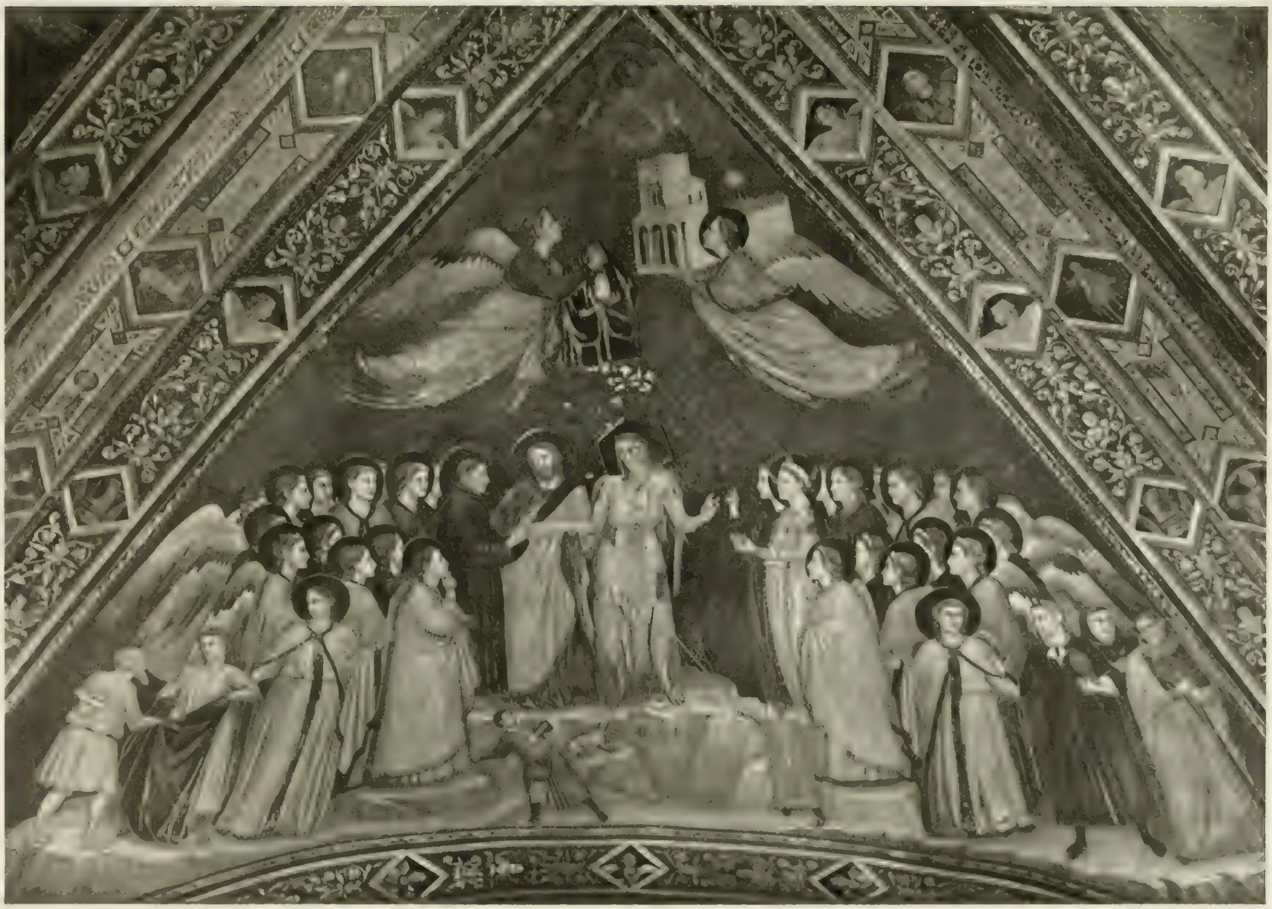


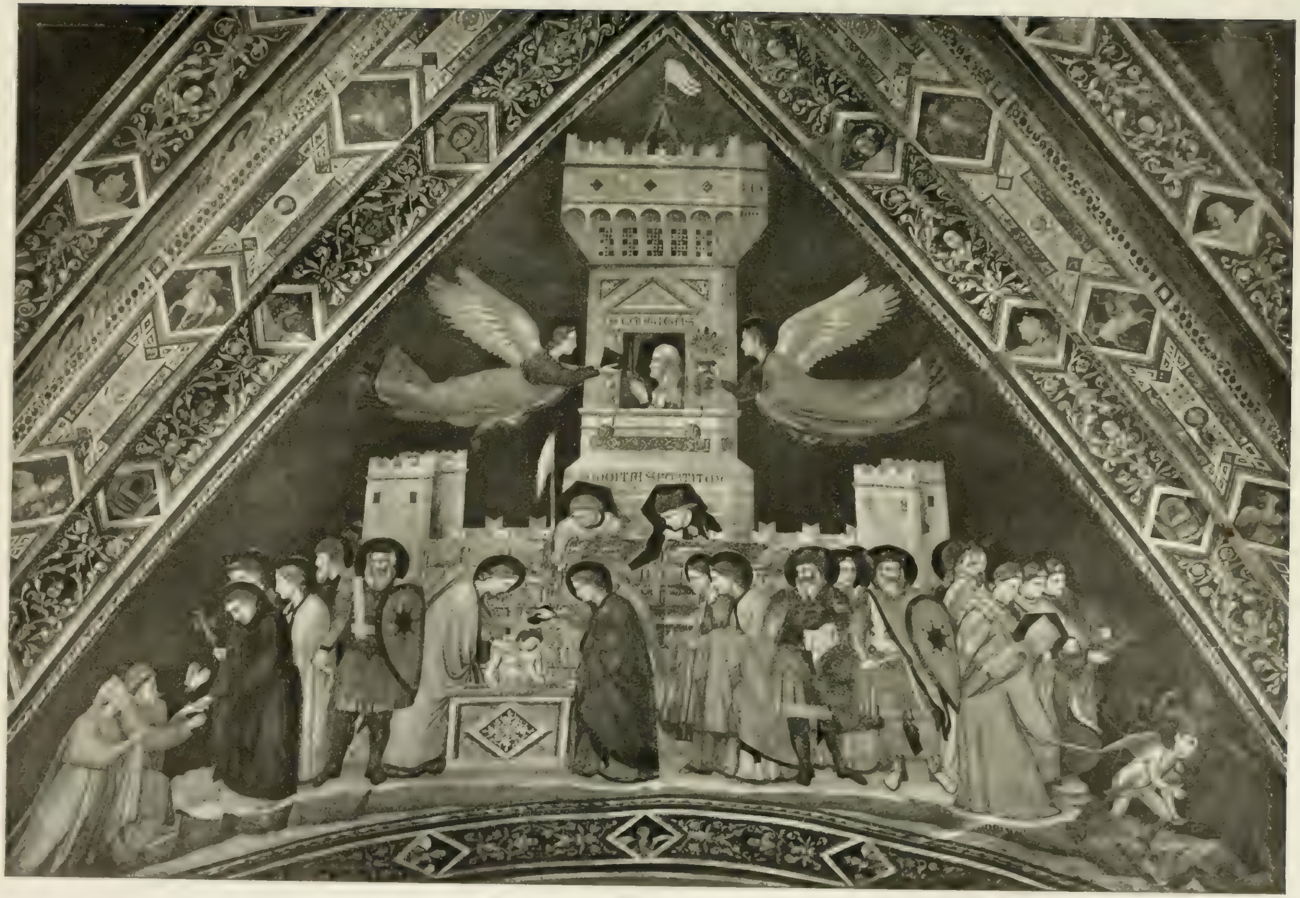
MASTERS IN ART PLATE I
PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

GIOTTO
MADONNA ENTHRONED
ACADEMY, FLORENCE



MASTERS IN ART PLATE II
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

GIOTTO
ALLEGORY OF POVERTY
LOWER CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS, ASSISI



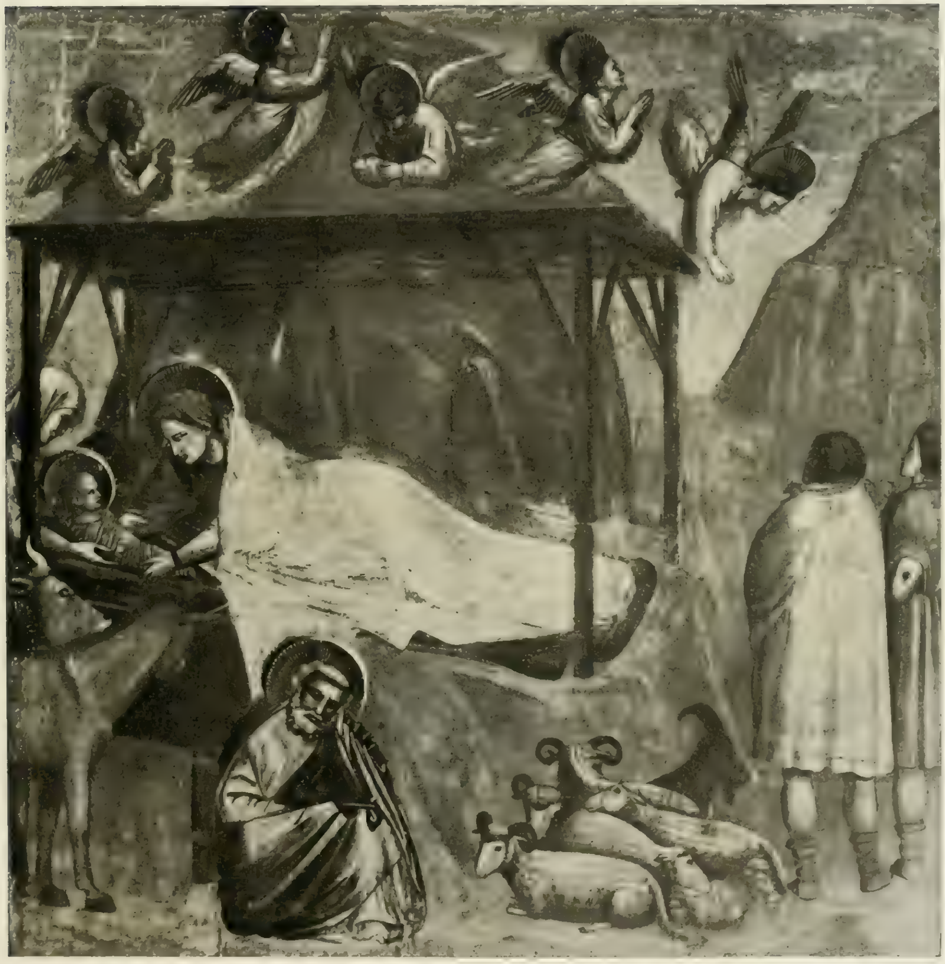
MASTERS IN ART PLATE III

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

GIOTTO

ALLEGORY OF CHASTITY

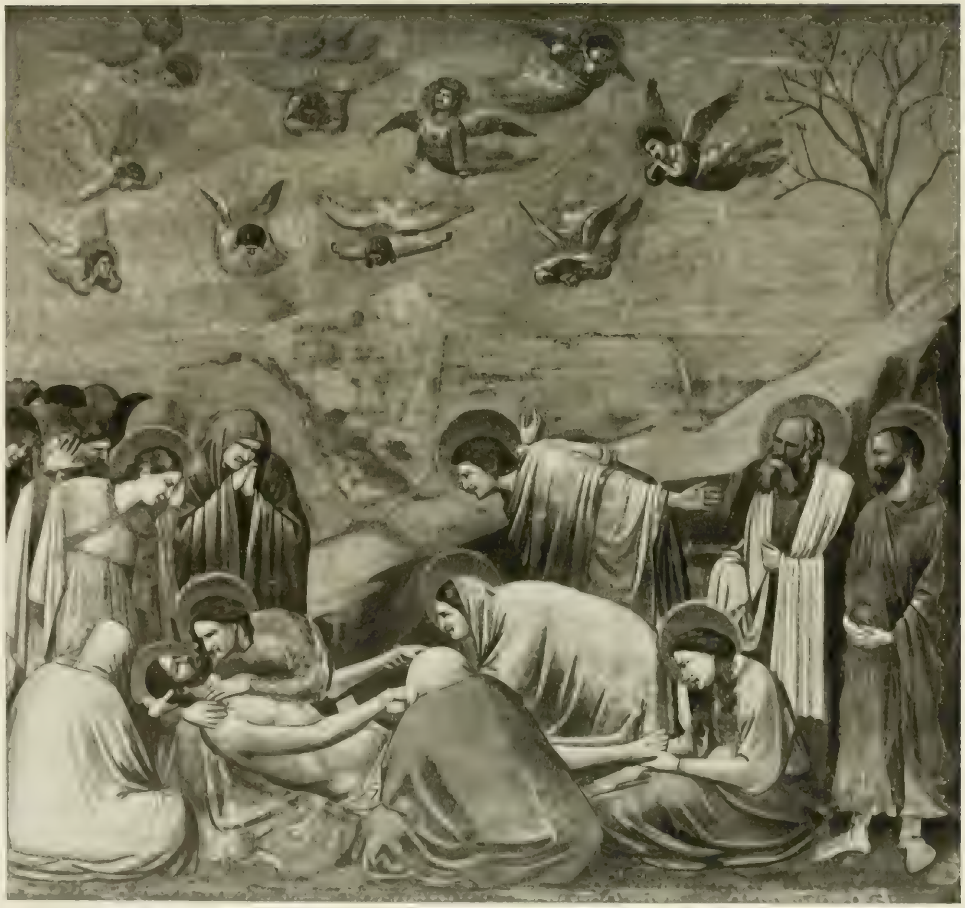
LOWER CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS, ASSISI



MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV

PHOTOGRAPH BY NAYA

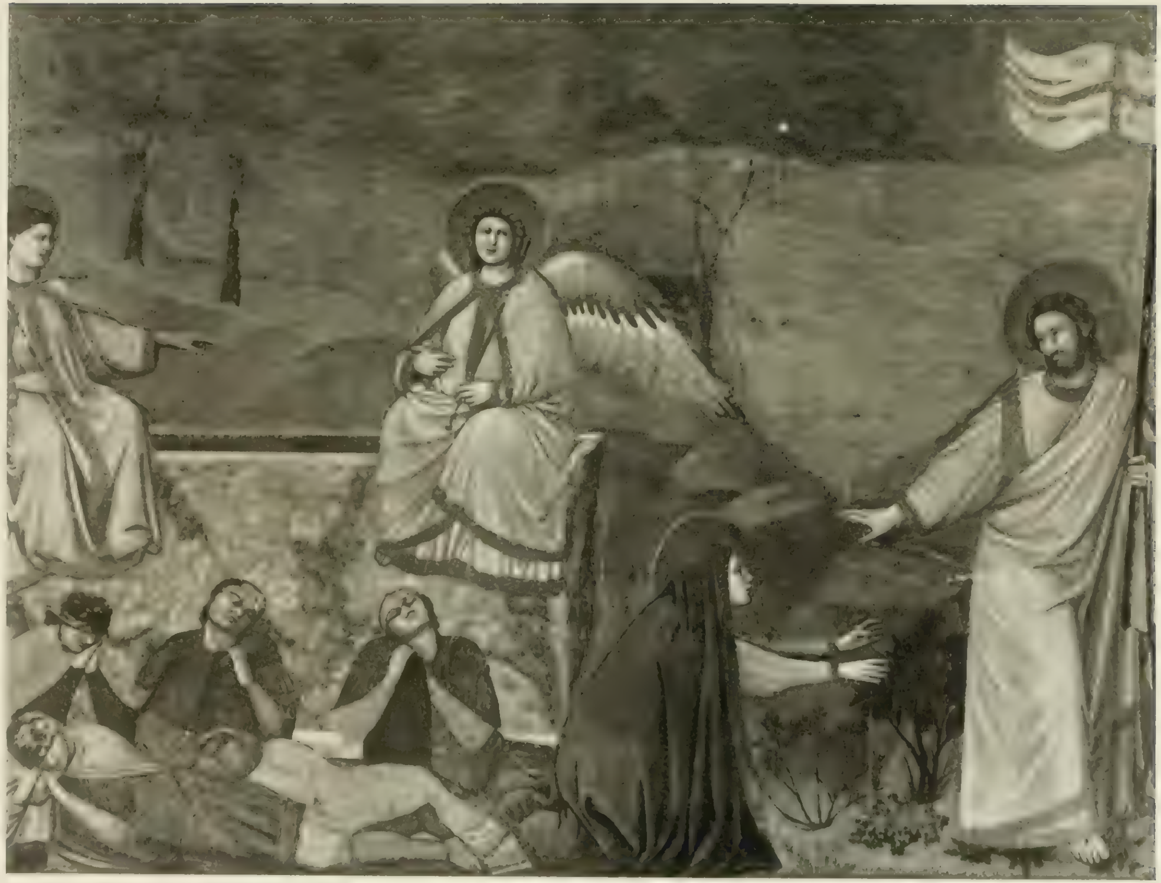
GIOTTO
THE NATIVITY
ARENA CHAPEL, PADUA



MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

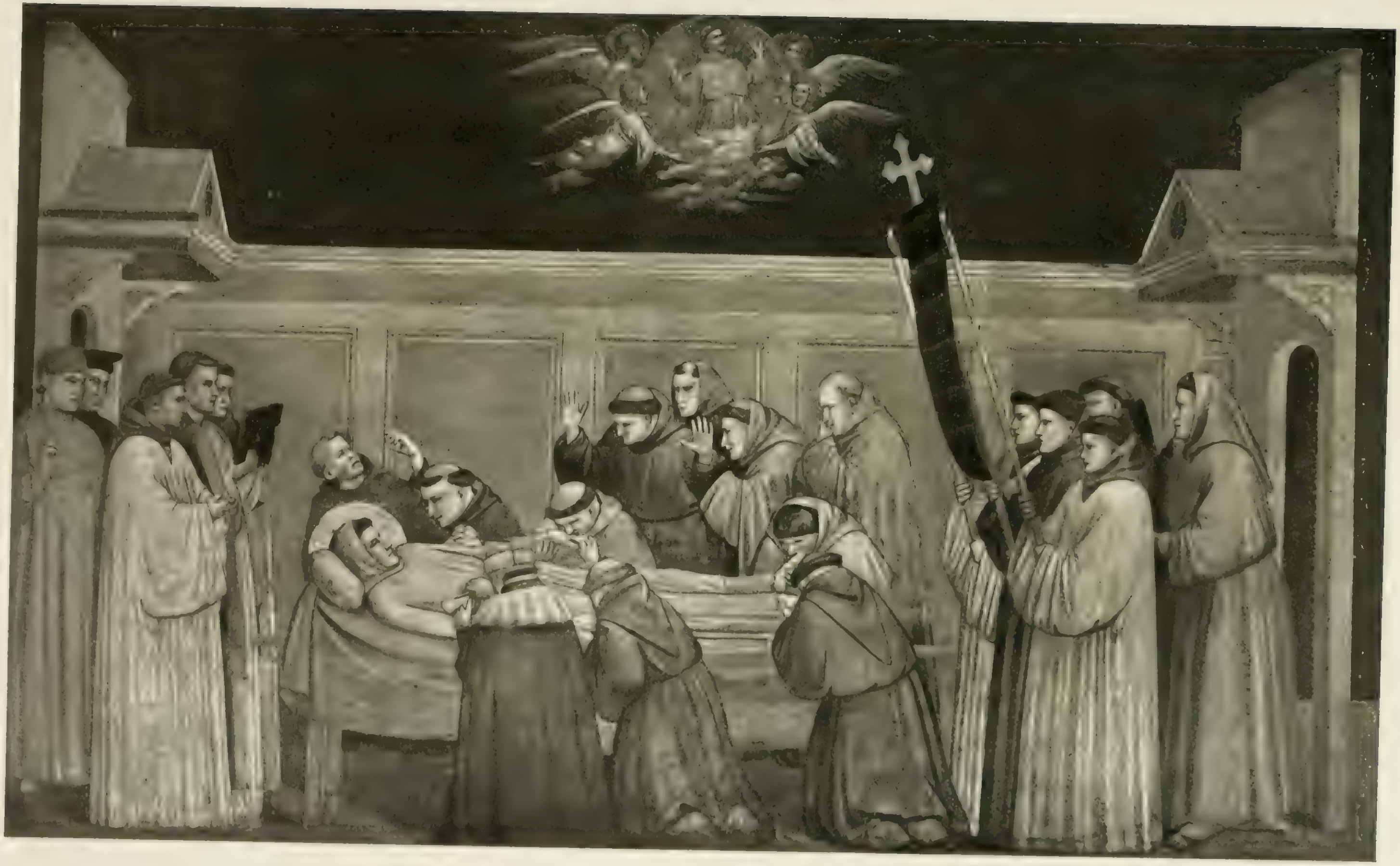
PHOTOGRAPH BY NAYA

GIOTTO
THE ENTOMBMENT
ARENA CHAPEL, PADUA



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
PHOTOGRAPH BY NAYA

GIOTTO
THE RESURRECTION
ARENA CHAPEL, PADUA



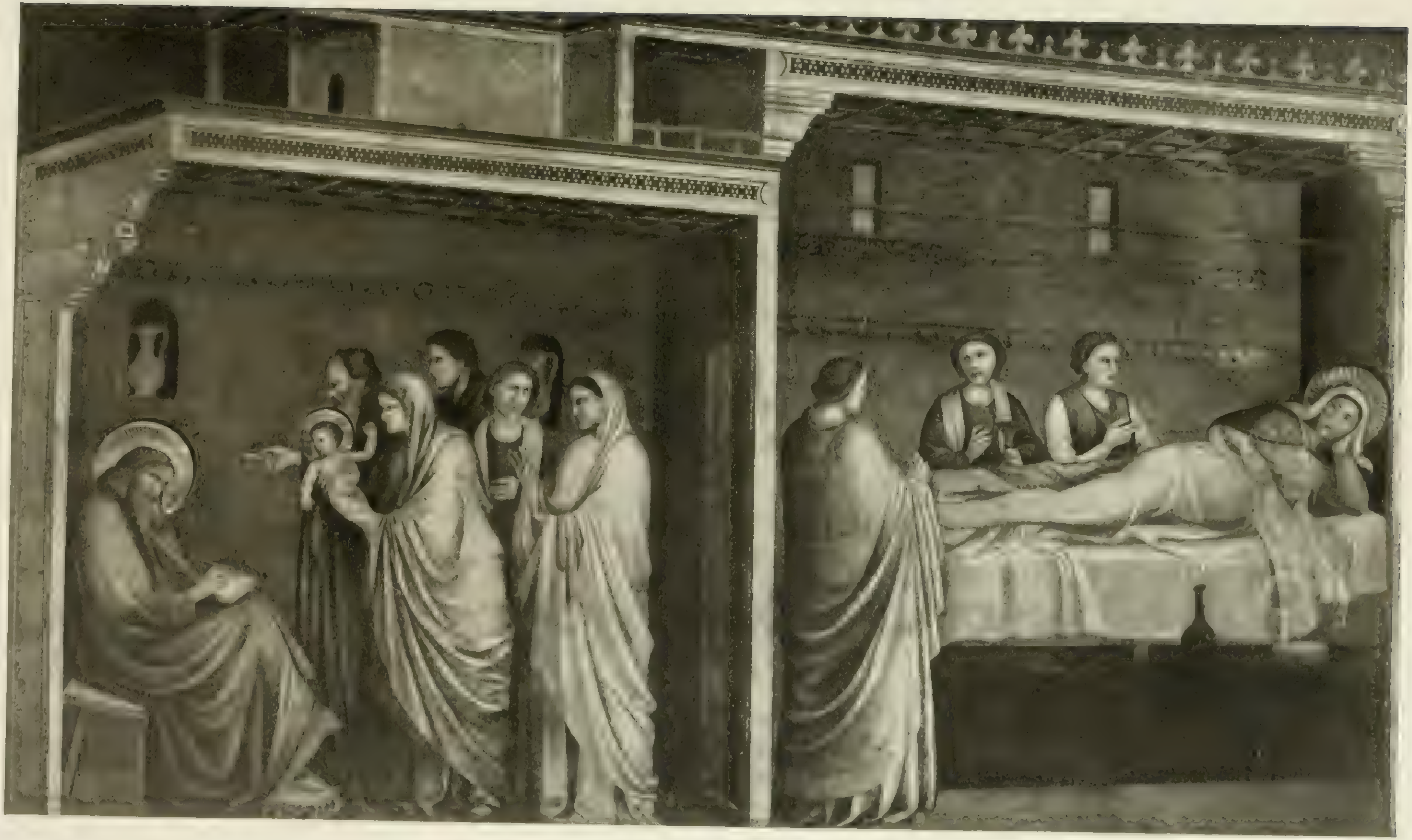
MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

GIOTTO

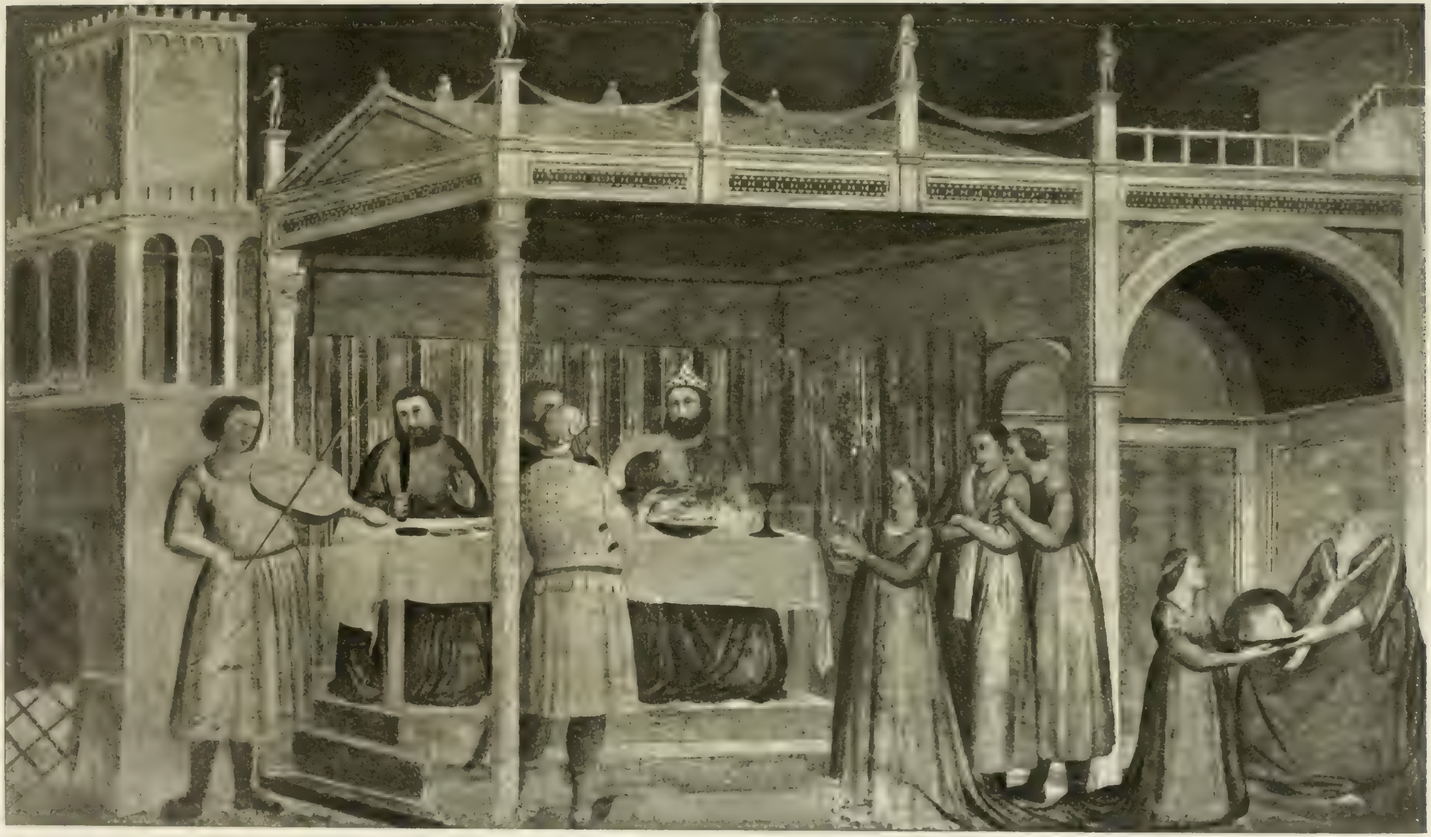
THE DEATH OF ST. FRANCIS

BARDI CHAPEL, CHURCH OF S. CROCE, FLORENCE



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII
PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

GIOTTO
THE BIRTH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST
PERUZZI CHAPEL, CHURCH OF S. CROCE, FLORENCE



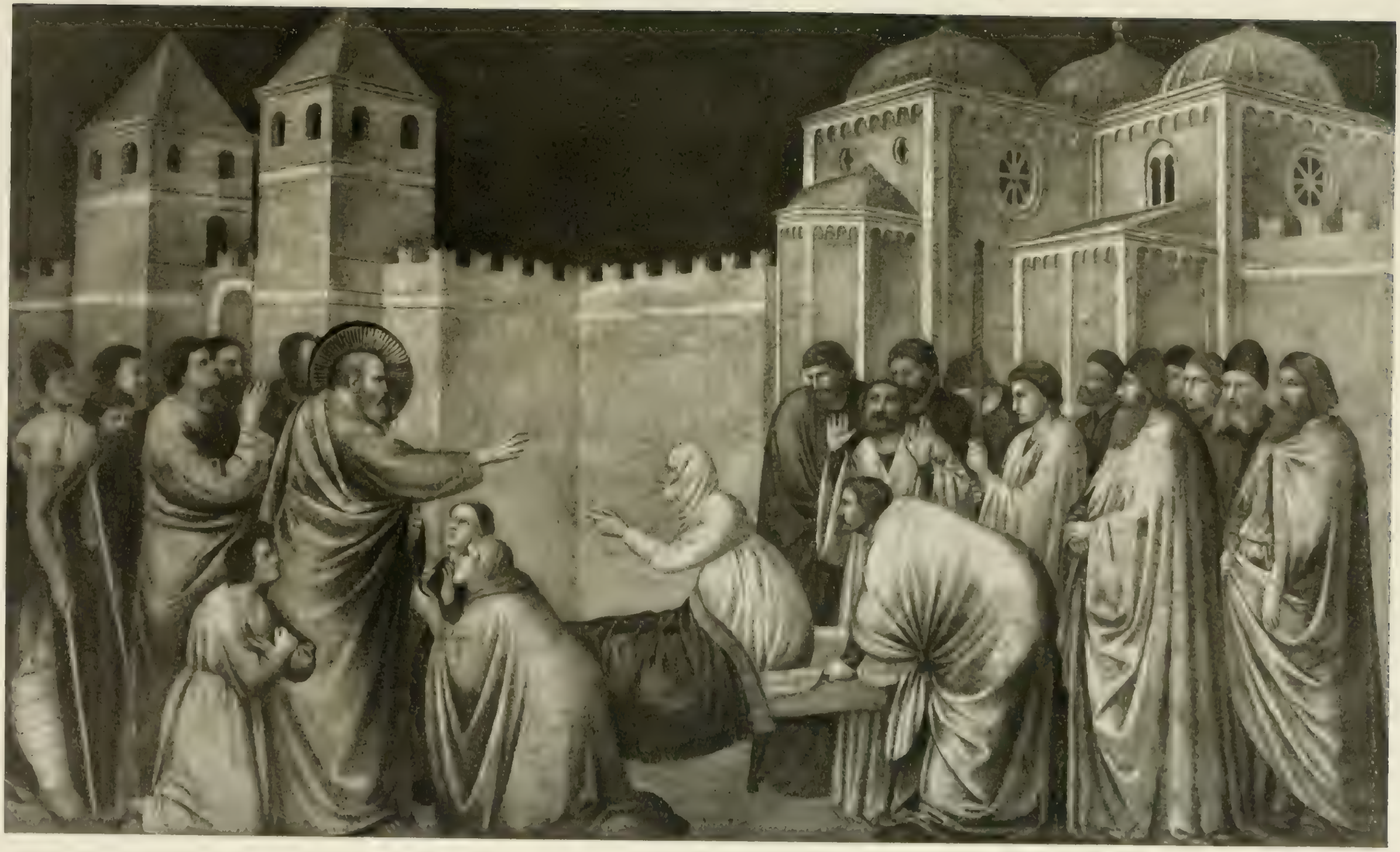
MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

GIOTTO

THE FEAST OF HEROD

PERUZZI CHAPEL, CHURCH OF S. CROCE, FLORENCE



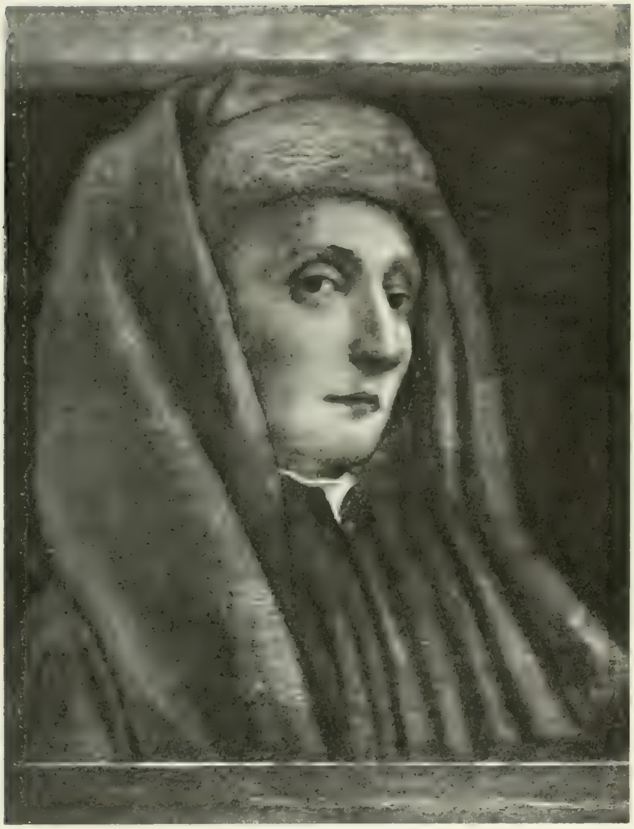
MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

GIOTTO

THE RAISING OF DRUSIANA

PERUZZI CHAPEL, CHURCH OF S. CROCE, FLORENCE



PORTRAIT OF GIOTTO BY PAOLO UCCELLO LOUVRE, PARIS

This portrait of Giotto was painted in the first half of the fifteenth century by Paolo Uccello, a Florentine artist. It is a detail of a picture containing five heads, representing, besides Giotto, Uccello himself, Donatello, Brunelleschi, and Manetti. Vasari took the engraving for his biography of Giotto from this likeness, which was probably based upon some older portrait of the artist. He is here represented in a red cloak and head covering; and it would seem that Uccello's brush has somewhat flattered him, for we are told that he was "singularly ill-favored" in outward appearance.

Giotto di Bondone

BORN 1266(?): DIED 1337
FLORENTINE SCHOOL

JULIA CARTWRIGHT 'THE PAINTERS OF FLORENCE'

"IN a village of Etruria," writes Ghiberti, the oldest historian of the Florentine Renaissance, "Painting took her rise." In other words, Giotto di Bondone[1] was born, between 1265 and 1270, at Colle, in the Commune of Vespignano, a village of the Val Mugello fourteen miles from Florence. There the boy, who had been called Angiolo, after his grandfather, and went by the nickname of Angiolotto, or Giotto, kept his father's flocks on the grassy slopes of the Apennines, and was found one day by Cimabue, as he rode over the hills, drawing a sheep with a sharp stone upon a rock. Full of surprise at the child's talent for drawing, the great painter asked him if he would go back with him to Florence; to which both the boy and his father, a poor peasant named Bondone, gladly agreed. Thus, at ten years old, Giotto was taken straight from the sheepfolds and apprenticed to the first painter in Florence. Such is the story told by Ghiberti and confirmed by Leonardo da Vinci, who, writing half a century before Vasari, remarks that Giotto took nature for his guide, and began by drawing the sheep and goats which he herded on the rocks.

Another version of the story of Giotto's boyhood is that he was apprenticed to a wool-merchant of Florence, but that instead of going to work he spent his time in watching the artists in Cimabue's shop; upon which his father applied to the master who consented to teach the boy painting. The natural vivacity and intelligence of the young student soon made him a favorite in Cimabue's workshop, while his extraordinary aptitude for drawing became every day more apparent. The legends of his marvelous skill, the stories of the fly that Cimabue vainly tried to brush off his picture, of the round O which he drew before the pope's envoy with one sweep of his pencil, are proofs of the wonder and admiration which Giotto's attempts to follow nature more closely excited among his contemporaries. This latter story is told by Vasari as follows: "The pope sent one of his courtiers to Tuscany to ascertain what kind of man Giotto might be, and what were his works; that pontiff then proposing to have certain paintings executed in the Church of St. Peter. The messenger spoke first with many artists in Siena; then, having received designs from them, he proceeded to Florence, and repairèd one morning to the workshop where Giotto was occupied with his labors. He declared the purpose of the pope, and finally requested to have a drawing that he might send it to his holiness. Giotto, who was very courteous, took a sheet of paper and a pencil dipped in a red color, then, resting his elbow on his side to form a sort of compass, with one turn of the hand he drew a circle, so perfect and exact that it was a marvel to behold. This done, he turned smiling to the courtier, saying, 'Here is your drawing.' 'Am I to have nothing more than this?' inquired the latter, conceiving himself to be jested with. 'That is enough and to spare,' returned Giotto. 'Send it with the rest, and you will see if it will not be recognized.' The messenger, unable to obtain anything more, went away very ill-satisfied and fearing that he had been fooled. Nevertheless, having despatched the other drawings to the pope with the names of those who had done them he sent that of Giotto also, relating the mode in which he had made his circle, without moving his arm and without compasses; from which the pope, and such of the courtiers as were well versed in the subject, perceived how far Giotto surpassed all the other painters of his time."

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[1] Pronounced Jot′tō dee Bon-dō′nay.

No doubt the boldness and originality of his genius soon led Giotto to abandon the purely conventional style of art then in use, and to seek after a more natural and lifelike form of expression. And early in his career he was probably influenced by the example of the sculptor Giovanni Pisano, who was actively engaged on his great works in Tuscany and Umbria at this time. The earliest examples of Giotto's style that remain to us are some small panels at Munich; but a larger and better-known work is the 'Madonna Enthroned,' in the Academy at Florence, which, although archaic in type, has a vigor and reality that are wholly wanting in Cimabue's Madonna in the same room. But it is to Assisi that we must turn for a fuller record of Giotto's training and development.

Here, in the old Umbrian city where St. Francis had lived and died, was the great double church which the alms of Christendom had raised above his burial-place. Unfortunately the records of the Franciscan convent are silent as to the painters of the frescos which cover its walls, and neither Cimabue nor Giotto is once mentioned. But Ghiberti, Vasari, and the later Franciscan historian, Rudolphus, all agree in saying that Giotto came to Assisi with his master Cimabue and there painted the lower course of frescos in the nave of the Upper Church. . . .

In 1298 Giotto was invited to Rome by Cardinal Stefaneschi, the pope's nephew and a generous patron of art. At his bidding Giotto designed the famous mosaic of the 'Navicella,' or 'Ship of the Church,' which hangs in the vestibule of St. Peter's. Little trace of the original work now remains. More worthy of study is the altar-piece which he painted for the cardinal, and which is still preserved in the sacristy of St. Peter's.

Pope Boniface, we are told by Vasari, was deeply impressed by Giotto's merits, and loaded him with honors and rewards; but the frescos which he was employed to paint in the old basilica of St. Peter's perished long ago, and the only work of his now remaining in Rome besides the 'Navicella,' is the damaged fresco of Pope Boniface proclaiming the Jubilee, on a pillar of the Lateran Church. This last painting proves that Giotto was in Rome during the year 1300, when both his fellow-citizens Dante and the historian Giovanni Villani were present in the Eternal City. The poet was an intimate friend of the painter; and, after his return to Florence, Giotto introduced Dante's portrait in an altar-piece of 'Paradise' which he painted for the chapel of the Podestà Palace. But since this chapel was burned down in 1332, and not rebuilt until after Giotto's death, the fresco of Dante, which was discovered some years ago on the walls of the present building, must have been copied by one of his followers from the original painting.

It was probably during an interval of his journey back to Florence, or on some other visit to Assisi during the next few years, that Giotto painted his frescos in the Lower Church of St. Francis in that city. Chief among these are the four great allegories on the vaulted roof above the high altar, illustrating the meaning of the three monastic Virtues, Obedience, Chastity, and Poverty, whom, according to the legend, the saint met walking on the road to Siena in the form of three fair maidens, and whom he held up to his followers as the sum of evangelical perfection.

These allegories are not the only works which Giotto executed in the Lower Church of Assisi. Ghiberti's statement that he painted almost the whole of the Lower Church is confirmed by Rudolphus, who mentions the series of frescos of the childhood of Christ and the 'Crucifixion' in the right transept as being by his hand. In their present ruined condition it is not easy to distinguish between the work of the master and that of his assistants; but the whole series bears the stamp of Giotto's invention.

The next important works which he painted were the frescos in the Arena Chapel at Padua, built in 1303, by Enrico Scrovegno, who two years later invited Giotto to decorate the interior with frescos. When Dante visited Padua, in 1306, he found his friend Giotto living there with his wife, Madonna Ciutà, and his young family, and was honorably entertained by the painter in his own house. The poet often watched Giotto at work, with his children, who were "as ill-favored as himself," playing around, and wondered how it was that the creations of his brain were so much fairer than his own offspring. Giotto's small stature and insignificant appearance seem to have been constantly the subject of his friends' good-humored jests; and Petrarch and Boccaccio both speak of him as an instance of rare genius concealed under a plain and ungainly exterior. But this unattractive appearance was redeemed by a kindly and joyous nature, a keen sense of humor, and unfailing cheerfulness, which made him the gayest and most pleasant companion. . . .

The fame which Giotto already enjoyed beyond the walls of Florence was greatly increased by his works in Padua, and before he left there he received and executed many commissions. From Padua, Vasari tells us, he went on to the neighboring city of Verona, where he painted the portrait of Dante's friend and protector, Can Grande della Scala, as well as other works in the Franciscan church, and then proceeded to Ferrara and Ravenna at the invitation of the Este and Polenta princes. All his works in the cities of North Italy, however, have perished, and it is to Florence that we must turn for the third and last remaining cycle of his frescos.

The great Franciscan church of Santa Croce had been erected in the last years of the thirteenth century, and the proudest Florentine families hastened to build chapels at their own expense as a mark of their devotion to the popular saint. Four of these chapels were decorated with frescos by Giotto's hand, but were all whitewashed in 1714, when Santa Croce underwent a thorough restoration. The frescos which he painted in the Guigni and Spinelli chapels have been entirely destroyed; but within the last fifty years the whitewash has been successfully removed from the walls of the Bardi and Peruzzi chapels, and the finest of Giotto's works that remain to us have been brought to light. Here his unrivaled powers as a great epic painter are revealed, and we realize his intimate knowledge of human nature and his profound sympathy with every form of life.

The exact date of these frescos remains uncertain, but they were probably painted soon after 1320. Recent research has as yet thrown little light upon the chronology of Giotto's life, and all we can discover is an occasional notice of the works which he executed, or of the property which he owned in Florence. Vasari's statement, that he succeeded to Cimabue's house and shop in the Via del Cocomero, Florence, is borne out by the will of the Florentine citizen Rinuccio, who, dying in 1312, describes "the excellent painter Giotto di Bondone" as a parishioner of Santa Maria Novella, and bequeathes a sum of "five pounds of small florins" to keep a lamp burning night and day before a crucifix painted by the said master in the Dominican church.

Of Giotto's eight children, the eldest, Francesco, became a painter, and when his father was absent from Florence managed the small property which Giotto had inherited at his old home of Vespignano. The painter's family lived chiefly at this country home, of which Giotto himself was very fond; and contemporary writers give us pleasant glimpses of the great master's excursions to Val Mugello. Boccaccio tells us how one day, as Giotto and the learned advocate Messer Forese, who, like himself, was short and insignificant in appearance, were riding out to Vespignano, they were caught in a shower of rain and forced to borrow cloaks and hats from the peasants. "Well, Giotto," said the lawyer, as they trotted back to Florence clad in these old clothes and bespattered with mud from head to foot, "if a stranger were to meet you now would he ever suppose that you were the first painter in Florence?" "Certainly he would," was Giotto's prompt reply, "if beholding your worship he could imagine for a moment that you had learned your A B C!" And the novelist Sacchetti relates how the great master rode out to San Gallo one Sunday afternoon with a party of friends, and how they fell in with a herd of swine, one of which ran between Giotto's legs and threw him down. "After all, the pigs are quite right," said the painter as he scrambled to his feet and shook the dust from his clothes, "when I think how many thousands of crowns I have earned with their bristles without ever giving them even a bowl of soup!"

A more serious instance of Giotto's power of satire is to be found in his song against Voluntary Poverty, in which he not only denounces the vice and hypocrisy often working beneath the cloak of monastic perfection, but honestly expresses his own aversion to poverty as a thing miscalled a virtue. The whole poem is of great interest, coming as it does from the pen of the chosen painter of the Franciscan Order, and as showing the independence of Giotto's character.

The extraordinary industry of the man is seen by the long list of panel-pictures as well as wall-paintings which are mentioned by early writers. These have fared even worse than his frescos. The picture of 'The Commune' in the great hall of the Podestà Palace, which Vasari describes as of very beautiful and ingenious invention, the small tempera painting of the 'Death of the Virgin,' on which Michelangelo loved to gaze, in the Church of Ognissanti, Florence, the 'Madonna' which was sent to Petrarch at Avignon, and which he left as his most precious possession to his friend Francesco di Carrara, have all perished. One panel, however, described by Vasari, is still in existence—an altar-piece originally painted for a church in Pisa, and now in the Louvre.

In 1330 Giotto was invited to Naples by King Robert, who received him with the highest honor, and issued a decree granting this chosen and faithful servant all the privileges enjoyed by members of the royal household. Ghiberti tells us that Giotto painted the hall of King Robert's palace, and Petrarch alludes in one of his epistles to the frescos with which he adorned the royal chapel of the Castello dell' Uovo. "Do not fail," he writes, "to visit the royal chapel, where my contemporary, Giotto, the greatest painter of his age, has left such splendid monuments of his pencil and genius." All these works have been destroyed, and another series of frescos, which he executed in the Franciscan church of Santa Chiara, were whitewashed in the last century by order of a Spanish governor, who complained that they made the church too dark!

King Robert appreciated the painter's company as much as his talent, and enjoyed the frankness of his speech and ready jest. "Well, Giotto," he said, as he watched the artist at work one summer day, "if I were you I would leave off painting while the weather is so hot." "So would I were I King Robert," was Giotto's prompt reply. Another time the king asked him to introduce a symbol of his kingdom in a hall containing portraits of illustrious men, upon which Giotto, without a word, painted a donkey wearing a saddle embroidered with the royal crown and scepter, pawing and sniffing at another saddle lying on the ground bearing the same device. "Such are your subjects," explained the artist, with a sly allusion to the fickle temper of the Neapolitans. "Every day they seek a new master."

In 1333 Giotto was still in Naples, and King Robert, it is said, promised to make him the first man in the realm if he would remain at his court; but early in the following year he was summoned back to Florence by the Signory, and, on the twelfth of April, 1334, was appointed Chief Architect of the State and Master of the Cathedral Works. Since the death of its architect, Arnolfo, in 1310, the progress of the cathedral had languished; but now the magistrates declared their intention of erecting a bell-tower which in height and beauty should surpass all that the Greeks and Romans had accomplished in the days of their greatest pride. "For this purpose," the decree runs, "we have chosen Giotto di Bondone, painter, our great and dear master, since neither in the city nor in the whole world is there any other to be found so well fitted for this and similar tasks." Giotto lost no time in preparing designs for the beautiful Campanile which bears his name; and on the eighth of July the foundations of the new tower were laid with great solemnity. Villani describes the imposing processions that were held and the immense multitudes which attended the ceremony, and adds that the Superintendent of Works was Maestro Giotto, "our own citizen, the most sovereign master of painting in his time, and the one who drew figures and represented action in the most lifelike manner." Giotto received a salary of one hundred golden florins from the state "for his excellence and goodness," and was strictly enjoined not to leave Florence again without the permission of the Signory. In 1335, however, we hear of him in Milan, whither he had gone by order of the Signory at the urgent request of their ally Azzo Visconti, Lord of Milan. Here, in the old ducal palace, Giotto painted a series of frescos of which no trace now remains, and then hurried back to Florence to resume his work on the Campanile.

Another invitation reached him from Pope Benedict XII., who offered him a large salary if he would take up his residence at the papal court at Avignon. But it was too late; and, as an old chronicler writes, "Heaven willed that the royal city of Milan should gather the last fruits of this noble plant." Soon after his return to Florence Giotto fell suddenly ill, and died on the eighth of January, 1337. He was buried with great honor in the cathedral.

More than a hundred years later, when Florence had reached the height of splendor and prosperity under the rule of the Medici, Lorenzo the Magnificent placed a marble bust on Giotto's tomb, and employed Angelo Poliziano to compose the Latin epitaph which gave proud utterance to the veneration in which the great master was held alike by his contemporaries and by posterity:

"Lo, I am he by whom dead Painting was restored to life; to whose right hand all was possible; by whom Art became one with Nature. None ever painted more or better. Do you wonder at yon fair tower which holds the sacred bells? Know that it was I who bade her rise towards the stars. For I am Giotto—what need is there to tell of my work? Long as verse lives, my name shall endure!"

The Art of Giotto

GIORGIO VASARI 'LIVES OF THE PAINTERS'

THE gratitude which the masters in painting owe to nature is due, in my judgment, to the Florentine painter Giotto, seeing that he alone—although born amidst incapable artists and at a time when all good methods in art had long been entombed beneath the ruins of war—yet, by the favor of Heaven, he, I say, alone succeeded in resuscitating Art, and restoring her to a path that may be called the true one.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE 'HISTORY OF PAINTING'

IT would seem that nothing but self-destruction could come to the struggling, praying, throat-cutting population that terrorized Italy during the medieval period. The people were ignorant, the rulers treacherous, the passions strong; and yet out of the Dark Ages came light. In the thirteenth century the light grew brighter. The spirit of learning showed itself in the founding of schools and universities. Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, reflecting respectively religion, classic learning, and the inclination toward nature, lived and gave indication of the trend of thought. Finally the arts—architecture, sculpture, painting—began to stir and take upon themselves new appearances.

In painting, though there were some portraits and allegorical scenes produced during the Gothic period, the chief theme was Bible story. The Church was the patron, and art was only the servant, as it had been from the beginning. It had not entirely escaped from symbolism. It was still the portrayal of things for what they meant rather than for what they looked. There was no such thing then as art for art's sake. It was art for religion's sake.

The demand for painting increased, and its subjects multiplied with the establishment at this time of the two powerful orders of Dominican and Franciscan monks. The first exacted from the painters more learned and instructive work; the second wished for the crucifixions, the martyrdoms, the dramatic deaths wherewith to move people by emotional appeal. In consequence painting produced many themes, but, as yet, only after the Byzantine style. The painter was more of a workman than an artist. The Church had more use for his fingers than for his creative ability. It was his business to transcribe what had gone before. This he did, but not without signs here and there of uneasiness and discontent with the pattern. There was an inclination toward something truer to nature, but as yet no great realization of it. The study of nature came in very slowly.

The advance of Italian art in the Gothic age was an advance through the development of the imposed Byzantine pattern. When people began to stir intellectually the artists found that the old Byzantine model did not look like nature. They began not by rejecting it but by improving it, giving it slight movements here and there, turning the head, throwing out a hand, or shifting the folds of drapery. The Eastern type was still seen in the long pathetic face, oblique eyes, green flesh-tints, stiff robes, thin fingers, and absence of feet; but the painters now began to modify and enliven it. More realistic Italian faces were introduced; architectural and landscape backgrounds encroached upon the Byzantine gold grounds; even portraiture was taken up. The painters were taking notes of natural appearances. No one painter began this movement. The whole artistic region of Italy was at that time ready for the advance.

Cimabue seems the most notable instance in early times of a Byzantine-educated painter who improved upon the traditions. He has been called the father of Italian painting; but Italian painting had no father. Cimabue was simply a man of more originality and ability than his contemporaries, and departed further from the art teachings of the time without decidedly opposing them. He retained the Byzantine pattern, but loosened the lines of drapery somewhat, turned the head to one side, and infused the figure with a little appearance of life.

Cimabue's pupil, Giotto, was a great improver on all his predecessors because he was a man of extraordinary genius. He would have been great in any time, and yet he was not great enough to throw off wholly the Byzantine traditions. He tried to do it. He studied nature in a general way, changed the type of face somewhat, and gave it expression and nobility. To the figure he gave more motion, dramatic gesture, life. The drapery was cast in broader, simpler masses with some regard for line, and the form and movement of the body were somewhat emphasized through it. In methods Giotto was more knowing, but not essentially different from his contemporaries; his subjects were from the common stock of religious story, but his imaginative force and invention were his own. Bound by the conventionalities of his time, he could still create a work of nobility and power. He came too early for the highest achievement. He had genius, feeling, fancy — almost everything except accurate knowledge of the laws of nature and of art. His art was the best of its time, but it was still lacking, nor did that of his immediate followers go much beyond it technically.

SYDNEY COLVIN 'ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA'

GIOTTO, relatively to his age one of the greatest and most complete of artists, fills in the history of Italian painting a place analogous to that which seems to have been filled in the history of Greek painting by Polygnotus. That is to say, he lived at a time when the resources of his art were still in their infancy, but considering the limits of those resources his achievements were the highest possible. At the close of the Middle Age he laid the foundations upon which all the progress of the Renaissance was afterwards securely based. In the days of Giotto the knowledge possessed by painters of the human frame and its structure rested only upon general observation and not upon any minute, prolonged, or scientific study; while to facts other than those of humanity their observation had never been closely directed. Of linear perspective they possessed few ideas, and these elementary and empirical, and scarcely any ideas at all of aërial perspective or of the conduct of light and shade.

As far as painting could ever be carried under these conditions, so far it was carried by Giotto. In its choice of subjects his art is entirely subservient to the religious spirit of his age. Even in its mode of conceiving and arranging those subjects, it is in part still trammeled by the rules and consecrated traditions of the past. Thus it is as far from being a perfectly free as from being a perfectly accomplished form of art. Many of those truths of nature to which the painters of succeeding generations learned to give accurate and complete expression, Giotto was only able to express by way of imperfect symbol and suggestion. But in spite of these limitations and shortcomings, and although he had often to be content with expressing truths of space and form conventionally or inadequately, and truths of structure and action approximately, and truths of light and shadow not at all, yet among the elements over which he had control he maintained so just a balance that his work produces in the spectator less sense of imperfection than that of many later and more accomplished masters. He is one of the least one-sided of artists, and his art, it has been justly said, resumes and concentrates all the attainments of his time not less truly than all the attainments of the crowning age of Italian art are resumed and concentrated in Raphael.

In some particulars the painting of Giotto was never surpassed,—in the judicious division of the field and massing and scattering of groups, in the union of dignity in the types with appropriateness in the occupations of the personages, in strength and directness of intellectual grasp and dramatic motive, in the combination of perfect gravity with perfect frankness in conception, and of a noble severity in design with a great charm of harmony and purity in color. The earlier Byzantine and Roman workers in mosaic had bequeathed to him the high abstract qualities of their practice—their balance, their impressiveness, their grand instinct of decoration; but while they had compassed these qualities at an entire sacrifice of life and animation, it is the glory of Giotto to have been the first among his countrymen to breathe life into art, and to have quickened its stately rigidity with the fire of natural incident and emotion.

It was this conquest, this touch of the magician, this striking of the sympathetic notes of life and reality, that chiefly gave Giotto his immense reputation among his contemporaries, and made him the fit exponent of the vivid, penetrating, and practical genius of emancipated Florence. His is one of the few names in history which, having become great while its bearer lived, has sustained no loss of greatness through subsequent generations.

JOHN RUSKIN 'GIOTTO AND HIS WORKS IN PADUA'

IN the one principle of close imitation of nature lay Giotto's great strength and the entire secret of the revolution he effected. It was not by greater learning, nor by the discovery of new theories of art; not by greater taste, nor by "ideal" principles of selection that he became the head of the progressive schools of Italy. It was simply by being interested in what was going on around him, by substituting the gestures of living men for conventional attitudes, and portraits of living men for conventional faces, and incidents of every-day life for conventional circumstances, that he became great, and the master of the great.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS 'RENAISSANCE IN ITALY'

THE tale told about Giotto's first essay in drawing might be chosen as a parable: he was not found beneath a church roof tracing a mosaic, but on the open mountain, trying to draw the portrait of the living thing committed to his care. What, therefore, Giotto gave to art was, before all things else, vitality. His Madonnas are no longer symbols of a certain phase of pious awe, but pictures of maternal love. The Bride of God suckles her divine infant with a smile, watches him playing with a bird, or stretches out her arms to take him when he turns crying from the hands of the circumcising priest. By choosing incidents like these from real home life, Giotto, through his painting, humanized the mysteries of faith, and brought them close to common feeling. Nor was the change less in his method than his motives. Before his day painting had been without composition, without charm of color, without suggestion of movement or the play of living energy. He first knew how to distribute figures in the given space with perfect balance, and how to mass them together in animated groups agreeable to the eye. He caught varied and transient shades of emotion, and expressed them by the posture of the body and the play of feature. The hues of morning and of evening served him. Of all painters he was most successful in preserving the clearness and the light of pure, well-tempered colors. His power of telling a story by gesture and action is unique in its peculiar simplicity. There are no ornaments or accessories in his pictures. The whole force of the artist has been concentrated on rendering the image of the life conceived by him. Relying on his knowledge of human nature, and seeking only to make his subject intelligible, no painter is more unaffectedly pathetic, more unconsciously majestic. While under the influence of his genius we are sincerely glad that the requisite science for clever imitation of landscape and architectural backgrounds was not forthcoming in his age. Art had to go through a toilsome period of geometrical and anatomical pedantry before it could venture, in the frescos of Michelangelo and Raphael, to return with greater wealth of knowledge on a higher level to the divine simplicity of its childhood in Giotto.

In the drawing of the figure Giotto was surpassed by many meaner artists of the fifteenth century. Nor had he that quality of genius which selects a high type of beauty and is scrupulous to shun the commonplace. The faces of even his most sacred personages are often almost vulgar. In his choice of models for saints and apostles we already trace the Florentine instinct for contemporary portraiture. Yet, though his knowledge of anatomy was defective and his taste was realistic, Giotto solved the great problem of figurative art far better than more learned and fastidious painters. He never failed to make it manifest that what he meant to represent was living. Even to the non-existent he gave the semblance of reality. We cannot help believing in his angels leaning waist-deep from the blue sky, wringing their hands in agony above the Cross, pacing like deacons behind Christ when he washes the feet of his disciples, or sitting watchful and serene upon the empty sepulcher. He was, moreover, essentially a fresco-painter, working with rapid decision on a large scale, aiming at broad effects, and willing to sacrifice subtlety to clearness of expression.

The health of Giotto's whole nature and his robust good sense are everywhere apparent in his solid, concrete, human work of art. There is no trace of mysticism, no ecstatic piety, nothing morbid or hysterical in his imagination. Imbuing whatever he handled with the force and freshness of actual existence, he approached the deep things of the Christian faith and the legend of St. Francis in the spirit of a man bent simply on realizing the objects of his belief as facts. His allegories of 'Poverty,' 'Chastity,' and 'Obedience,' at Assisi, are as beautiful and powerfully felt as they are carefully constructed. Yet they conceal no abstruse spiritual meaning, but are plainly painted "for the poor laity of love to read." The artist-poet who colored the virginal form of Poverty, with the briars beneath her feet and the roses blooming round her forehead, proved by his well-known *canzone* that he was free from monastic Quixotism and took a practical view of the value of worldly wealth. His homely humor saved him from the exaltation and the childishness that formed the weakness of the Franciscan revival. Giotto in truth possessed a share of that power which belonged to the Greek sculptors. He embodied myths in physical forms adequate to their intellectual meaning.

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD 'ITALIAN CITIES'

WHEN we ask, where did Giotto get the wonderful power of expression that he shows in his work? we reply, a little from masters and a great deal from himself; but if we are asked, how did he learn to make a wall effective by color and patterns? we must answer that he worked upon traditional lines, that some of his immediate forerunners were nearly as effective as he, and that some of his remote forerunners were more effective.

When we say enthusiastically of Giotto, "There was a decorator for you! There was a muralist far more purely *decorative* than some later and even greater men!" we are thinking, not of the superiority of his drawing and composition, but of the simple flatness of his masses, free from any elaborate modeling, the lightness and purity of his color, the excellence of his silhouette and his pattern. But the essentially decorative qualities did not belong especially to Giotto; they belonged to the history and development of mural painting, to the Greeks, the Romans, the Byzantines, who had learned—centuries before St. Francis, centuries even before the Master whom Francis served, came into the world—had learned, we say, that dimly lighted interiors require flat, pure colors with little modeling.

Now nearly all the interiors of the ancient world were dimly lighted; the medieval Italian churches with their narrow lancet windows of low toned jewel-like glass were as dark as any of the antique buildings, so that the use of flat masses of pure color, the planning of an agreeable disposition of spots and of a handsome silhouette to these spots, became the canons of medieval painting. These early artists had mastered thoroughly the great controlling principle of decoration, the principle of the harmony of the painting with the surrounding architecture. Because the fourteenth century had not gone beyond this fortunate simplicity to the complexity of the fifteenth, and because it had attained to a science of draughtsmanship unknown to the thirteenth century and earlier times, we call the fourteenth century the golden age of the mural painter. The layman not infrequently supposes that this condition of things obtained because Giotto deliberately eschewed elaborate modeling, and said to mural painting, "Thus far and no farther shalt thou go!" In eight cases out of ten this misconception comes because the layman has been reading Ruskin; in the other two cases, because he has been reading Rio or Lord Lindsay. In reality, Giotto said nothing of the sort; he was a great artist, he saw and felt with simplicity and dignity; doubtless he would, under any circumstances, have modeled with restraint, but if he had known how to do so he would have put more modeling in his figures than he did.

Fifty years ago John Ruskin made Giotto the fashion. The connoisseurs of the seventeenth century, the men whose fathers had perhaps seen Raphael, had surely seen the Urbinate's great rival, made small account of the earlier painters; to them the *Giotteschi* were barbarous, rubbish. With Ruskin, however, the great son of Bondone took his place upon a throne. He sat there rightfully by virtue of the greatest talent which was given to any painter between Masaccio and the last great Greek or Roman artist of imperial days; but his ministrant swung the censer before him with such misplaced enthusiasm that the face of the great Tuscan was clouded for half a century, until modern criticism dared to say nay to the poet of the 'Stones of Venice' and the 'Modern Painters.' Ruskin never admired anything that was unworthy, though he often fiercely contemned the worthy. He saw and praised Giotto's simplicity of treatment, but how strangely he praised, how utterly he misunderstood the artist's aim and insisted upon bringing back to the marksman game that was no spoil of his! Ruskin mistook timidity for reverence, and ascribed to the painter as a deliberate choice that which was in reality forced upon him by inexperience.

The reasoning which Ruskin, Rio, and others of their school followed is peculiar. We will take as an example a fresco in which heavily draped figures stand before a city gate upon greensward. In the said greensward every little blade and leaf is made out; there is no effect; you and I with our modern ideas would not like it at all. The critic, on the contrary, is enraptured. He cries, "Only see, Giotto has painted every leaf; he felt that everything that God made should be lovingly and carefully studied!" The draperies, on the contrary, are rather broadly and simply handled, and the author implies that it is because the artist knew that the stuffs, which were only artificial, not natural, were unworthy the careful study he had given the leaves. Such criticism as this utterly misled a portion of the English reading world for at least thirty years. The right treatment by the painter was wrongly praised by the writer. Giotto was lauded especially for leaving out that which he was incapable of putting in; his figures are but little modeled, and this slight modeling happens to be admirably suited to the kind of decoration which he was doing, but it was slight because he did not know how to carry it further. When he painted a Madonna on a panel to be seen and examined at close quarters that which was a virtue in his decoration became a fault in his easel-picture. Take the grass and draperies just mentioned; Giotto had not yet learned to paint drapery realistically, but he had the sentiment of noble composition, and he arranged his folds simply and grandly and painted them as well as he knew how, pushing them as far as he could. When he came to the grass, he found it much easier to draw a lot of little hard blades and leaves than to generalize them into an effect. He did not know how to generalize complicated detail. The drapery was one piece, and he could arrange it in a few folds, but the blades of grass were all there, and he thought he must draw every one. Ruskin, and Rio, and Lord Lindsay, all regard this incapacity as a special virtue based upon a spiritual interpretation of the relative importance of things in nature and art. They account as truth in Giotto what was really the reverse of truth. In looking at such a scene as that represented in the fresco no human being could see every blade of grass separately defined. A general effect of mass would be truth, and Giotto would have grasped it if he could have done so, but he was not yet a master of generalization.

A whole class of writers upon Christian art is like the prior in Browning's poem, who says to Fra Lippo Lippi:—

> "Your business is to paint the souls of men.
> "Give us no more of body than shows soul;"

but these writers, while appreciating the effect of certain qualities in Giotto and his followers, wholly misunderstood their intention. He did not leave his figures half modeled for the praise of God or for the sake of expressing soul. We might just as well say that it was for the sake of spiritual aspiration that his foreshortened feet stood on the points of their toes, or that his snub profiles were intended to suggest meekness. . . .

It is an important fact in painting, especially in decorative painting, that in measure as an artist refines his work he may with advantage suppress one detail after another of its modeling. But this knowing what to leave out is one of the most subtle, one of the last kinds of knowledge that come to the painter. This system of elimination argues upon his part the possession of a high degree of technical accomplishment. When he can draw and paint every detail of his subject, then, and not till then, he can suppress judiciously. Great painters have thus instinctively commenced by making minutely detailed studies. Now, Giotto never made one such in his life; he did not know how. He was a beginner possessing magnificent natural gifts, still a beginner, a breaker of new paths. He drew and painted the human body exactly as well as he knew how to, leaving out elaborate modeling simply because he was unable to accomplish it. One lifetime would not have sufficed this pioneer of art for the achievement of all that he did and for the compassing of a skilful technique as well. . . .

If we pass on to those qualities of a painter which were particular to Giotto, not merely as a muralist but as an individual man, we find that like other masters of his time he cannot yet subtly differentiate expression, but that, unlike others, his expression is more intense, more forceful, more varied. His heads have long narrow eyes, short snub noses, firm mouths, square jaws, and powerful chins; he divides them, not individually, but typically, into adolescent, adult, and aged heads. His feet are unsteady; his hands not yet understood; his draperies are for their time wonderful — simply, even grandly arranged, and if they do not express the body, at least they suggest it and echo its movements.

His animals, too small and often faulty enough, are sometimes excellent; and, like every other medieval artist, if he wanted to put in a sheep or a horse or a camel, he put it in without any misgivings as to knowledge of the subject. Neither did this architect entertain any scruples regarding architecture when he chose to paint it, and, like his fellows, he set Greek temple of Assisi, Romanesque convent, and Gothic church, all upon the same jack-straw-like legs, — that is to say, columns which made toys of all buildings, big or little. First and last and best, we see him as a miracle of compositional and dramatic capacity, and with this last quality he took his world by storm.

Men before him had tried to tell stories, but had told them hesitatingly, even uncouthly; Giotto spoke clearly and to the point. This shepherd boy, whose mountain pastures could be seen from her Campanile, taught grammar to the halting art of Florence. He taught the muse of the fourteenth century to wear the buskin, so that his followers, however confused their composition might be, were at least clear in the telling of their story. Indeed he was such a dramaturgist that men for a full hundred years forgot, in the fascination of the story told, to ask that the puppets should be any more shapely, that they should look one whit more like men and women.

HARRY QUILTER 'GIOTTO'

THE main characteristics of Giotto's style are, first, a lighter, purer tone of color than had been in use before the time of Cimabue, and a greater variety and purity of tint than had been attained by that master; second, the introduction into his compositions of a certain amount of natural detail which had been before totally neglected, and the substitution of the portraits of actual men and women for the imaginary beings that had formerly filled up the backgrounds of the Byzantine pictures; third, the power of illustrating the real meaning of his subject, not merely suggesting it as had formerly been the case; and fourth, his unrivaled dramatic power.

This dramatic power shows itself in almost every work that Giotto has left us, and even survives in the achievements of his pupils. His pictures are not scenes alone, they are *situations*. Besides their appropriateness of gesture and oneness of feeling, they possess the great characteristic of dramatic art in making the scene live before you, subduing its various incidents into one strain of meaning, yet keeping each incident complete and individual, as well as making it help the main purpose. A minor point in which the same quality shows is in the amount of emotion which this painter is capable of expressing by a single gesture—an amount so great that it occasionally runs some danger of lapsing into caricature, as is especially plain in such pictures as 'The Entombment' in the Arena Chapel. But in all his scenes Giotto has succeeded, not only in choosing the most appropriate figures for illustrating his meaning, but in seizing the very moment which is most significant.

But, after all, the main characteristic of Giotto's style is so intangible that it can only be felt, not described. This characteristic is the simple faith in which each of these compositions abounds; the feeling conveyed to the spectator that thus, and not otherwise, did the occurrence take place, and that the painter has not altered it a jot or tittle for his own purpose.

The Works of Giotto

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'MADONNA ENTHRONED' PLATE I

THIS panel-picture, an early work, was painted for the Church of Ognissanti, Florence, and is now in the Academy of that city. Notwithstanding the fact that Giotto has adhered to the conventional composition of the Byzantine masters, there is a freshness and more lifelike appearance in this work than is observable in those of his predecessors; and in the more natural attitudes of the figures—notably in the kneeling angels—as well as in the greater freedom in the treatment of the draperies, we see the advance that he has already made in the development of art.

The Madonna, clad in a white robe and long bluish mantle, and holding the Child, whose tunic is of a pale rose color, upon her knee, is seated upon a throne placed against a gold background. The angels kneeling in front with vases of lilies in their hands are robed in white; those just above them, bearing a crown and box of ointment, are in green. Saints and angels are grouped on either side.

The color of the picture has darkened and lost much of its original freshness, and shows little of the purity of tint seen in many of Giotto's frescos.

'ALLEGORY OF POVERTY' PLATE II

AMONG Giotto's most famous works are the four frescos which cover the arched compartments of the vaulting of the Lower Church of St. Francis at Assisi. One represents the saint enthroned in glory; the others are allegorical depictions of the three vows of the Franciscan Order,—Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience. The finest of the series is that reproduced in this plate, in which Giotto has represented the mystic marriage of St. Francis with Poverty. Hope and Love are the bridesmaids, angels are the witnesses, and Christ himself blesses the union. The bride's garments are patched, ragged and torn by brambles, children throw stones at her and mock her, and a dog barks at her; but the roses and lilies of paradise bloom about her, and St. Francis looks with love upon his chosen bride. To the left a young man gives his cloak to a beggar; on the opposite side a miser grasps his money-bag, and a richly clad youth scornfully rejects the invitation of the angel at his side to follow in the train of holy Poverty. Above, two angels, one bearing a garment and a bag of gold, the other a miniature palace — symbolical of worldly goods given up in charity — are received by the hands of the Almighty.

'ALLEGORY OF CHASTITY' PLATE III

THIS fresco, in the Lower Church of St. Francis at Assisi, is one of the series to which that reproduced in the previous Plate also belongs. It represents the different stages of perfection in the religious life. On the left St. Francis receives three aspirants to the Franciscan Order; on the right three monks are driving evil spirits into the abyss below; and in the central group angels pour purifying water upon the head of a youth standing naked in a baptismal font. Two figures leaning over the wall behind present him with the banner of purity and shield of fortitude, and two angels standing near bear the convert's garments. The mail-clad warriors, holding lash and shield, are emblematic of the warfare and self-mortification of those who follow St. Francis. In the tower of the crenelated fortress in the background is seated Chastity, veiled and in prayer, to whom two angels bring an open book and the palm of holiness.

'NATIVITY,' 'ENTOMBMENT,' AND 'RESURRECTION' PLATES IV, V, AND VI

THE Arena Chapel, Padua, was built in the year 1303 by Enrico Scrovegno, a wealthy citizen of that place, upon the site of a Roman amphitheater or arena. The outside of this little building is devoid of all architectural embellishment, but any exterior bareness is more than counterbalanced by the interior, the decoration of which was, in 1305 or 1306, intrusted to Giotto, at that time the acknowledged master of painting in Italy. With the exception of the frescos in the choir, which were added by his followers in later years, all the paintings in the chapel — thirty-eight in number — are by his hand, and present a scheme of decoration that is unsurpassed even in the churches of Italy. "Though they lack the subtleties of later technical development," write Vasari's recent editors, "these frescos of the Arena Chapel, in their composition, their simplicity, their effectiveness as pure decoration, and in their dramatic force, are some of the finest things in the whole history of art, ancient or modern."

Arranged in three tiers on the side walls of the chapel, Giotto's frescos illustrate the apocryphal history of Joachim and Anna, the life of the Virgin, scenes from the life of Christ, and below, allegorical figures of the Virtues and Vices. On the entrance wall is a 'Last Judgment,' and opposite, a 'Christ in Glory.' The vaulted ceiling, colored blue and studded with gold stars, is adorned with medallions of Christ and the Virgin, saints and prophets. "Wherever the eye turns," writes Mr. Quilter, "it meets a bewilderment of color pure and radiant and yet restful to the eye, tints which resemble in their perfect harmony of brightness the iridescence of a shell. The whole interior, owing perhaps to its perfect simplicity of form and absence of all other decoration than the frescos, presents less the aspect of a building decorated with paintings than that of some gigantic opal in the midst of which the spectator stands."

'THE NATIVITY,' reproduced in Plate IV, is the first of the second tier of frescos. It is painted almost wholly in a quiet harmony of blue and gray. Ruskin has called attention to the natural manner in which the Virgin turns upon her couch to assist in laying down the Child brought to her by an attendant, and to the figure of St. Joseph seated below in meditation. On the right are the shepherds, their flocks beside them, listening to the angels who, "all exulting, and as it were confused with joy, flutter and circle in the air like birds." On the left the ox and ass stretch their heads towards the Virgin's couch.

'THE ENTOMBMENT,' Plate V, is impressive in its passionate intensity. The women seated on the ground supporting the dead Christ are overwhelmed with grief, other mourners are grouped around; and in the figure of St. John with his arms extended Giotto has preserved the antique gesture of sorrow. Angels wheel and circle through the air in a frenzied agony of grief. In the background a barren hill and the leafless branches of a tree are relieved against a darkening sky.

'THE RESURRECTION,' Plate VI, shows us the soldiers in deep sleep beside the red porphyry tomb on which two majestic, white-robed angels are seated. Mary Magdalene, in a long crimson cloak, kneels with outstretched arms at the feet of the risen Christ, who by his expressive gesture warns her, "Noli me tangere!"

This fresco and that of 'The Resurrection' are among the most impressive in the chapel, and are comparatively little injured by time and dampness.

'THE DEATH OF ST. FRANCIS' PLATE VII

THE last in the series of eight frescos painted by Giotto in the Bardi Chapel of the Church of Santa Croce, Florence, this picture, which is by many considered his masterpiece, shows us the closing scene in the life of St. Francis of Assisi. Julia Cartwright writes of it: "The great saint is lying dead on his funeral bier, surrounded by weeping friars who bend over their beloved master and cover his hands and feet with kisses. At the head of the bier a priest reads the funeral rite; three brothers stand at the foot bearing a cross and banner, and the incredulous Girolamo puts his finger into the stigmatized side, while his companions gaze on the sacred wounds with varying expressions of awe and wonder; and one, the smallest and humblest of the group, suddenly lifts his eyes and sees the soul of St. Francis borne on angel wings to heaven. Even the hard outlines and coarse handling of the restorer's brush have not destroyed the beauty and pathos of this scene. In later ages more accomplished artists often repeated the composition, but none ever attained to the simple dignity and pathetic beauty of Giotto's design."

'THE BIRTH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST' PLATE VIII

THE Peruzzi Chapel in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence, was decorated by Giotto with scenes from the lives of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist. "The frescos in this chapel have suffered greatly from repainting," writes Mr. F. Mason Perkins, "but the monumental style in which they were originally conceived is still unmistakably apparent; and they are certainly to be considered as products of the most mature period of Giotto's activity, in all probability later in date by some years at least than those in the Bardi Chapel. The fresco here reproduced represents the birth and the naming of St. John the Baptist. In one room St. Elizabeth is seen reclining on her couch and waited upon by her attendants; in an adjoining chamber Zacharias is seated writing upon a tablet the name by which the new-born child is to be called."

'THE FEAST OF HEROD' PLATE IX

THIS fresco in the Peruzzi Chapel in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence, is one of the most celebrated of Giotto's works. Herod and his guests are represented at table under a portico suggestive in its classic decorations of the later Renaissance. Salome, a lyre in her hand, has been dancing to the music of a violin played by a youth in a striped tunic—a figure which has been the subject of enthusiastic praise from Mr. Ruskin and other writers. The girl pauses in her dance as a soldier in a Roman helmet brings the head of John the Baptist into the hall and presents it to Herod. Through an open door Salome is seen again, kneeling before her mother and bearing the charger upon which rests the head of St. John. In the distance, at the other side of the picture, we see the barred window of the tower where the Baptist has been imprisoned.

"Although little more than its outlines are left," writes Kugler, "this work unites with all Giotto's grander qualities of arrangement, grouping, and action, a closer imitation of nature than he had before attained. Seldom, even in later times, have fitter action and features been rendered than those which characterize the viol-player as he plies his art and watches the dancing Salome."

'THE RAISING OF DRUSIANA' PLATE X

THE story of the incident which Giotto has here portrayed has been told as follows: "When St. John had sojourned in the island of Patmos a year and a day he returned to his church at Ephesus; and as he approached the city, being received with great joy by the inhabitants, lo! a funeral procession came forth from the gates; and of those who followed weeping he inquired, 'Who is dead?' They said, 'Drusiana.' Now when he heard that name he was sad, for Drusiana had excelled in all good works, and he had formerly dwelt in her house; and he ordered them to set down the bier, and having prayed earnestly, God was pleased to restore Drusiana to life. She arose up and the apostle went home with her and dwelt in her house."

"This fresco in the Peruzzi Chapel in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence, shows Giotto in all his strength and greatness," write Crowe and Cavalcaselle. "Life and animation are in the kneeling women at the Evangelist's feet, but particularly in the one kneeling in profile, whose face, while it is obvious that she cannot see the performance of the miracle on Drusiana, expresses the faith which knows no doubt. See how true are the figure and form of the cripple; how fine the movement of Drusiana; how interesting the group on the right in the variety of its movements; how beautiful the play of lines in the buildings which form the distance; how they advance and recede in order to second the lines of the composition and make the figures stand out."

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY GIOTTO, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

ENGLAND. Alnwick Castle, Duke of Northumberland's Collection: Panel with Sposalizio, St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, etc. — FRANCE. Paris, Louvre: St. Francis receiving the Stigmata — GERMANY. Munich Gallery: Small Panels of Crucifixion, Last Supper, etc. — ITALY. Assisi, Church of St. Francis, upper church: Frescos from the Life of St. Francis; lower church: Allegorical Frescos of Chastity, Obedience, and Poverty, and St. Francis in Glory (see Plates ii and iii); Frescos from the Lives of Christ and the Virgin, and Miracles of St. Francis — Bologna, Academy: Saints and Angels — Florence, Academy: Madonna Enthroned (Plate i) — Florence, Church of Santa Croce, Bardi Chapel: Frescos from the Life of St. Francis (see Plate vii); Peruzzi Chapel: Frescos from the Lives of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist (see Plates viii, ix, and x) — Padua, Arena Chapel: Frescos from the Lives of Christ and the Virgin (see Plates iv, v, and vi); Last Judgment; Christ in Glory; Allegorical Figures of the Virtues and Vices; sacristy: Crucifix — Padua, Church of Sant' Antonio: Frescos of Saints — Rome, Church of San Giovanni Laterano: Pope Boniface VIII. proclaiming the Jubilee — UNITED STATES. Boston, Mrs. J. L. Gardner's Collection: Presentation in the Temple.

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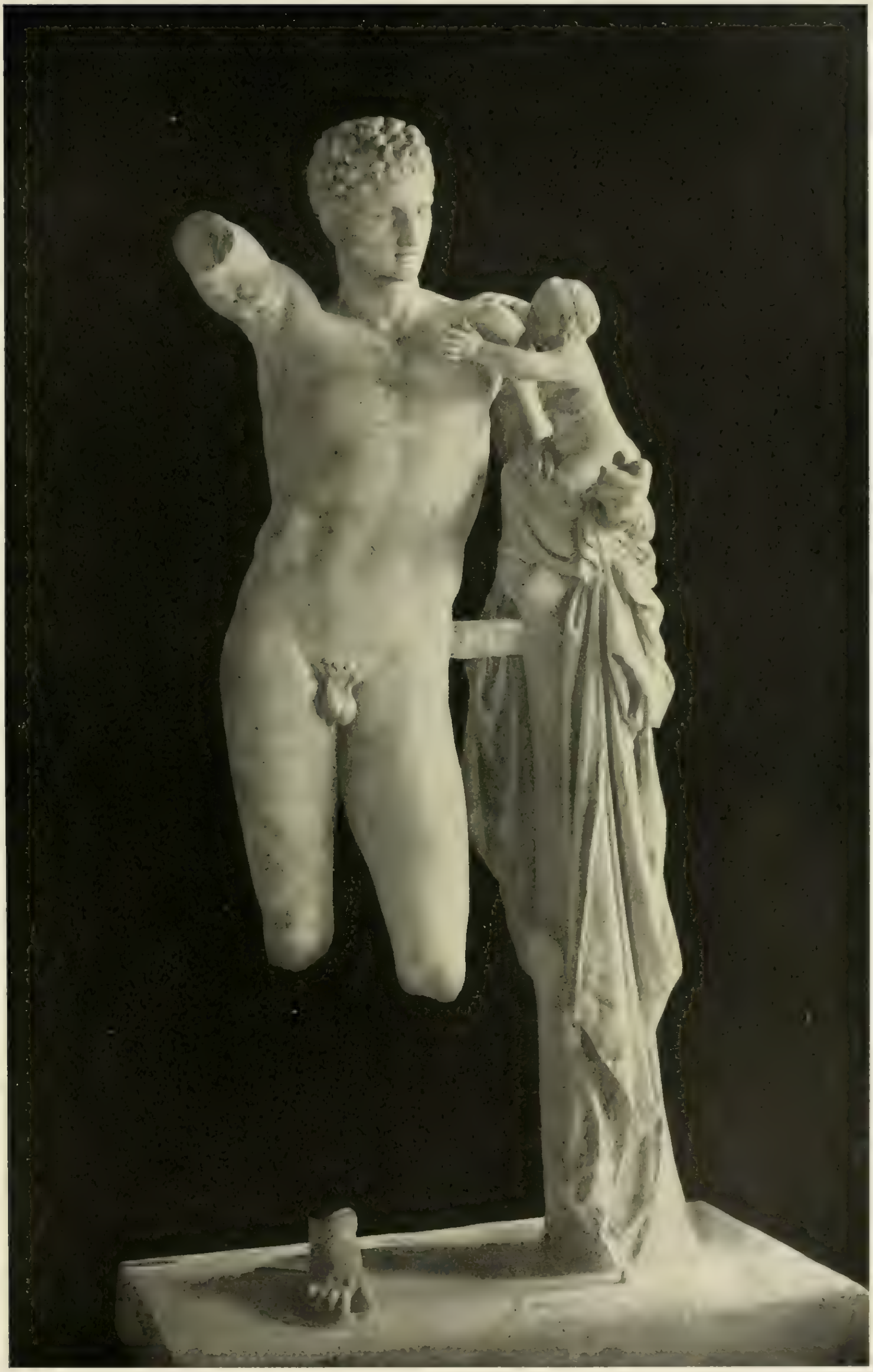
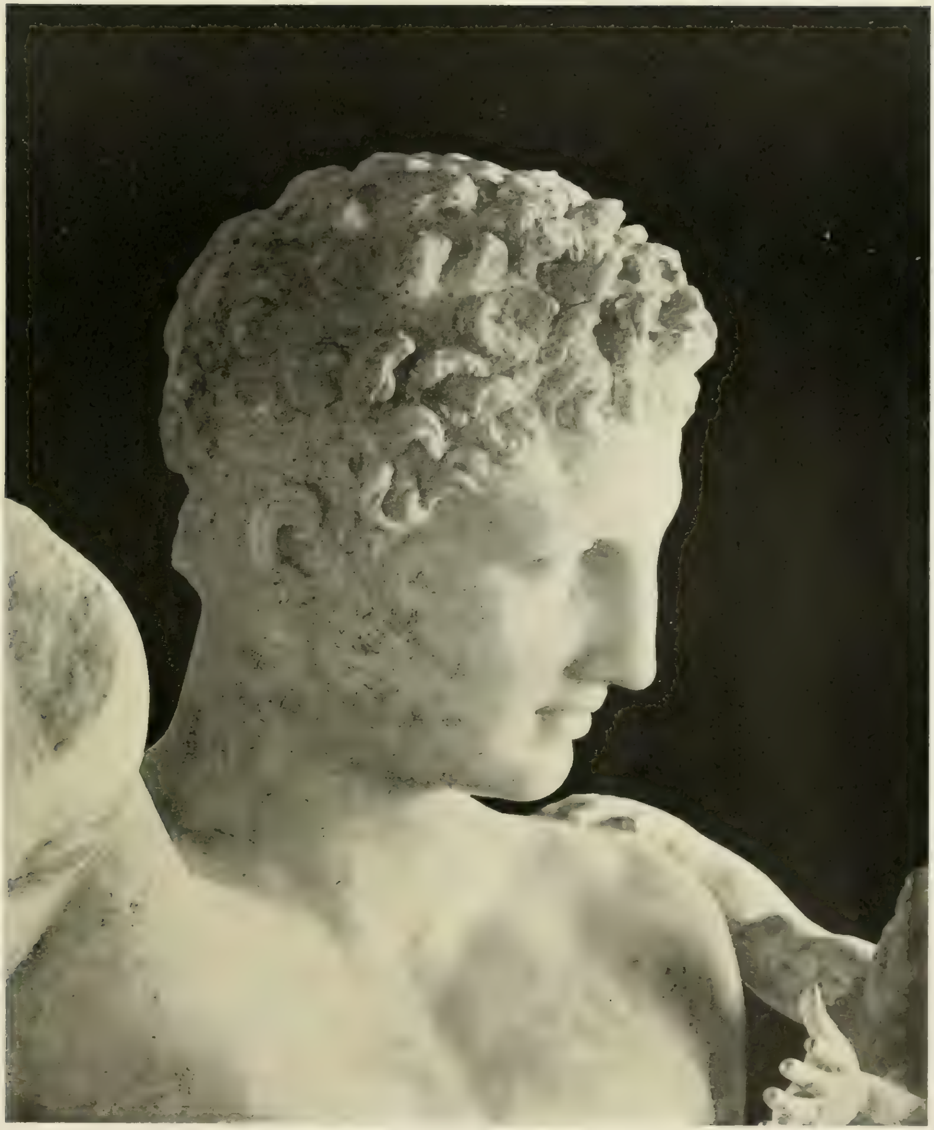


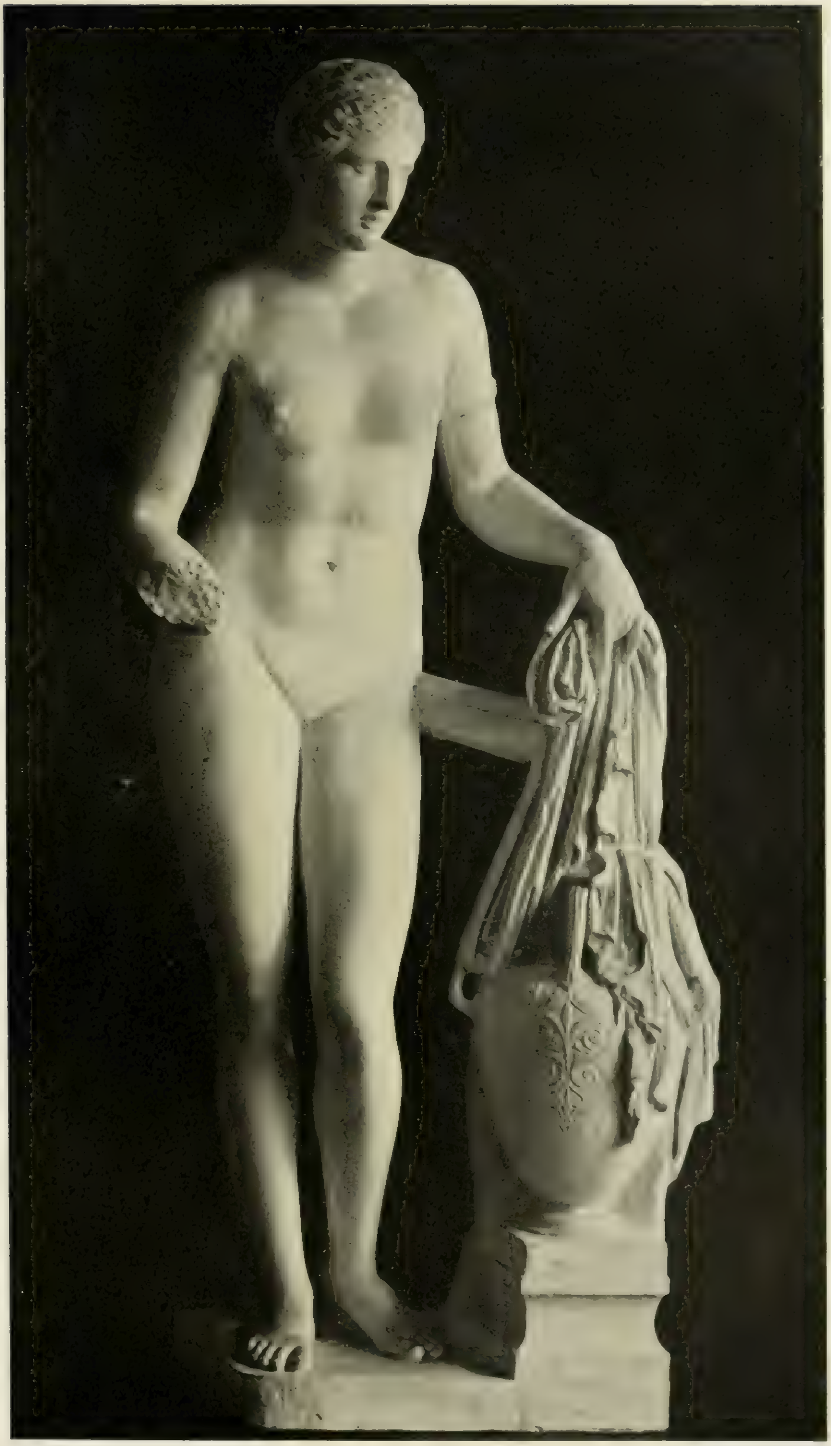
MASTERS IN ART PLATE I
PHOTOGRAPH BY RHOMAÏDES

HERMES CARRYING THE INFANT DIONYSUS'
BY PRAXITELES
OLYMPIA MUSEUM



MASTERS IN ART PLATE II
PHOTOGRAPH BY MERLIN

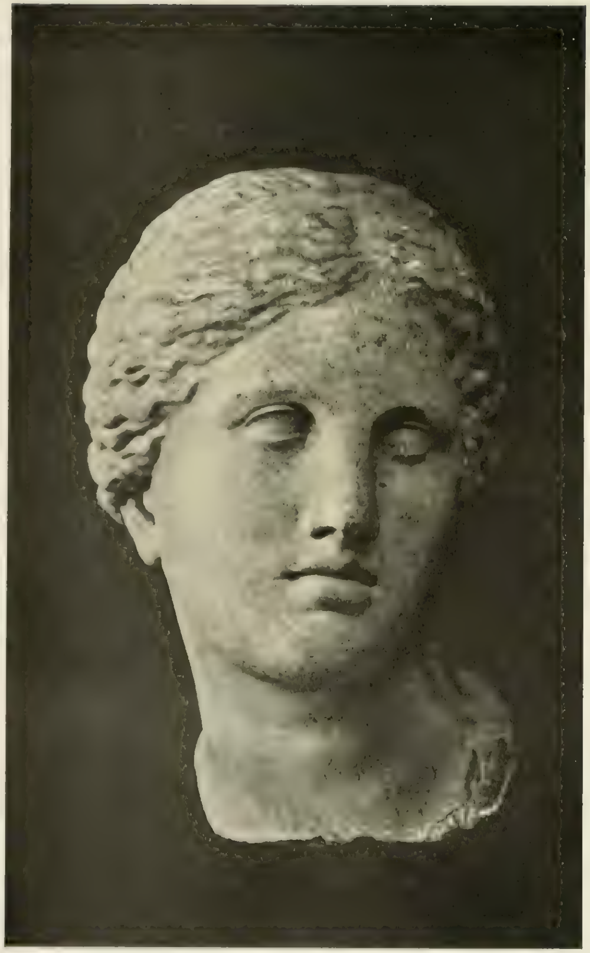
HEAD OF THE 'HERMES'
BY PRAXITELES
OLYMPIA MUSEUM

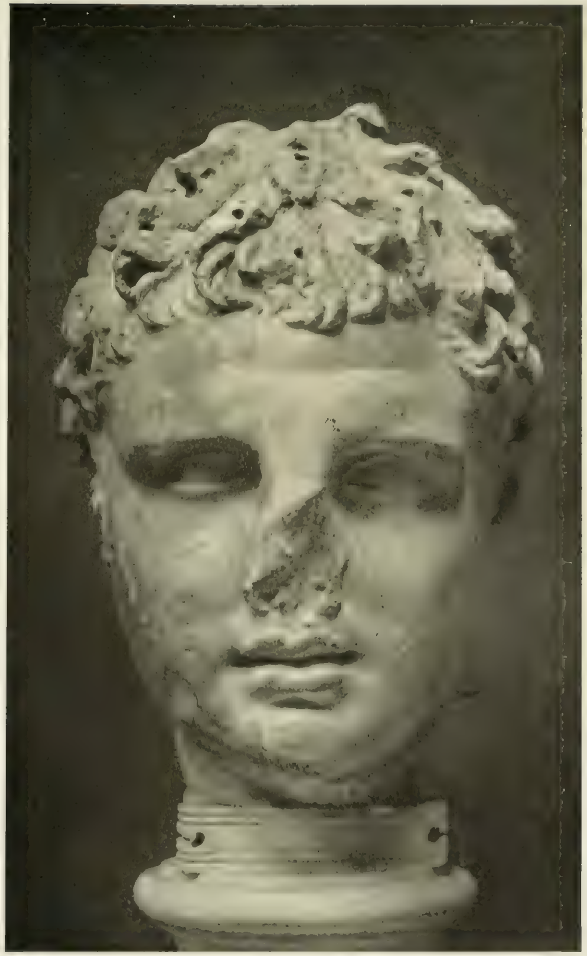


MASTERS IN ART PLATE III

PHOTOGRAPH FROM A CAST

COPY OF THE
'APHRODITE OF CNIDUS' OF PRAXITELES
VATICAN, ROME





MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV

PHOTOGRAPH FROM FURTWÄNGLER'S 'MASTERPIECES,' ETC.

PHOTOGRAPH FROM 'ANTIKE DENKMÄLER,' ETC.

HEAD OF 'APHRODITE'

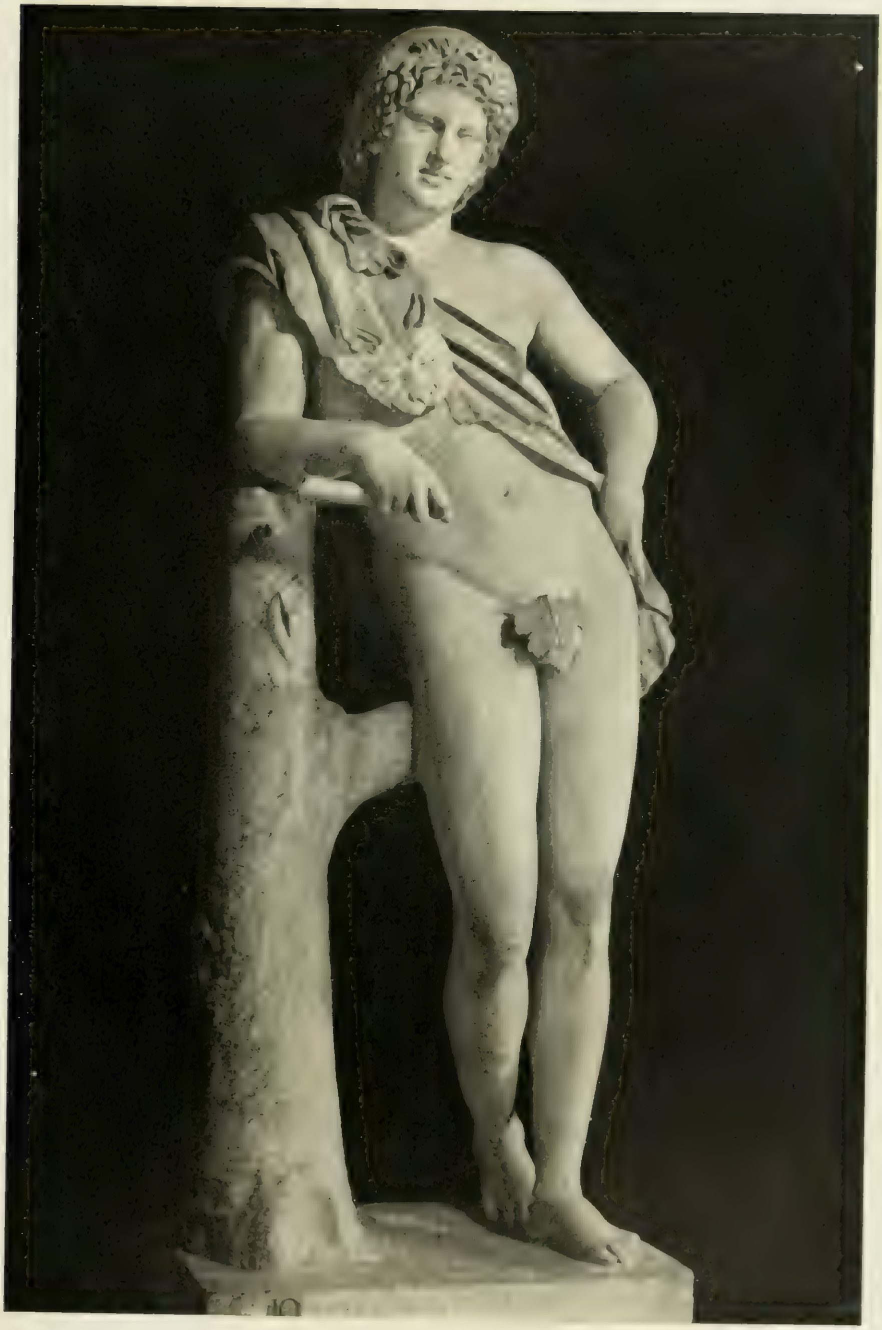
FROM A COPY OF THE 'APHRODITE OF CNIDUS' OF PRAXITELES

KAUFMANN COLLECTION, BERLIN

HEAD OF 'YOUNG HERCULES'

CALLED THE '[illegible] HEAD,' ATTRIBUTED TO PRAXITELES

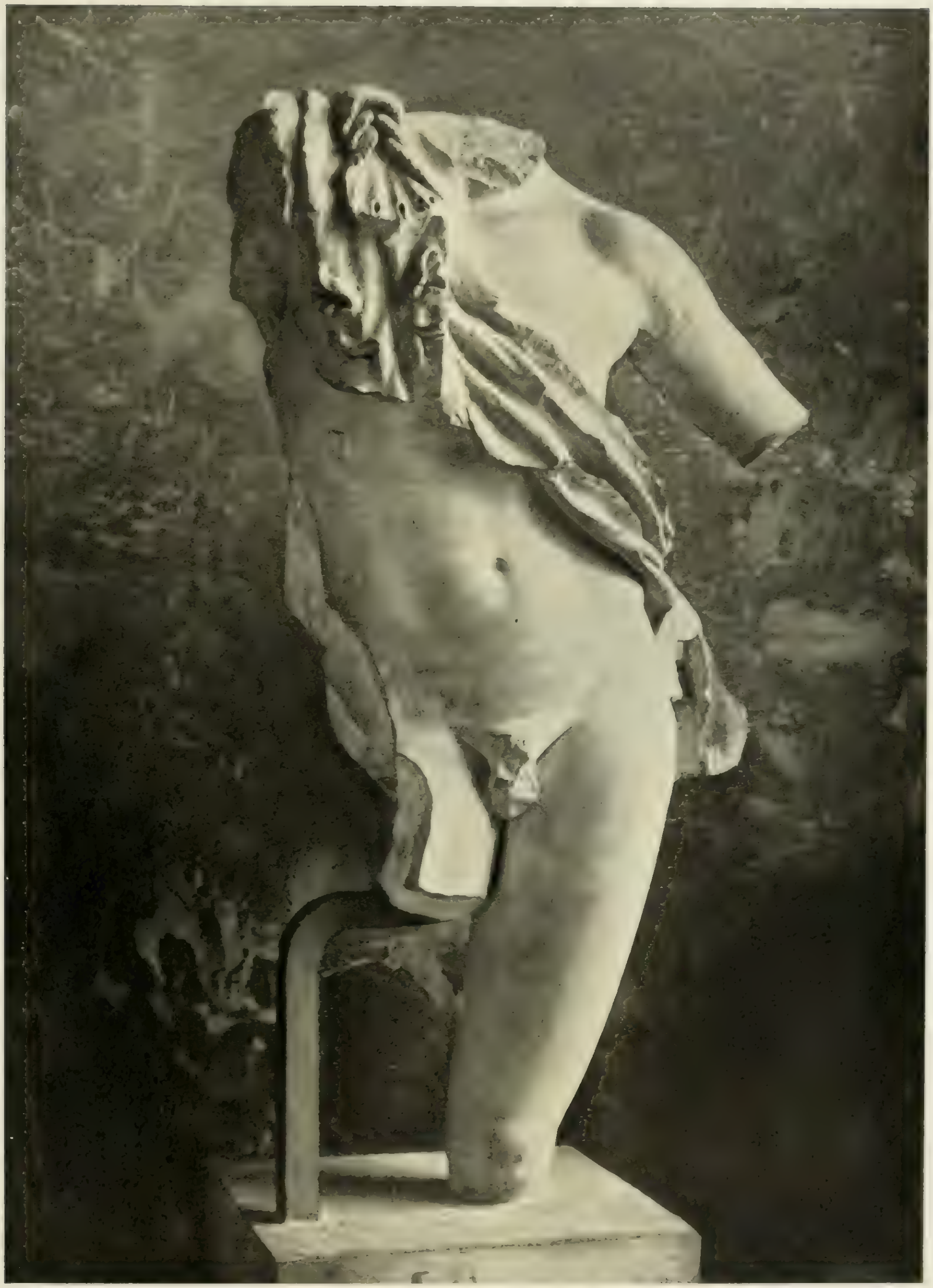
BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON



MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

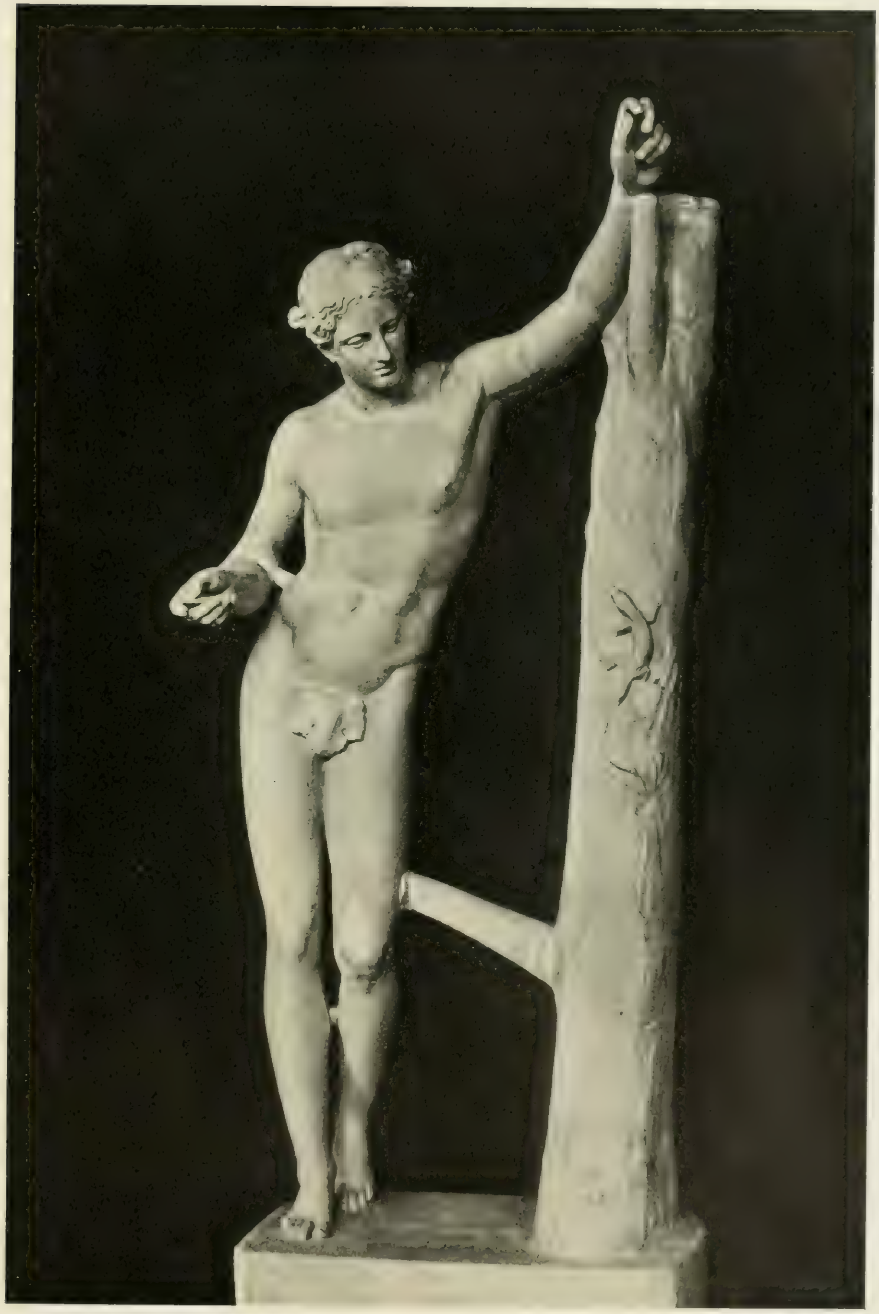
PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

COPY OF THE
'SATYR' OF PRAXITELES
CALLED 'THE MARBLE FAUN'
CAPITOLINE MUSEUM, ROME



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CIE

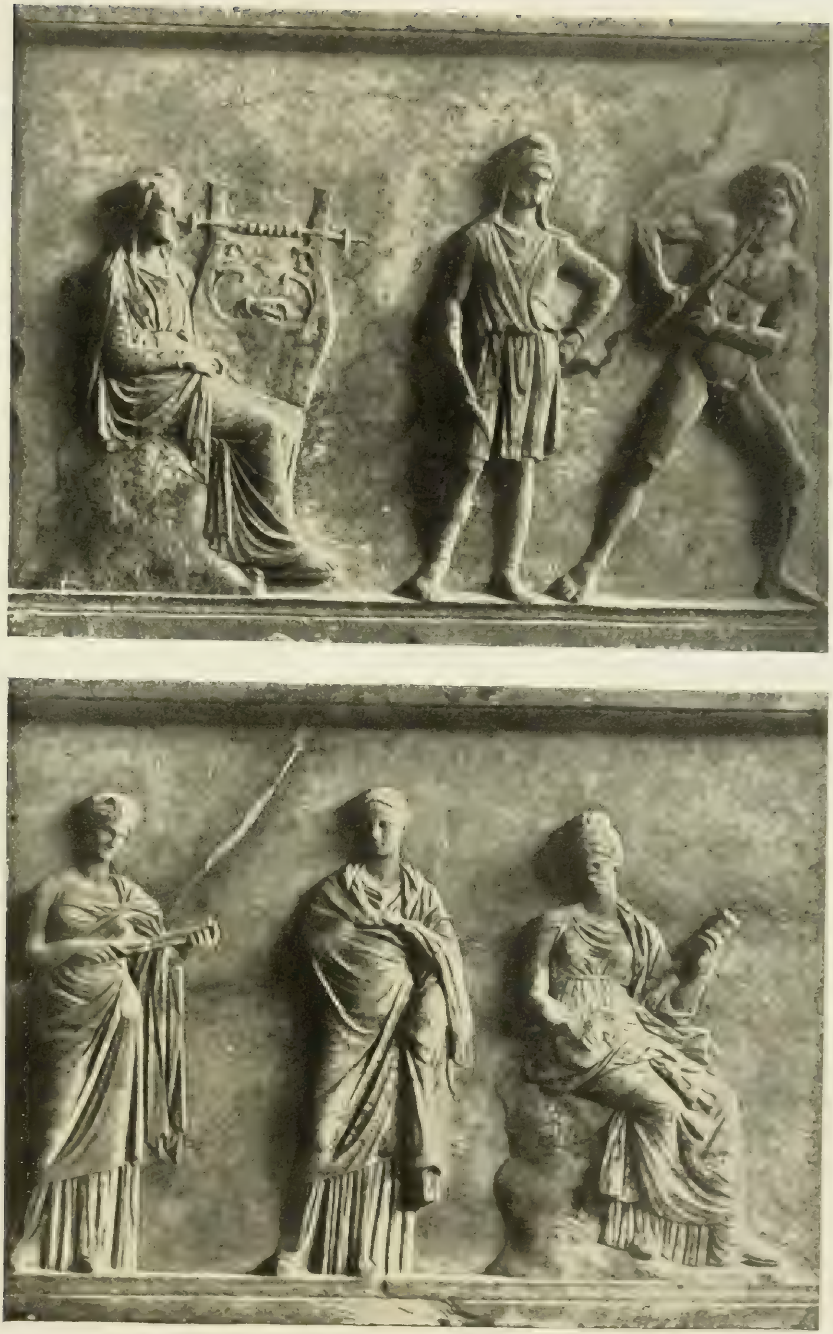
TORSO OF A COPY OF THE
'SATYR' OF PRAXITELES
LOUVRE, PARIS



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

COPY OF THE
'APOLLO SAUROCTONUS' OF PRAXITELES
VATICAN, ROME



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII

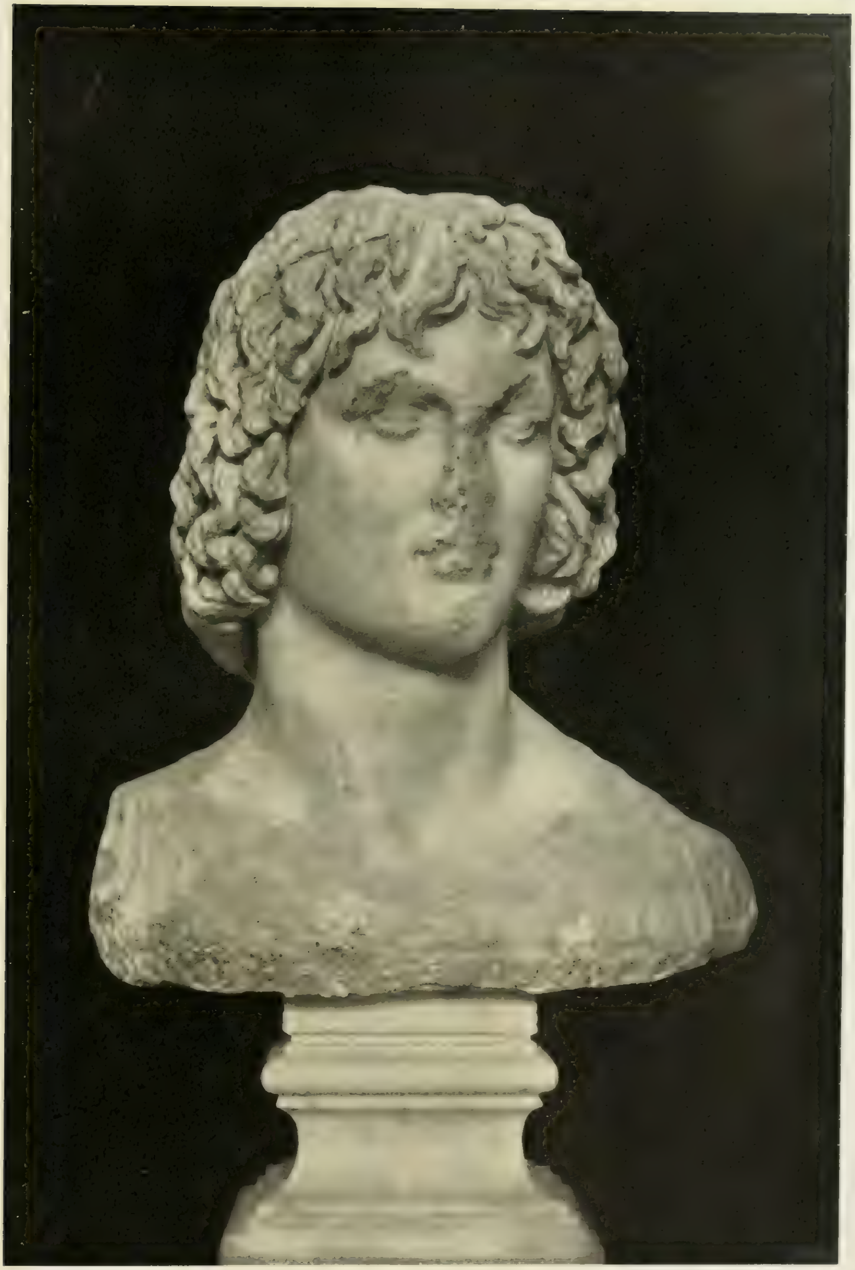
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CIE

BAS-RELIEFS FROM MANTINEA

"APOLLO, MARSYAS, AND A SLAVE"

"THE MUSES"

NATIONAL MUSEUM, ATHENS



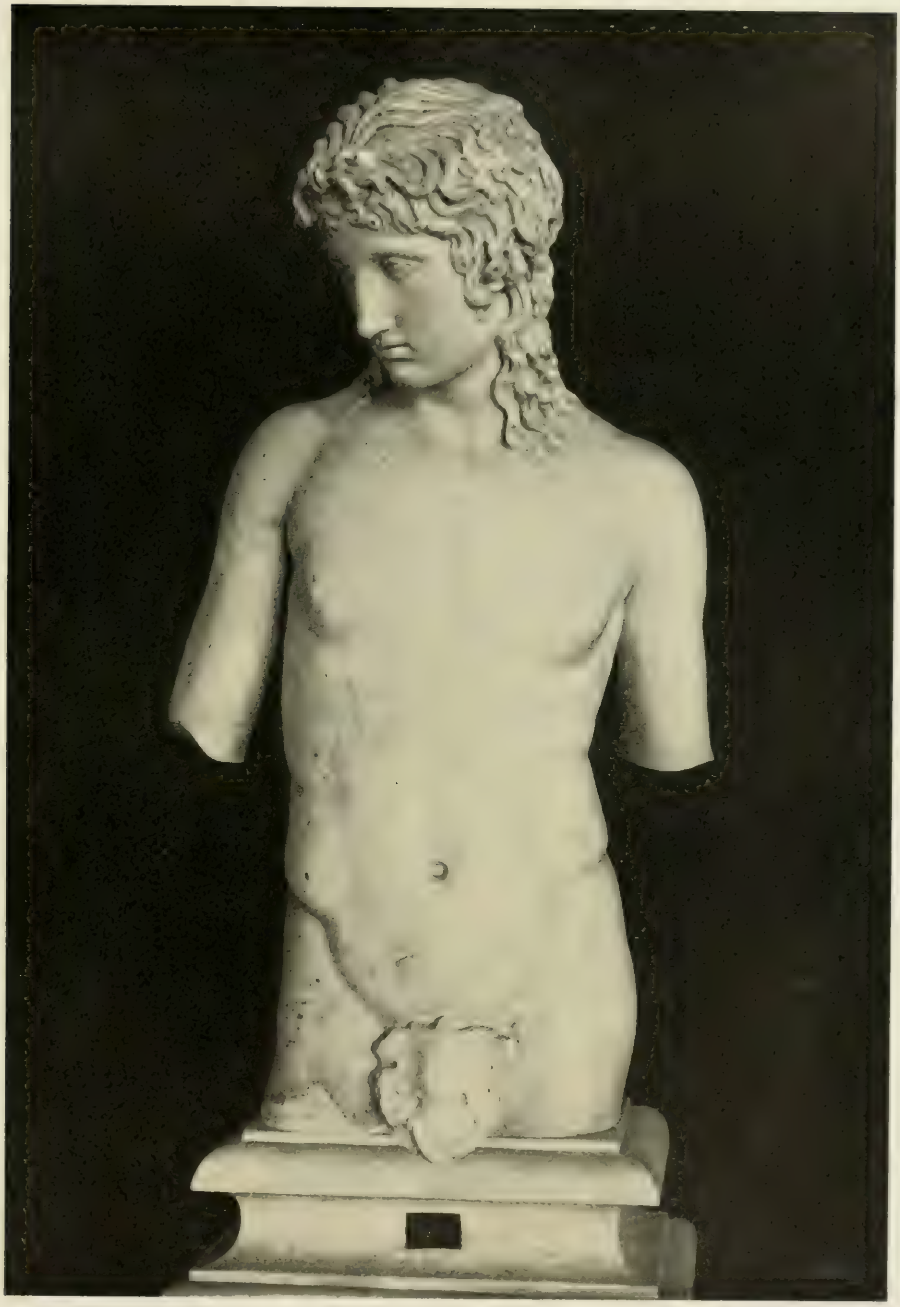
MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CIE

HEAD OF 'EUBULEUS' ?

ATTRIBUTED TO PRAXITELES

NATIONAL MUSEUM, ATHENS



MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE SOULE ART COMPANY

'EROS' FROM CENTOCELLE

CALLED 'THE GENIUS OF THE VATICAN'

VATICAN, ROME

Praxiteles

BORN 390(?) B.C.: DIED 332(?) B.C.
ATTIC SCHOOL

THE antique writers have left us numerous testimonies of their admiration for the works of Praxiteles, but few descriptions of them, and still fewer bits of trustworthy information about the man himself. We have, however, more material for the study of his art than in the case of any other of the greater Greek sculptors, for one precious original from his own chisel, the 'Hermes,' has come down to us in excellent preservation; and in the 'Apollo Sauroctonus,' the 'Satyr,' and the 'Aphrodite of Cnidus' we have, without much doubt, more or less faithful copies of famous statues by him. The reliefs from Mantinea were perhaps executed under his supervision, and may possibly be from his designs; and although there seems to be no sufficient ground for assuming, as formerly, that the 'Eros' from Centocelle is a copy of any of his works, it surely exhibits Praxitelean characteristics. The so-called head of 'Eubuleus,' the head of 'Young Hercules,' and the Petworth head of 'Aphrodite' have recently been proclaimed by authorities whose opinions must command respect, as actual originals from the master's hand; but their authenticity is as yet far from being generally admitted by archæologists.

PRAXITELES[1] was an Athenian by birth, a fact attested by two inscriptions, one found near Thespiæ and another at Olbia; but this is the only fact that we know concerning his origin. It is not improbable that his family may have resided in the district or *deme* of Eresidai, from the fact that in the third century B.C. a certain Praxiteles of Eresidai, whom M. Koehler conjectures to have been his grandson, was a priest of the temple of Æsculapius. The date of his birth and the descent of his family still remain subjects of theoretical discussion. It was a common custom in the families of antiquity, however, to name grandson after grandfather, thus alternating the names with each generation; and we know that one of Praxiteles' two sons, also a sculptor, bore the name of Cephisodotus; and we know also that there was an elder sculptor of the same name, and of no slight reputation, who worked at the end of the fifth century B.C. and at the beginning of the fourth. A group by this elder Cephisodotus at Athens, showing Irene, the goddess of Peace, protecting Plutus, the personification of Wealth, was, judging from the copy of it which has come down to us, a most interesting monument of the transition between the older and younger Attic schools, reminding us in technical characteristics of the age of Phidias, but in expression of face and delicate turn of head suggesting Praxiteles and the masters of the younger school. This elder Cephisodotus also executed works at Megalopolis; and we find Praxiteles during his early years working in the same region, so that as far as chronology is concerned there is nothing to militate against the now commonly accepted opinion that this first Cephisodotus was the father of Praxiteles, although M. Furtwängler believes him to have been an elder brother.

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[1] The following life of Praxiteles (pronounced Praks-it′e-leez, with the accent on the second syllable) is based upon that given in Professor Collignon's recent 'Histoire de la Sculpture Grecque,' and his conjectural chronology has been followed throughout; but many points which he merely touched upon in passing have here been amplified, either from other parts of the same work or from the texts of the ancient writers. — EDITOR

The chronology of Praxiteles' works is most uncertain; but without entering into any minute discussions of the evidence, let us attempt roughly to fix the main periods of his life according to what seem to be the most trustworthy scraps of information that have come down to us.

And first, what date may we assign as that of his birth? Pliny speaks of the time of his greatest activity as the one hundred and fourth Olympiad, that is from 364 to 361 B.C. This was just after the skilful policy of Epaminondas had provoked a vigorous reaction against the leadership of Sparta in the Peloponnesus; Mantinea was reconstructed in 370; and some months after the Battle of Leuctra the Arcadian republics built Megalopolis for their new capital. This political renaissance was the signal for an active movement in art, and the adornment of the new-founded or reconstructed cities drew a number of the Attic artists into the Peloponnesus, among them Cephisodotus the elder and his compatriot Xenophon. Between the years 370 and 362 Cephisodotus was working at Megalopolis, and without doubt Praxiteles had accompanied his father into Arcadia. At any rate he there found occasion to manifest his youthful genius; for he contributed to the adornment of Mantinea one group, 'Leto, Apollo, and Artemis,' which Pausanias dates with some exactness, placing it in the third generation after the sculptor Alcamenes, who was a pupil and contemporary of Phidias. As Phidias died about 430, two generations, counting each at thirty-four years, would bring us to the year 362 B.C. If then we estimate 390 as the approximate year of Praxiteles' birth, he would have been twenty-eight in 362, and probably by this time an accomplished artist. Doubtless his early work began under the influence of his father's style; and at any rate it is noteworthy that the group at Mantinea was a triple group, and that the group which Cephisodotus and Xenophon executed at about the same time for Megalopolis was also a triple group. This early group by Praxiteles is lost, but, thanks to the researches of M. Fougères at Mantinea, three of the bas-reliefs which adorned its base were discovered in 1887, being identified by a brief description of them by Pausanias.

It is probable that Praxiteles had by this time made his name known through other works, which we may attribute to this same period of youthful activity, that is from 370 to 362 B.C.; among them another group at Mantinea, 'Hera between Athena and Hebe,' and a group at Megara, representing, like the first at Mantinea, Leto and her children. At any rate, about 360 he must have begun that series of works which established his fame, and everything leads us to believe that he had now returned to Athens and established himself there.

It cannot have been far from this time that the young sculptor entered into those relations with the celebrated Phryne to which the ancient writers make more than one allusion. Phryne came, we are told, from Thespiæ in Bœotia. She arrived in Athens very young, and so poor as to be forced to earn her living by gathering capers; but as she grew up her extraordinary beauty brought her lovers, renown, and wealth. It is related that on the occasion of a festival of Poseidon at Eleusis she laid aside her garments, let down her hair, and stepped into the sea in sight of the people, who were entranced at her beauty, thus suggesting to the painter Apelles his famous picture of Aphrodite rising from the sea. Another testimony to her physical loveliness is the story of her trial on the charge of impiety. She was defended by the orator Hyperides; and when it seemed as if the verdict were about to be rendered against her, he tore away her garment, and the judges were so moved by her beauty that they acquitted her. Though we cannot establish definite dates in her life to help us in following the career of Praxiteles, it seems probable that about 350 she must have been in the prime of her beauty, since it could not have been far from this time that she served Apelles as the model for his Aphrodite, and is said to have stood to Praxiteles for his 'Aphrodite of Cnidus' (of which more hereafter); so that without attempting to establish any very rigorous chronology, we may consider that her intimacy with Praxiteles endured between 360 and 350—that is just before Praxiteles attained to the fullest maturity of his talent.

If we admit these approximate dates we may find a point of departure from which to estimate the period of production of some of his most famous works which tradition has linked with Phryne's name. First among them are the famous statues of a 'Satyr' in the Street of Tripods, Athens, and the 'Eros of the Thespians.' Pausanias speaks of them thus: "There is," says he, "a street called 'the Tripods,' its name derived from the fact that there stand upon it small temples to the gods, surmounted by bronze tripods. Upon these tripods are placed works of art most worthy of attention. Here indeed stands the 'Satyr,' of which it is said that Praxiteles was extremely proud." He then proceeds to relate the following anecdote. Praxiteles, so the story goes, had promised Phryne his most beautiful work, but would not commit himself as to which of his statues he considered the most beautiful. Impatient to obtain the prize, his mistress one day resorted to a strategem in order to surprise the sculptor into an expression of preference. She sent one of her slaves to break breathlessly in upon him with the tidings that a fire had broken out in his studio and was consuming his works. Praxiteles cried out that all his labors had availed nothing if his statues of the 'Satyr' or of 'Eros' had been damaged. At this juncture Phryne appeared to tell him that no such misfortune had really occurred, but that only by such a ruse could she induce him to confess which of his works he prized most. She then claimed the 'Eros' for her own, and dedicated it to the famous shrine of that god in her native town, Thespiæ. This 'Eros' remained in the shrine up to the first century of our era, when, according to Pausanias, Caligula transported it to Rome. The Emperor Claudius restored it to the Thespians; Nero took it from them again and had its marble wings gilded; and in the time of Pliny it adorned the Portico of Octavia in Rome. It was burned during the reign of Titus. The anecdote told by Pausanias serves at least to assure us that the two statues, the 'Eros' and the 'Satyr,' were contemporary productions, as they stood in Praxiteles' studio at the same time.

We must consider as of this same period too an 'Aphrodite' of marble, and a marble portrait of herself, which completed the triple offering of Phryne to Thespiæ; and also another portrait of her in gilded bronze which was dedicated at Delphi.

Certain evidences lead us to believe that about 350 Praxiteles was working in Asia Minor; and it is not improbable that the art movement which had attracted Scopas and his collaborators drew Praxiteles also to the Greek cities of Asia. Vitruvius states that Praxiteles was employed with Scopas and others on the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, but there is slight probability that this statement is true. However, he did carve an altar for Ephesus with reliefs—"full of Praxiteles' work" is the expression used of it—which dates subsequent to the burning of the old temple there in 356, for it was intended to adorn the new shrine. It is probable, therefore, that he worked at Ephesus; and as we know that some of his most celebrated statues were to be found in the other cities of Asia Minor, as at Cnidus and Parium, or in the neighboring islands, as at Cos, there is no reason to think that he did not sojourn there.

Two of his most renowned works were executed at this period—the Aphrodites of the cities of Cos and Cnidus. According to Pliny, Praxiteles had completed two statues of Aphrodite which he offered for sale at the same time, the one nude, the other draped. The people of Cos chose the draped figure, believing it to be more in keeping with the dignity of the goddess; and for the same price the Cnidians purchased the nude Aphrodite. This latter, the 'Aphrodite of Cnidus,' is perhaps more praised by ancient writers than any other statue of antiquity, and seems to have completely eclipsed the fame of the 'Aphrodite of Cos,' of which we hear no more.

Certain writers state that Phryne was the model for the 'Aphrodite of Cnidus'; and if this be so the date of its execution was probably not much later than 350. It was universally considered Praxiteles' masterpiece. Pliny calls it not only the most wonderful statue by Praxiteles, but the most beautiful in the whole world. When Lucian seeks to paint the ideal of womanly loveliness he says: "Let her head be like that of the 'Aphrodite' at Cnidus, her hair and forehead and the beautiful arch of her eyebrows like those there rendered by Praxiteles. Let her eye have the same soft swimming expression, brilliant luster, and charming loveliness; and let her age be that chosen by the master for the goddess." Again he considers that this statue must be the perfect image of the goddess as she lives in the heavens. Indeed, from the antique writers we can gather a whole chorus of epigrams in its praise, as, for example, that in which Aphrodite herself is supposed to glide over the waves in her chariot from her home at Paphos to Cnidus that she might see her effigy there, and to have exclaimed at sight of it, "Where could Praxiteles have seen me unveiled?" We learn that travelers came in great numbers from all parts of the ancient world to the unpretending seaport town to look upon the marble goddess who had made it famous; and that the Cnidians prized the statue so highly that even though the city was oppressed with a heavy debt they refused the offer of Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, to pay it if they would give him the statue in return. Carved in Parian marble, the goddess stood in a small shrine or temple, open back and front so that two views of the statue might be obtained, and surrounded by a grove of myrtle and other shade-trees. No drapery hid the perfection of her body. Her lips were slightly parted in a gentle smile.

For many years the 'Aphrodite of Cnidus' received the homage of poets and travelers; but toward the end of the fourth century of our era it is said to have been removed to the palace of Lausus in Constantinople, where it stood for nearly a hundred years, finally to fall a prey to the flames.

These two statues of Aphrodite, then, that of Cos and that of Cnidus, seem to have been strictly contemporaneous, and to have belonged to the period when we may assume that the genius of Praxiteles had reached its fullest maturity—that is to say, after 350. If we group with these two works the others executed for Asia Minor, we must include, as of the same time, an 'Eros' carved for the town of Parium in Mysia, of which the people of Parium were so proud that they even compared it to the 'Aphrodite of Cnidus.' It was probably destroyed about 265 A.D., when Asia Minor was ravaged by the Goths.

The last years of Praxiteles' life seem to have been passed in Athens. According to the calculation of M. Studniczka, it was about 346, when his reputation must have been at its height, that he executed for the Temple of Artemis Brauronia, at Athens, a statue of that goddess. Pausanias only mentions this statue with the greatest brevity, and it is listed in the inventory of the temple merely as the 'standing statue.'

In this brief summary of the life of Praxiteles we have mentioned only those works named by the ancient writers which might in some way throw light on the chronology of his life, making no attempt to specify the numerous statues by him which they merely praise, though if we may credit their reports (which are too often of the most vague and unsatisfactory sort), his productiveness and versatility are scarcely paralleled, nearly sixty famous statues being mentioned as from his hand.

For instance, Praxiteles is known to have made at least three Satyrs,—the one before alluded to as standing on the famous 'Street of Tripods' in Athens, a second in the Temple of Dionysus at Megara, and a third which was in

Rome in the time of Pliny, who speaks of it as "the one which the Greeks call famous"; but no one of these is described with sufficient definiteness to make it possible to decide which, if any, is reproduced in the Satyr popularly called 'The Marble Faun' of the Capitol, Rome. The 'Apollo Sauroctonus,' too, has been identified merely from Pliny's brief description of a bronze of unknown location.

By a piece of good fortune which can hardly be overestimated, we possess, however, one work which, beyond all reasonable doubt, comes straight from the hand of Praxiteles himself—the only example we have of an undisputed original which is the work of any of the greater masters of antiquity. In describing the Temple of Hera at Olympia, Pausanias, after enumerating a number of archaic statues, says: "In later times other works also were dedicated in this temple, a 'Hermes Carrying the Infant Dionysus,' of marble, the work of Praxiteles." On May 8, 1877, German explorers found, buried in a mass of bricks and clay in the midst of the ruins of the Temple of Hera, near the pedestal on which it had stood, and almost in the same spot where Pausanias had described it, this 'Hermes.'

The date of the execution of the statue remains a matter of discussion. Some critics are inclined to consider it a youthful work. The grouping of Hermes, the national god of the Arcadians, with Dionysus, the divinity of Elis, may have some allusion to the peace concluded between Elis and Arcadia; and the statue may possibly have been dedicated as a symbol of reconciliation after the close of their sanguinary struggle, of which the sacred enclosure had been the scene in 363. On the other hand, the form of the base of the statue—a form rarely used except during the second half of the fourth century—leads Furtwängler to advocate a more recent date. This hypothesis is strengthened by the fact that the group might have been set up at Olympia in 343, to mark the occasion when the aristocratic party of Elis, seconded by the Arcadians, triumphed over the popular party, and concluded a defensive league with Philip of Macedon.

From the list of his works, we find that it was neither heroes nor athletes that Praxiteles commonly chose as subjects for his chisel, but the gods; and among the gods not the more august of the Olympians seem to have been his favorites, but rather the laughter-loving Aphrodite, and her son Eros, the youthful Apollo, Hermes, and the merry Dionysus and his train of fauns and satyrs. None of these works appear to have been chryselephantine; but Praxiteles worked in both bronze and marble, though we are expressly told that he was most successful in marble.

Two not very trustworthy anecdotes will complete our meager knowledge of the life of the greatest of the Athenian masters after Phidias. Once when some one asked Praxiteles which of his statues he most esteemed he answered with great modesty, "Those which the painter Nicias has touched;" and from this we may draw the inference that most of his marble statues were tinted, a conclusion fortified by the fact that traces of color still cling among the curls and to the thongs of the sandal of the 'Hermes.'

It is also related that Praxiteles executed a charioteer for a group by the sculptor Calamis, who excelled in the rendering of horses but was not so accomplished in the carving of the human figure, in order that Calamis might not appear less able to represent men than horses. It should be added, however, in this case, that it is quite possible that an elder Praxiteles, who may perhaps have been the grandfather of our master, is meant.

The date of Praxiteles' death is unknown; but it is probable that it occurred, or at least that he had ceased working, before the coming of Alexander—that is, before 332 B.C. It would otherwise be difficult to explain why the Macedonian monarch should have intrusted works to the less celebrated Leochares, instead of to the greatest of the Athenian masters. If, then, we set the period of Praxiteles' activity within the thirty-eight years intervening between 370 and 332 B.C. we shall probably be not very wide of the truth. What we know of his sons Cephisodotus and Timarchos confirms this conclusion, for their works belong to the end of the fourth century, and their period of greatest productiveness appears to have been during the ten years of peace which the government of Demetrius of Phalerus brought to Athens.

To determine an accurate chronology for the shadowy life of Praxiteles from the scanty knowledge which we possess is, of course, impossible, and no pretence of exactitude is claimed for the dates arrived at in the foregoing account; but the synopsis thus arranged may at least serve as a point of departure for the more important study of his art and works.

The Art of Praxiteles

LUCY M. MITCHELL 'HISTORY OF GREEK SCULPTURE'

COULD we be carried back to Athens at the beginning of the fifth century B.C. we should find that great changes had come over the Greek state and people since the time of Phidias. The civil war which had ravaged the land for nearly thirty years had humbled and demoralized the victorious Athens of the Periclean age. Thucydides laments that the manly race of old Athens had been swept away, and a worse one left behind. The Athenian state remained a mere shadow of her former self. The cities which had paid their annual contributions into her coffers now refused their tribute; her colonies were in the hands of her enemies. Patriots, indeed, sought to raise her to the place she had once occupied, but their efforts were spasmodic; and after each vain endeavor she sank back politically weaker than before, and more prone to give herself up to the pleasures abundantly provided by wily politicians in search of public favor. Consequently during the fourth century, Athens, as a state, offered little stimulus to great and monumental works; and her artists were forced to look for commissions to private individuals or to foreign states. Well-nigh all the Athenian sculptors of this period whose names are preserved to us left their city at some time in their lives to find employment elsewhere. Indeed, the most celebrated works of Scopas and Praxiteles were executed for Asia Minor.

These changes in the national fortune were reflected in the character of the people and in subsequent works of art. The old gods, they easily came to believe, had deserted them, and religious faith was weakened. The repeated and radical revolutions in the state had shaken their national pride; and the great misfortunes befalling them led each man to look to his own interests, regardless of the public weal.

The Phidian age, with its sublime ideals and golden colossi of Zeus, Athena, and Hera, had been left behind, and from the Olympian heights of majesty and repose the road sloped downward, but amid the haunts of men and scenes of quiet, peaceful beauty, which have a charm that is all their own. In the former age the individual was merged in the whole, the private weal was subservient to the state; but now the individual man attained to completer development, and the pathos of individual human sorrow, joy, and despair, and all the other emotions which move the individual heart, pressed into the foreground. The severer tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles yielded in the people's preference to the pathetic power of Euripides

> " . . . the human,
> With his droppings of warm tears,
> And his touches of things common
> Till they rose to touch the spheres";

and as poetry assumed a more human character, so sculpture also descended from its height and took on more familiar forms.

Fully to appreciate what is expressed in the sublime figures of Phidian art, fully to enter into their spirit and the devotion which produced them, something seems to tell us that we must be Greeks. But not so with this art of the fourth century. Its ideal conceptions of rarest freshness and beauty come to us expressing traits common to all humanity, and appeal to us to-day as strongly as they did to the Greeks of old. This change in the conception of people and sculptors is evident in the choice of subjects, and in the different mode of treatment. Instead of the sterner gods, Zeus, Athena, Hera, and their peers, we meet a fluctuating throng in which we see the figures of the maternal Demeter, gentle Apollo, charming Aphrodite, bewitching Eros, and pleasure-loving Dionysus, in which every familiar chord of human feeling is touched; and these Greek forms of more than twenty-two hundred years ago express our own joys and sorrows. To these figures, with their various charms of mood and feeling, the Attic sculptors of this time added an elegance and captivating grace of form, stimulated by the lighter spirit of the people; for after the stern days of the Peloponnesian War, and in contrast to the severe heroic spirit of the older age, there had come as a reaction an unwonted desire for what was pleasurable and diverting.

How the sculptors of this age caught its changing spirit, and with what exquisite grace and nobility they gave expression to the pleasurable in art, will be evident when we consider their works. But while swerving from the paths of their predecessors, the ideal tendencies of the earlier age were still inherited by the later Athenian artists. No cold realism yet disturbed the dreamland in which they lived. Apollo singing to his lyre is not any individual lyre-player, but the very personification of musical inspiration; Hermes is no chance-met youth buried in pleasant thoughts, but the incorporation of all that is possible of joy and beauty in the soul, caught and made eternal in marble. Thus though the sterner Phidian ideals of the highest gods had been abandoned, the art of Praxiteles and his contemporaries was equally ideal in its own way, catching and expressing the momentary or lasting emotions of the soul in varied forms, and so widening and deepening the current of eternal beauty.

OLIVIER RAYET 'MONUMENTS DE L'ART ANTIQUE'

PRAXITELES belonged to a generation in which the growth of luxury, comfort, and the sophistications of intellectual culture had refined away the natural passions and extinguished the enthusiasms of the preceding age. To use the apt phrase of Reinach, "The time was a period in which Greece still preserved the grace of youth, though she had lost youth's illusions." Phidias had represented the gods of high Olympus with a reverential awe which set them in sovereign majesty above all touch of human joy or misery. But the sculptors of the fourth century had not religious faith enough to be able to conceive such exaltation of divinity as this. In their eyes the gods were no longer superhuman beings whose figures should be carved only with religious respect; and the chisel of Praxiteles became familiar. He reduced their proportions to mortal stature, endowed them with all the passions of humanity; Apollo became a youth idly playing with a lizard; Aphrodite a beautiful girl letting her garments fall before the bath. Praxiteles did not require, indeed, that they should evoke the higher moral sentiments, but only that they should express the most exquisite human loveliness—the charm of transitory moods which move the heart gently, the fairness of youth, the suppleness of life, the fresh softness of young flesh. But these human graces and gentle emotions he did express so perfectly, by means so simple, and with so masterly a skill, that we lose all trace of effort; and results which must have cost long reflection, patient study, and laborious toil seem to have sprung into being as if by nature under the touch of his delicate chisel.

To depict the harmonious grace and flexibility of the youthful body, as in his 'Hermes,' his 'Aphrodite of Cnidus,' his 'Apollo Sauroctonus,' and his 'Satyr,' Praxiteles had recourse to constantly the same procedure. The figure is thrown out of the perpendicular by resting the weight upon one leg; and in the two latter statues the leaning posture is maintained by the supporting trunk of a tree. By means of this careless pose he broke the vertical lines of the torso and legs, and the squareness of the shoulders, diversified the aspect of the symmetrical parts, gave especial value to that portion of the frame in the exquisite rendering of which he seems to have taken an especial delight—the rounding of the hips and the joining of the thighs—and imparted to the whole figure a graceful undulation. Such attitudes are indeed characteristic of his work.

Flexibility and grace thus attained in the main lines, Praxiteles continued to add flexibility and grace in every detail. And this he accomplished by methods not less striking, nor seemingly less original. The 'Satyr' is a lad surely not older than eighteen or nineteen, and the 'Apollo Sauroctonus' is still more adolescent, sixteen to seventeen at most. But none of the Athenian youths whom Praxiteles might have seen daily exercising in the Academe or at the Lyceum, their limbs grown supple and their every attitude made one of grace by the habit of nudity and the training of the palestra, could have shown him forms as softly harmonious as those with which he has endowed these statues. The 'Apoxyomenus' of Lysippus, in the grace of his young strength and beautifully modeled as he is, would seem but a rustic beside these youths of Praxiteles. Nay, it must have been from some young girl that he borrowed the rounder elbow and more swelling flank of his 'Satyr,' the purer oval of face, the more graceful curve of hip, and the delicacy of hand and foot of his 'Apollo Sauroctonus.' But these delicate femininities are so skilfully blended in that adolescent grace that the harmony is perfect, the unity convincing, and the result infinitely charming in its union of the subtlest beauties of both sexes.

What the ancients admired above all else in the works of Praxiteles were his heads; and in truth he did exhibit in them a power of expressing temperament, mood, and the more constant and gentler emotions in a degree unapproached by any other sculptor of antiquity. The half-perceptible smile that parts the lips of the 'Aphrodite of Cnidus' and the tender gaze of her eye admirably renders the alluring charm of the laughter-loving goddess. The fixed look of subtle malice, the dilated nostrils, the lips, mocking for all their repose, perfectly betray the ardently mischievous nature of the 'Satyr,' "who in some deep woodland has stopped to catch the echoes of his solitary fluting." A more innocent mischief shines on the face of the 'Apollo Sauroctonus'; there is nothing malicious in the playful readiness with which he watches the lizard, ready to strike or tease it, but only a pleased confidence in his own dexterity.

It seems almost humanly impossible that any carven figures could be endowed with greater loveliness of animated charm than these of Praxiteles. But there is a shadow over our delight in them; for the master, though he did not overstep it, has brought us almost to the bound where grace ends and artifice begins; and we have some foreboding of the depths to which the unrestrained passion for mere grace that he inspired was to lead his successors.
—FROM THE FRENCH

A. S. MURRAY ‘HISTORY OF GREEK SCULPTURE

THE most important of the antique comments upon the art of Praxiteles is that of Diodorus, in which he says that the artist "imbued his works in marble with the *pathe* of the soul." By "*pathe*" here is not meant emotion nor any temporary frame of mind, but that constant mood of the soul which permeates and changes the whole physical form. A list of Praxiteles' works will show that he knew his vocation well enough to concentrate his powers on subjects which, like Dionysus, the Satyrs, Aphrodite, Eros, and Apollo, illustrated in their persons certain natural moods of the soul, and with whom, as representatives of these moods, his contemporaries had been made familiar in their dramas and poems. There were in Athens everywhere to be seen ancient statues of the gods fashioned on the large ideal of majesty in form; and since they had been carved many attempts had been made to add grace and beauty of attitude and accessories but without essentially changing the older ideals. The tendency and result of these efforts seem to have been rightly perceived by Praxiteles; and it fell to his lot to devise new types of divine forms in which the moods of the soul could be fittingly expressed. His ideal seems to have been evolved in the endeavor—an endeavor not confined to him alone, although we may regard him as the leader in the movement—to infuse a permanent, characteristic, and pervading sentiment into the large and noble forms of the earlier age of sculpture; the results as regards these forms being a change from impressiveness toward expressiveness, or, in other words, from massiveness and simplicity toward refinement and subtlety.

MAXIME COLLIGNON 'HISTOIRE DE LA SCULPTURE GRECQUE'

THE achievement of Praxiteles was of such a character that we may read the man through his works. His avowed predilections for certain subjects and methods of presentment are equivalent to confessions of his tastes, his temperament, and his inner inclinations. Feminine beauty with all its most alluring seductions, masculine beauty in the April of its youth—these, of all the world of human forms, were those which attracted the sculptor of Aphrodite, of Eros, and of young Satyrs. He was, above all others, the master of grace; and since there are underlying affinities between material and the manner, we see him little by little abandoning bronze to devote himself entirely to works in marble, for in marble his chisel was most free to evolve the subtlest curves of the supple bodies of youth. "*Praxiteles quoque marmore felicior ideo et clarior fuit*," writes Pliny.

The dictum of Diodorus of Sicily, "Praxiteles imbued his marbles with the passions of the soul," is a eulogy sufficiently vague to apply with equal truth to Phidias or to Scopas. We must be clearer than this about his emotional quality. It would seem that he never attempted to express very stirring or violent emotions, or the more profound and dramatic feelings. Those sentiments which he did set himself to interpret have nothing deeply passionate in them, but are rather light and pervasive moods—the chaste coquetry of Aphrodite, the nonchalant content of the Satyr, or the alluring charm of Eros.

The ancient historians and makers of epigrams bear abundant witness to the admiration which Praxiteles' statues inspired, but there is no testimony that they ever evoked anything corresponding to the grave religious sentiments which moved the beholders before the great 'Zeus' of Phidias. Praxiteles was, in fact, the worthy representative of a skeptical generation, refined to excess, fond of the graces of life, in which the more strenuous passions had been refined away—which, in a word, demanded of art rather delicate pleasurableness than powerful emotion.

To present the human form lovingly, with a soul alive to all the infinite seductions of its grace, and in this presentation to attain new triumphs in art—such seems to have been the dominant preoccupation of Praxiteles. It was he who revealed in Greek sculpture the consummation of grace which attitude could impart. But, though an innovator, he was a prudent one, and on the whole a man of tradition, holding himself well in restraint. Indeed, it was only by applying new rhythms to already well-known themes that he created his 'Satyr,' his unveiled 'Aphrodite,' and his 'Hermes'; but these rhythms were so novel, so peculiarly his own, that even in the basest copies of his works we may discern some echoes of the style that we have come to recognize as Praxitelean.

A sculptor whose most celebrated statues were, without exception, single figures must certainly have been a transcendent master both in style and execution. Indeed, had we no other proofs, the texts of the ancient writers would assure us that under Praxiteles' hands technique in marble reached its highest perfection. Happily we have evidence more convincing than any written testimony in the one original from his hand which has survived—the 'Hermes' of Olympia. No master before him, and certainly none since, has modeled the delicate roundnesses of the flesh with a softer caress, polished the skin with such loving care to contrast with the loose texture of the hair, nor had a more exquisite feeling for the play of light and shade.

The ancients were wont to speak of the heads by Praxiteles with especial praise; and in them perhaps more than elsewhere the individuality of his genius becomes apparent. His remarkably effective method of using the drill to produce the texture of the hair has been widely noted, but he also modified the classic dressing of the locks, allowing them to flow in long ringlets over the neck of the Thespian 'Eros', making the arrangement almost feminine in the 'Apollo Sauroctonus,' and arriving at what seems the perfect simplicity of grace in the hair of the 'Aphrodite of Cnidus.' Above all, he imparted a hitherto unknown degree of expressiveness to his faces, not by reproducing strongly characteristic or ephemeral expressions, but by introducing the finest subtleties of drawing and modeling—giving the eyes, by a peculiar drawing of the lids, that veiled and swimming look which was admired in the 'Aphrodite of Cnidus,' or touching the lips with the half-detected smile that haunts the tenderly malicious face of the 'Apollo Sauroctonus.'

It is easy to trace the immense influence of Praxiteles on the art of Greece. His works seem to have been an inexhaustible source of inspiration. The Attic steles show us leaning figures in which his favorite rhythms are reproduced; the eyes of the 'Aphrodite of Cnidus' look out from many female heads, and the terra-cotta figures of Tanagra owe no little of the easy grace of their attitudes and fall of drapery to his influence. His spirit lived long after him, and for many years inspired Greek art with the same gracious charm which had emanated from his works.—FROM THE FRENCH

The Works of Praxiteles

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'HERMES CARRYING THE INFANT DIONYSUS' PLATES I AND II

THE circumstances under which this statue of Hermes with the babe Dionysus—the only work we have which is unquestionably from Praxiteles' own hand—was discovered, how it was identified, its possible political significance, and its probable date of execution, have already been briefly mentioned in the foregoing life of Praxiteles (see page 26). Although the 'Hermes' must have lain where it was found for eleven centuries, the soft deposit of powdered brick into which it had fallen had wonderfully preserved the surface, although a fine moss had gathered upon the cheeks. The legs, right arm, and part of the pedestal were missing, and have never been recovered. One of the sandaled feet was found trodden into the ground, only slightly below the surface, some distance away; the head of the babe was discovered in a pile of debris near by; and its body had been built into a neighboring wall, although the draped legs were still clinging to their seat in the god's arm. The figure of Hermes is a little above life-size. His left hand doubtless held the customary caduceus, while in his raised right hand was some object, probably a bunch of grapes, although a wine-cup, or the symbolic staff of Dionysus, tipped with a pine cone, has also been suggested. The statue is in the Museum at Olympia, Greece.

Dionysus, the Greek god of wine, who corresponds to the Roman Bacchus, was the offspring of Zeus and Semele, the daughter of Cadmus, king of Thebes. Before the birth of the babe, however, Zeus, at Semele's request, appeared to her in his most terrible aspect as the god of lightning. The mother was instantly killed; and the babe thus prematurely born was saved from the same fate by a growth of cool ivy which miraculously sprang up about him. His father, Zeus, sewed the child up in his own thigh for a time, but later intrusted him to Hermes, the messenger of the gods, who carried him to the nymphs of Nysa, under whose fostering care he grew up. Praxiteles has represented Hermes on this journey and at a moment when he has stopped to rest, leaning the arm in which he carries the child upon a tree trunk.

"We can hardly term the work before us a group," writes Professor Waldstein. "Our whole interest and attention are attracted by the god, and the infant Dionysus appears to exist only as a means to account for the expression of individual character and emotion in the Hermes. The head combines in its features all the characteristics of the youthful divinity—athlete and director of games, and swift-footed messenger of the gods—indicated by the firmly cut features and the crisp hair rising from the knit and vigorous brow. But what is most apparent in this head are softer and more gentle qualities. Hermes was the benign bestower of earthly prosperity, the reliever of the distressed, the bringer of sweet sleep, whose staff could 'close the eyes of mortals,' the leader of the dead into Hades,—the most human of the Greek gods.

"The main features which Praxiteles has expressed are those of strength and tenderness. It is not a pure and simple type, such as the earlier times would have given us—strength in a Hercules and softness in a Dionysus—but a composite type of Herculean strength and of Bacchic softness, both harmoniously blended in the beautiful form of an athletic youth; strength and active energy, penetrated by passive pleasure. Strength is plastically indicated in the powerful limbs, the full chest, the modeling of the well-articulated muscles and sinews; while the apparent relaxation and the soft rest of these powerful limbs and of the well-rounded chest express the gentle element in this complex mood. The soft layer beneath the epidermis unites with its tranquil flow the sinewy muscles that lie below it into a gliding rhythm. The smooth surface, which seems to vibrate under the gaze of the spectator, covers all in lines of gentle yet potentially vigorous cadence.

"On the other hand, the languor and tenderness of the figure are expressed in the forward bending head, which in this position adds to the expression of dreamy abstractedness, and in the slight curve of the neck and shoulders, in the gentle uplifting of the right arm, as well as in the wavy curve of the flank and the outward swell of the hip (as intelligibly a line of soft melancholy as any minor passage of low and gliding violoncello tones in music)."

'APHRODITE OF CNIDUS' PLATE III

THE immense celebrity and the history of Praxiteles' masterpiece, the 'Aphrodite of Cnidus,' have already been noted in our life of Praxiteles (page 24). The ancient writers did not specifically describe the famous original, but a late coin struck by the city of Cnidus, on which the statue was represented, shows that the goddess, laying her garment over a water-jar, was just about to step into the bath, that her head was turned to the left, and that she held her right hand in front of her. By means of this coin at least fourteen copies or adaptions of the statue or its head have been discovered (compare plate IV). Incomparably the best of those which show the whole figure is that in the Vatican, Rome. Unfortunately the legs of the Vatican statue are hidden by a drapery of painted tin added in the eighteenth century, and the right hand has been clumsily restored and made to support this false drapery, quite regardless of the original pose! Though the Vatican authorities have refused to allow any photograph to be made without these disfiguring additions, a cast was obtained without them, and from it our illustration has been reproduced. Although ancient, and from a copy of the same original, the head of the Vatican statue does not belong to it, and is not quite rightly placed; it should be turned more to the side and not inclined so far forward to correspond with the image shown on the coin.

From the copy we can, of course, gain no idea of the subtler qualities of Praxiteles' masterpiece, but it will allow us to appreciate the exquisite poise, the harmonious rhythm of the lines and subtle flow of contours, and the contrast of the folded drapery with the smooth polish of the skin; and so far echoes the beauty of the original that a recent critic has called it "the loveliest image of budding womanhood in the world."

"Praxiteles' 'Aphrodite' is not naked and unashamed," writes Gardner; "rather her nudity is conscious. And here again we see the personal individuality in the conception. The master was not content to embody in his work merely his ideal of the goddess as she is, her beauty unveiled; but realizes, too, the feeling with which she shrinks from its exposure even for the bath—a feeling expressed in every line of face and figure—while she is conscious of her own beauty, and delights in it."

HEAD OF 'APHRODITE' AND HEAD OF 'YOUNG HERCULES' PLATE IV

HEAD OF 'APHRODITE.' According to the ancient writers, the head of the 'Aphrodite of Cnidus' was considered the most beautiful part of that famous work. A number of copies or adaptations of it have been found, among them those in the Louvre, in the Capitoline and Boncompagni Museums in Rome, and a small one of especial merit at Olympia. The best of all, however, now in the possession of Professor von Kaufmann in Berlin, is reproduced in our plate. It is of white marble, and somewhat above lifesize. A fragment of the body to which it belonged leaves no doubt that it is a copy of the 'Aphrodite of Cnidus'; and in the delicate transitions of the modeling, the arrangement and execution of the hair, the lines of the eyelids and the eyes, the bend of the head upon the neck, and in the cutting of the half-opened lips, we may find, even in the copy, an echo of that penetrating charm which provoked such ecstatic admiration in those who beheld the original.

Professor Furtwängler believes that he has recognized a work by Praxiteles' own hand in another head of Aphrodite, known as the 'Petworth Head,' which is in the collection of Lord Leconfield, London; but other critics seem reluctant to indorse this opinion.

HEAD OF 'YOUNG HERCULES.' This charming head, generally known as the 'Aberdeen Head,' from Lord Aberdeen, to whose collection it once belonged, but which is now in the British Museum, has recently been acclaimed by some authorities as an original work by Praxiteles. The features, the treatment of the hair, drawing of the eyeballs, eyelids, and other details of modeling correspond so closely to the same points in the head of the 'Hermes' that unquestionably the head remarkably approaches the Praxitelean type, and Miss Eugénie Sellers, who first called attention to its Praxitelean character, Professor Furtwängler, and recently Professor Klein of Prague, have been so struck with the analogies of technique and finish between this head and that of the 'Hermes' that they have pronounced it in their judgment an original from the master's own hand. Whether other archæologists will agree with this dictum remains to be seen.

The head has always been known as the 'Young Hercules,' and until it can be better identified there seems to be no reason for changing the title.

THE reasons for attributing the original statue, of which this 'Satyr' is a copy, to Praxiteles are that more reproductions of it exist than of any other ancient statue which has come down to us, thus pointing to a very celebrated original; and that all critics agree that in conception, pose, and style it exhibits the distinctive characteristics which we have come to regard as those of Praxiteles. It is noteworthy that the graceful leaning pose almost symmetrically reverses the attitude of the 'Apollo Sauroctonus.' But, although we know that Praxiteles carved at least three Satyr statues, the ancient writers have not described them sufficiently to make it possible to refer these copies to any one of the originals. Of many similar 'Satyrs,' that here reproduced, from the Capitoline Museum, Rome, and popularly known as 'The Marble Faun,' ranks first because of its fine preservation; although the nose, right forearm and hand, right foot, and parts of the left arm and foot have been restored.

In his description of this statue Hawthorne has delightfully expressed its distinctive qualities as a work of art: "The Faun," he says, "is the marble image of a young man leaning his right arm on the trunk or stump of a tree; one hand hangs carelessly by his side; in the other he holds the fragment of a pipe, or some such sylvan instrument of music. His only garment, a lion's skin, with the claws upon his shoulder, falls half-way down his back, leaving the limbs and entire front of the figure nude. The form thus displayed is marvelously graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded outline, more flesh and less of heroic muscle, than the old sculptors were wont to assign to their types of masculine beauty. The character of the face corresponds with the figure. It is most agreeable in outline and feature, but rounded and somewhat voluptuously developed, especially about the throat and chin. The nose is almost straight, but very slightly curves inward, thereby acquiring an indescribable charm of geniality and humor. The mouth, with its full yet delicate lips, seems so nearly to smile outright that it calls forth a responsive smile. The whole statue, unlike anything else that ever was wrought in that severe material of marble, conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature,—easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment toward it, as if its substance were warm to the touch, and imbued with actual life. . . .

"Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill—in a word, a sculptor and poet, too—could have first dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then have succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble. Neither man nor animal, and yet no monster; but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground."

TORSO OF THE SATYR. A fragment of a similar copy of the 'Satyr,' the celebrated Torso, now in the Louvre, is almost exactly identical in its lines with the torso of 'The Marble Faun,' but it is so much superior in workmanship, so delicately modeled in the flesh, and in the fine transitions between the flank and thigh, and the skin flung over the shoulders is so firmly treated in contrast with the flesh, that Professor Brunn has proclaimed it to be the body of the original 'Satyr' by Praxiteles himself. The marble in which it is executed, however, is of a coarser grained and colder white sort than was used in any works of Praxiteles' time, so that this theory is hardly tenable.

'APOLLO SAUROCTONUS' PLATE VII

PLINY tells us that Praxiteles carved, for some unknown location, a bronze statue of "a young Apollo with an arrow on the alert for a lizard which is creeping toward him, which men called the 'Sauroctonus' (lizard-killer)." There exist, in various museums, a number of copies, evidently from the same original, which in attitude and action so exactly correspond to Pliny's description, and are so characteristic in treatment and type of Praxiteles' work, that there can be no doubt that they were intended to be more or less faithful reproductions of this statue. The best of these copies is a fine one in marble, now in the Vatican, Rome, which is reproduced in our plate; but by comparing it with the 'Hermes' it will be apparent how much inferior in execution and in the rendering of finer shades of expression even so excellent a copy as this must have been to Praxiteles' original. We may, however, recognize as wholly Praxitelean the grace of the conception—for this fine and playful youth is "scarcely further from the rigidity and sternness of the earlier Apollos than is the lizard from the terrible python of mythology"—and the characteristic leaning attitude which allowed the sculptor to give the most flowing undulation to the lines of the figure.

The Vatican statue was found in 1777 on the Palatine Hill, Rome. It was seriously mutilated, and many portions of the face and limbs have been restored.

BAS-RELIEFS FROM MANTINEA PLATE VIII

IN describing a temple at Mantinea, Pausanias speaks of a triple group, 'Leto, Apollo, and Artemis,' by Praxiteles which stood there, and adds: "On the pedestal are represented a Muse and Marsyas playing the flute." In 1887 M. Fougères discovered, near the site of the temple described by Pausanias, three reliefs, laid face downward as blocks in the pavement of a Byzantine church, the subjects of which, provided we change the word "Muse" to "Muses," correspond to this description. As in size and proportions these slabs seem exactly suited to ornament a pedestal their identity can hardly be disputed. But, though they unquestionably belong in type to the period of Praxiteles, there is no sufficient reason to believe that they were actually carved by him. "Undeniably beautiful as some of the figures are," writes Overbeck, "and finely carried out as are some of the draperies, which in many respects remind us of the terra-cotta statuettes of Tanagra, the workmanship shows a certain hardness and carelessness which has led some authorities to think the reliefs may be copies of the original made at a later date; while others, missing the spontaneity and delicate touch of the master's hand, have pronounced them to be pupils' work for which Praxiteles perhaps made the design. In no case should they be valued as anything higher."

The three reliefs, of which two are reproduced in our plate, were evidently placed side by side in the front of the pedestal, that shown in the upper illustration being set in the middle. This relief shows Apollo seated, holding his harp, while Marsyas, whose agitated and violent attitude contrasts with the calm of the god, is playing on a flute. Between them stands a Phrygian slave with a drawn knife. The incident which the slabs represent is the musical contest between Marsyas, who according to some accounts was a peasant and according to others a satyr, and the god Apollo, with the Muses as judges. The god was, of course, victorious; and Marsyas, for his presumption in making the challenge, was flayed alive by a Phrygian slave.

The third slab, which is not reproduced in our plate, shows three more standing Muses. The slabs are now in the National Museum, Athens.

HEAD OF 'EUBULEUS(?)' PLATE IX

THIS beautiful bust of Pentelican marble represents, in a somewhat realistic style, and at a little more than life-size, an adolescent youth with a dreamy expression and hair falling in thick masses over his neck and forehead. It was discovered at Eleusis in 1885, and placed in the National Museum at Athens. Two years later Professor Benndorf of Vienna announced his conviction that it was an original work by Praxiteles, and that it represented Eubuleus, one of the divinities worshipped at Eleusis. In both conclusions Benndorf has been supported by Professor Furtwängler, and recently, by Professor Klein. "The point in Benndorf's argument which has best withstood the attacks made upon it," writes Professor Robinson, "is the resemblance to the style of Praxiteles. The refinement of the face, the shape and setting of the eye, the sensitive modeling of the flesh, the contrast between the careful finish of the face and the rough sketchy treatment of the hair, are characteristics which have become distinctively associated with Praxiteles since the discovery of the 'Hermes'; and the execution certainly shows the delicacy which betokens an original work." On the other hand, Kern and other eminent authorities, among them Helbig, Kalkmann, Reinach, and Gardner, do not believe that the bust is by Praxiteles nor that it represents Eubuleus.

That this bust was highly esteemed in antiquity is apparent from the fact that several copies of it have been found; but we have no literary mention to show that Praxiteles ever made such a head; and until further evidence is produced its attribution to him must be considered doubtful.

'EROS' FROM CENTOCELLE PLATE X

WE know that Praxiteles carved an 'Eros'—the Greek god of love—which he regarded as one of his most successful works; and indeed its ancient celebrity almost equaled that of the 'Aphrodite of Cnidus.' Cicero says that Thespiæ, where it was, was visited solely to see it, "there being no other reason for going there." Another 'Eros' by Praxiteles stood at Parium, and is represented on the coins struck at that town, showing that the figure was that of a youth with wings, leaning his left elbow on a pillar, his weight supported on the right leg, like the 'Hermes,' his right arm holding some undistinguishable object, and his head turned to the left.

For many years the theory prevailed that the excellent Vatican statue of 'Eros'—called the 'Eros of Centocelle' from the place where it was discovered, but more popularly known as 'The Genius of the Vatican'—was a direct copy of one of these two statues. This opinion is no longer tenable. Most authorities now consider that the Vatican 'Eros' is a work of Roman art, dating from about the second century, and that it cannot be closely related to any original by Praxiteles. There is, however, something plainly reminiscent of the Praxitelean type in the full rich locks of hair, the graceful bend of the head, and the dreamy melancholy of the whole; and perhaps the most plausible theory is that this figure may be the result of many years of the copying of copies of one of the 'Eros' figures by Praxiteles by sculptors who did not adhere very closely to the pose and details of the original.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF PRAXITELES MENTIONED BY GREEK OR ROMAN WRITERS

THE twelve Gods, in a temple at Megara — Hera enthroned between Athena and Hebe, marble, in a temple at Mantinea — Rhea and Hera, marble, at Platæa — Demeter, Persephone, and Iacchus, marble (?), in a temple at Athens — The Rape of Persephone, bronze, at Athens (?) — "Flora, Triptolemus, and Ceres," marble, in the Servilian Gardens, Rome — "Bonus Eventus" and "Bona Fortuna," marble, on the Capitol, Rome — Apollo and Poseidon, marble, Rome — Apollo Sauroctonus, bronze (see Plate VII) — Leto, Apollo, and Artemis, marble, in a temple at Megara — Leto with Apollo and Artemis, marble, at Mantinea (see Plate VIII) — Leto and Chloris, marble, in a temple at Argos — Artemis Brauronia, marble (?), on the Acropolis, Athens — Artemis, marble, at Anticyra — Tyche, marble, in a temple at Megara — Trophonius as Æsculapius, marble, at Lebadeia — Hermes carrying the Infant Dionysus, marble, in the Temple of Hera at Olympia (Plates I and II) — Dionysus, marble, in a temple at Elis — Dionysus, Staphylos, and Methe, bronze, Rome — Three statues of a Satyr, one of which stood on the Street of Tripods in Athens, one in a temple of Dionysus at Megara, and one in Rome in the time of Pliny (see Plates V and VI) — Mænads, Thyads, Caryatids, and Sileni, marble, on the Capitol, Rome — Pan, Nymphs, and Danaë, marble — Aphrodite of Cnidus, marble (see Plates III and IV) — Aphrodite of Cos, marble — Aphrodite of Thespiæ, marble — Aphrodite, bronze, before the Temple of Felicitas in Rome — Aphrodite in Caria — Peitho and Paregoras, marble, in a temple at Megara — Eros at Thespiæ; Eros at Parium; Eros at Messana — Labors of Hercules, marble pediment group at Thebes — Thespiadæ, bronze (?), before the Temple of Felicitas in Rome — Two statues of Phryne, one of which was of marble at Thespiæ and one of gilded bronze at Delphi — Warrior with Horse, on a tomb at Athens — Statue of a Youth, bronze, on the Acropolis, Athens — Portrait-figure at Thespiæ — Weeping Woman and Laughing Courtezan, bronze, Athens (?) — Charioteer for the chariot-steeds of Calamis, bronze, at Athens (?) — Girl adorning herself, bronze, at Athens.

Praxiteles Bibliography

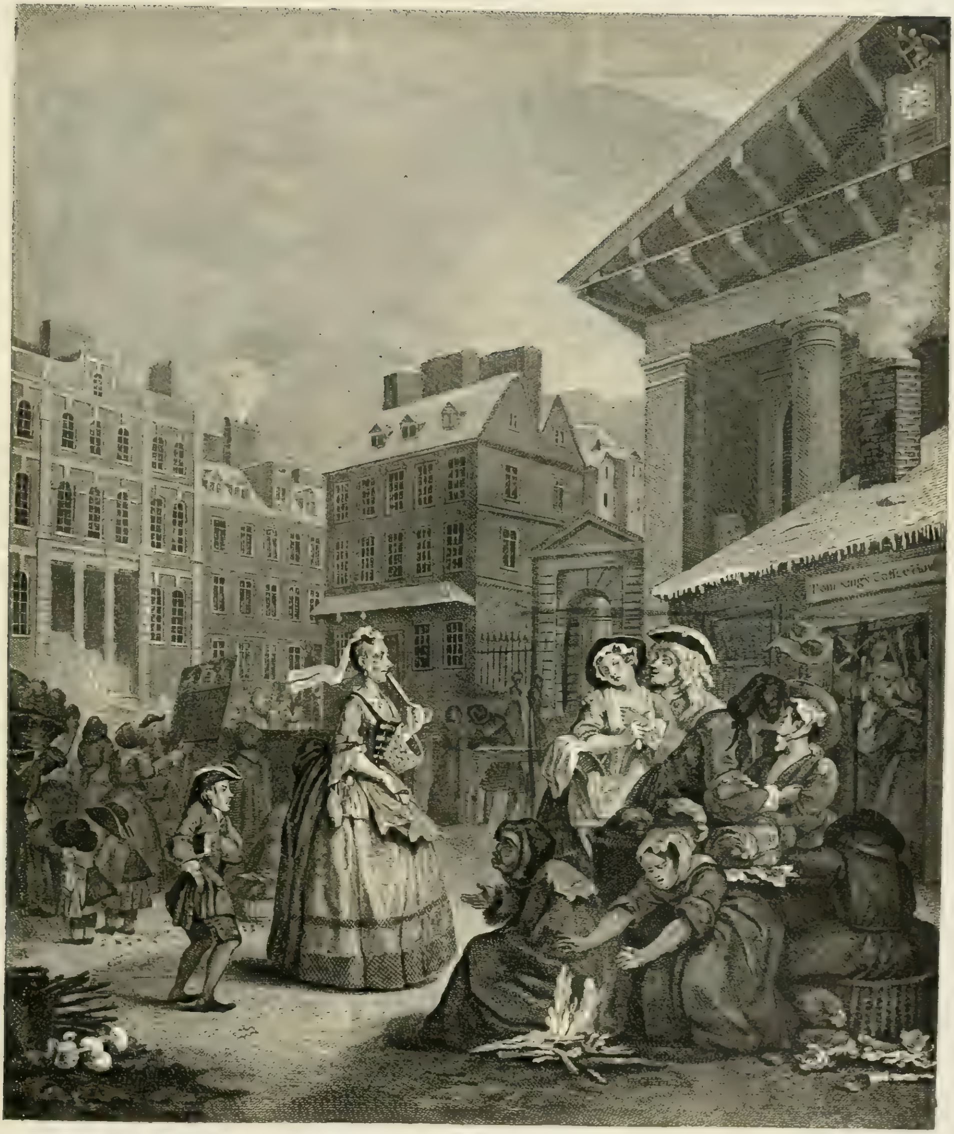
A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND PERIODICALS
DEALING WITH PRAXITELES

IT has been impossible to find room in the present list for more than a limited selection from the extensive literature upon Praxiteles; but the more important volumes dealing exclusively with him or his works have been included, together with the principal books on Greek sculpture in general in which space is devoted to him. Many of the most valuable articles (too many to specify in detail) have, however, appeared in those periodicals of which the titles are appended.

AMELUNG, W. Die Basis des Praxiteles aus Mantinea. (Munich, 1895) — BRUNN-BRUCKMANN. Denkmäler griechischer und römischer Sculptur [plates only]. (Munich, 1884-94) — BRUNN, H. Geschichte der griechischen Künstler. (Stuttgart, 1889) — COLLIGNON, M. Histoire de la sculpture grecque. (Paris, 1892-97) — FRIEDERICHS, C. Bausteine zur Geschichte der griechisch-römischen Plastik; die Gipsabgüsse antiker Bildwerke: Edited by P. Wolters. (Berlin, 1885) — FRIEDRICHS, K. Praxiteles und die Niobegruppe. (Leipsic, 1863) — FURTWÄNGLER, A., and URLICHS, H. L. Denkmäler griechischer und römischer Sculptur. (Munich, 1898) — FURTWÄNGLER, A. Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture: Edited by E. Sellers. (London, 1895) — FURTWÄNGLER, A. Meisterwerke der griechischen Plastik. (Leipsic, 1893) — GARDNER, E. A. Handbook of Greek Sculpture. (London, 1897) — JONES, H. S. Select Passages from Ancient Writers. (London, 1895) — KÉKULÉ, R. VON S. Der Kopf des praxitelischen Hermes. (Stuttgart, 1881) — KLEIN, W. Praxiteles. (Leipsic, 1898) — KNACKFUSS, H., and ZIMMERMANN, M. G. Allgemeine Kunstgeschichte. (Leipsic, 1897) — LÜBKE, W. History of Sculpture: Trans. by F. B. Bunnètt. (London, 1872) — MITCHELL, L. M. History of Ancient Sculpture. (New York, 1894) — MURRAY, A. S. History of Greek Sculpture. (London, 1890) — OVERBECK, J. A. Geschichte der griechischen Plastik. (Leipsic, 1895) — OVERBECK, J. A. Die antiken Schriftquellen zur Geschichte der bildenden Künste bei den Griechen. (Leipsic, 1868) — PARIS, P. Manual of Ancient Sculpture. (London, 1890) — PERRY, W. C. Greek and Roman Sculpture. (London, 1882) — RAYET, O. Monuments de l'art antique. (Paris, 1884) — TARBELL, F. B. History of Greek Art. (Meadville, 1896) — TREU, G. Der Hermes mit dem Dionysosknaben. (Berlin, 1878) — UPCOTT, L. E. Introduction to Greek Sculpture. (Oxford, 1887) — URLICHS, C. L. Observationes de arte Praxitelis. (Würzburg, 1858) — WALDSTEIN, C. Essays on the Art of Pheidias: Appendix. (Cambridge, 1885) — WEIL, R. 'Praxiteles' in Baumeister's 'Denkmäler des klassischen Altertums.' (Munich, 1888).

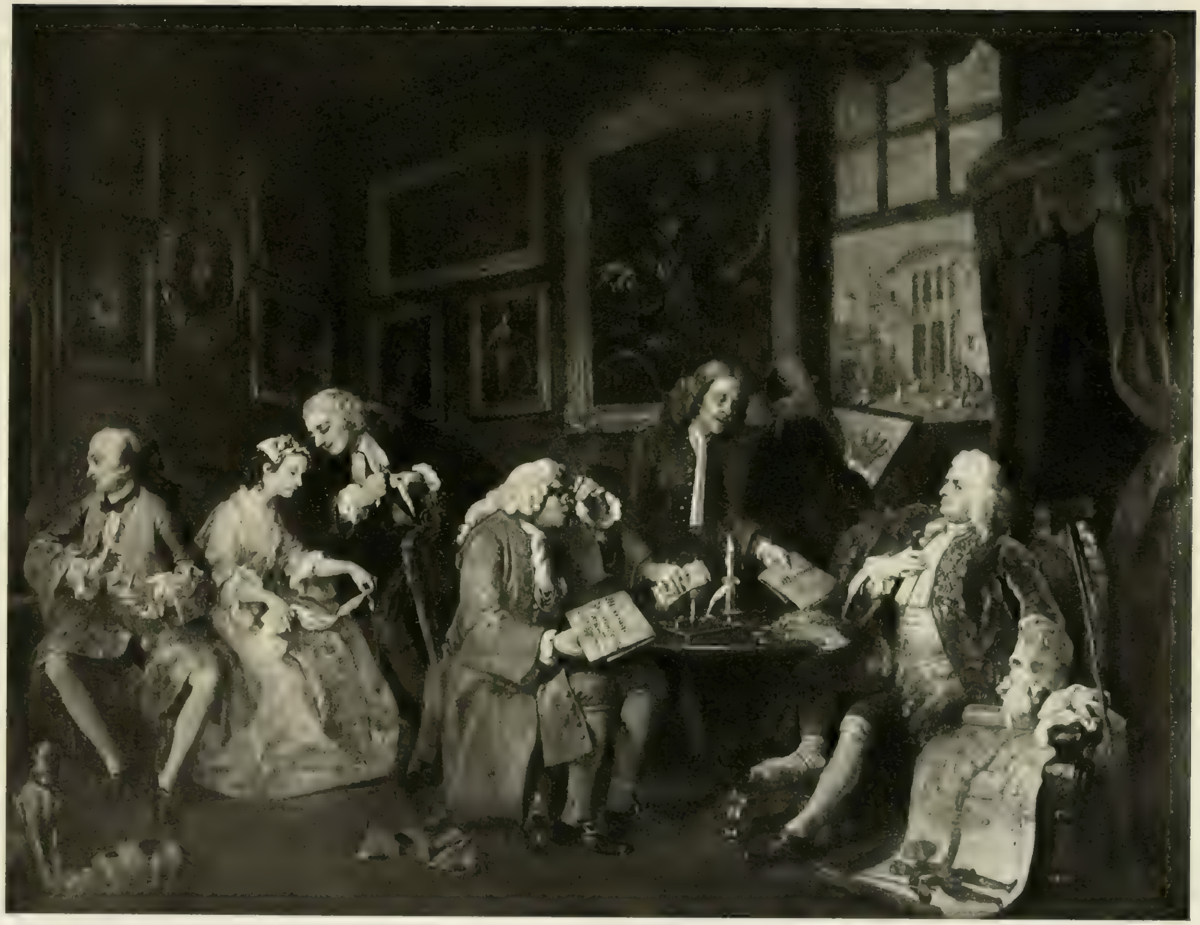
PERIODICALS

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF ARCHÆOLGY (1885 *et seq.*); ANTIKE DENKMÄLER, etc. (1891 *et seq.*); ARCHÄOLOGISCHE ZEITUNG (1843-85); BULLETIN DE CORRESPONDENCE HELLÉNIQUE (1877 *et seq.*); DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU; GAZETTE ARCHÉOLOGIQUE (1875 *et seq.*); GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS (1859 *et seq.*); JAHRBUCH DES K. DEUTSCHEN ARCHÄOLOGISCHEN INSTITUTS (1886 *et seq.*); JAHRBÜCHER FÜR CLASSISCHE PHILOLOGIE (1882 *et seq.*); JOURNAL OF HELLENIC STUDIES (1880 *et seq.*); MITTHEILUNGEN DES K. DEUTSCHEN ARCHÄEOLOGISCHEN INSTITUTS IN ATHEN (1829 *et seq.*); REVUE ARCHÉOLOGIQUE (1844 *et seq.*); ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR BILDENDE KUNST.



MASTERS IN ART PLATE I
FROM THE ENGRAVING BY HOGARTH

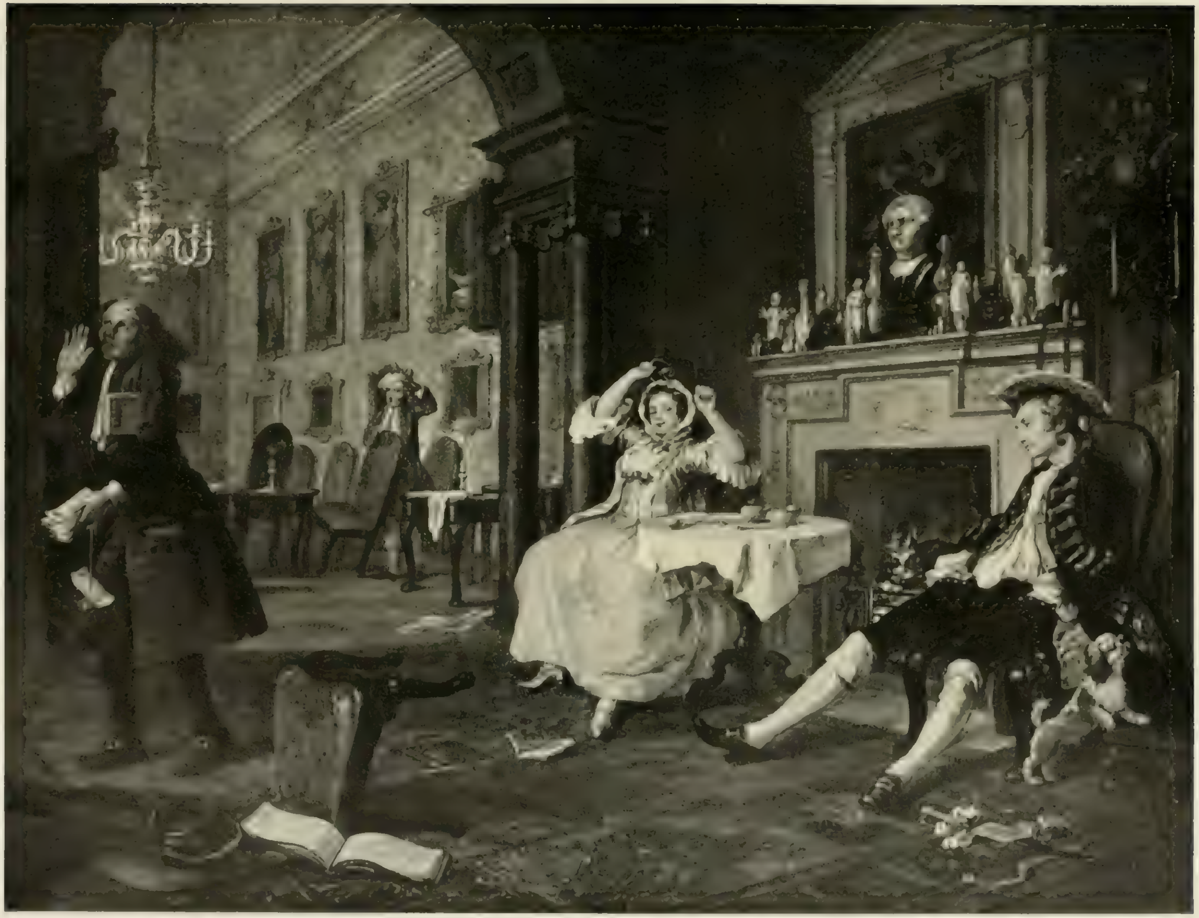
HOGARTH
FOUR TIMES OF THE DAY. I — MORNING
ORIGINAL PAINTING IN LADY HEATHCOTE'S COLLECTION



MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

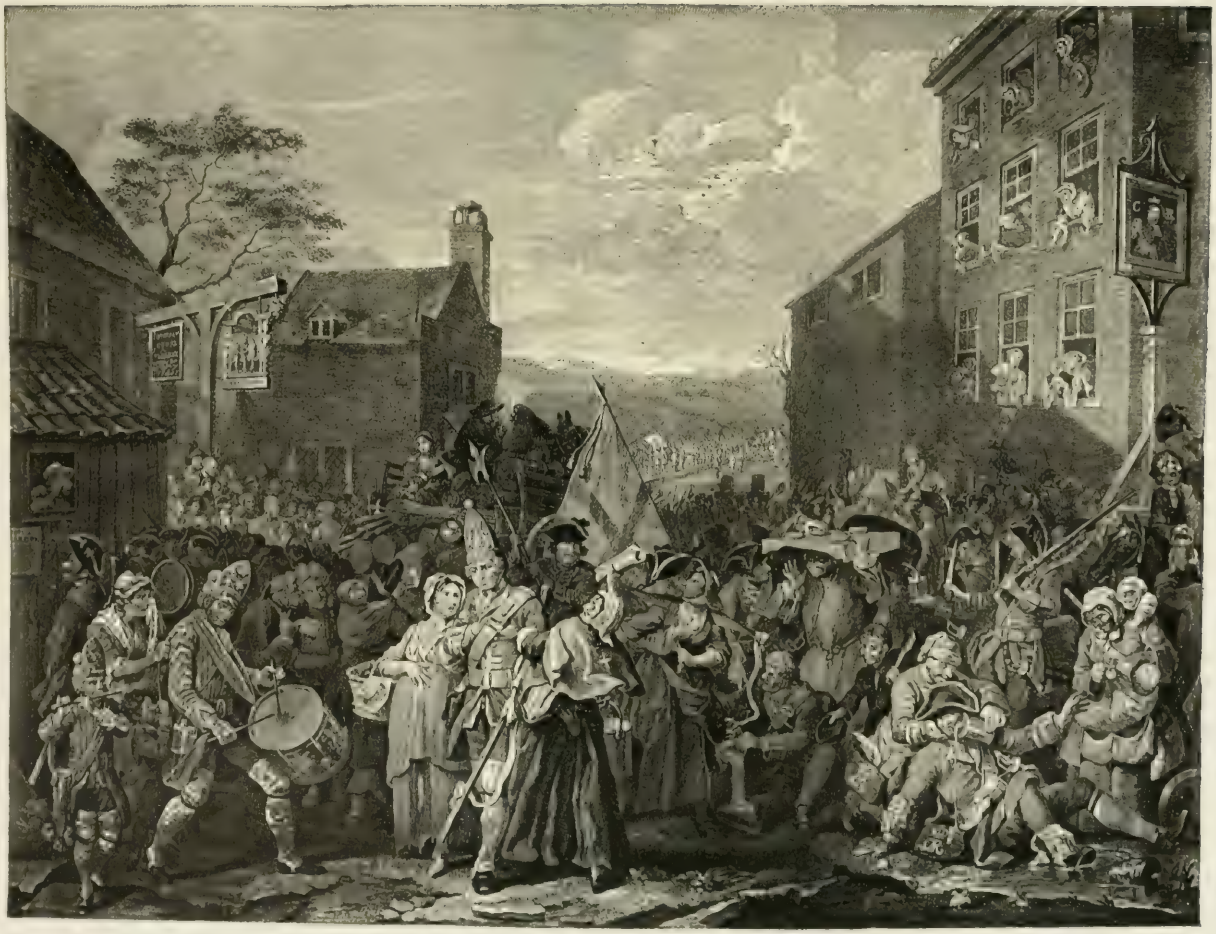
HOGARTH
MARRIAGE À LA MODE, I — THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



HOGARTH
MARRIAGE À LA MODE, II — THE BREAKFAST SCENE
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

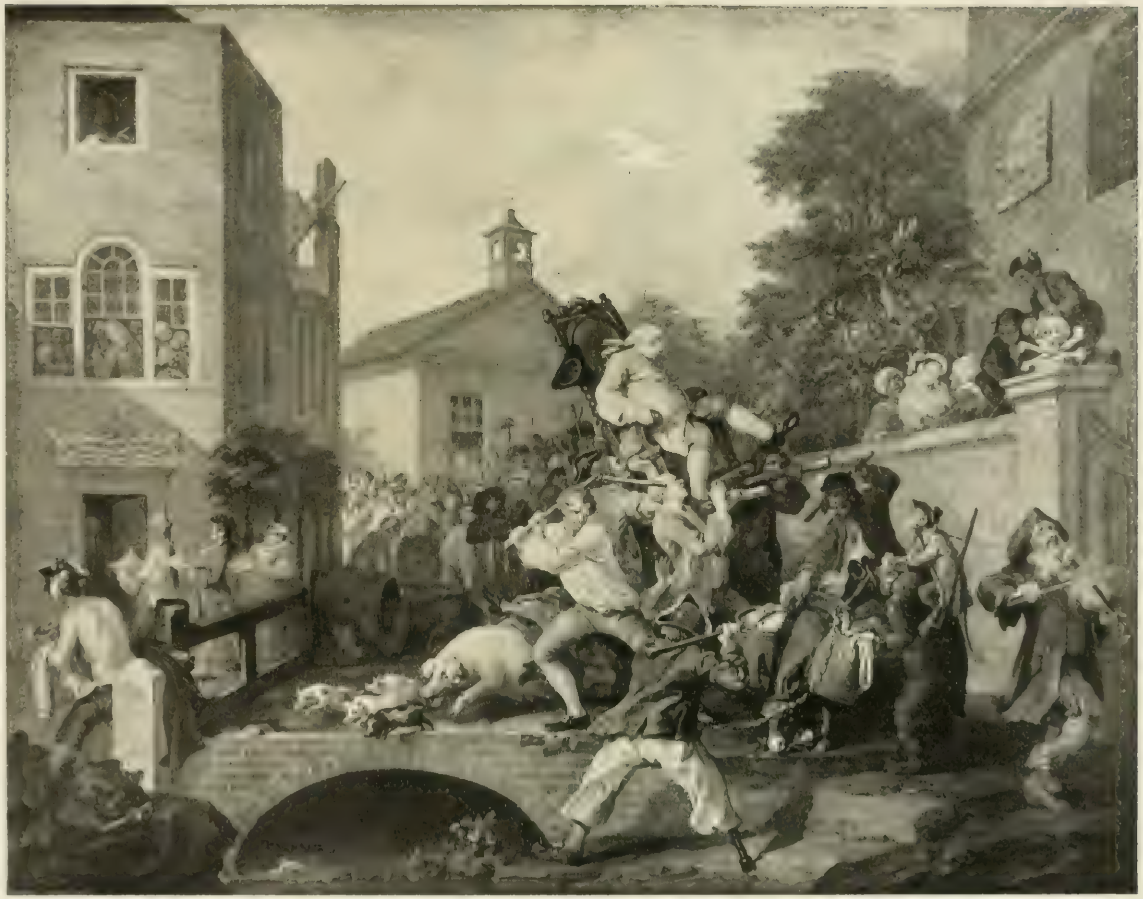
MASTERS IN ART PLATE III

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CIE



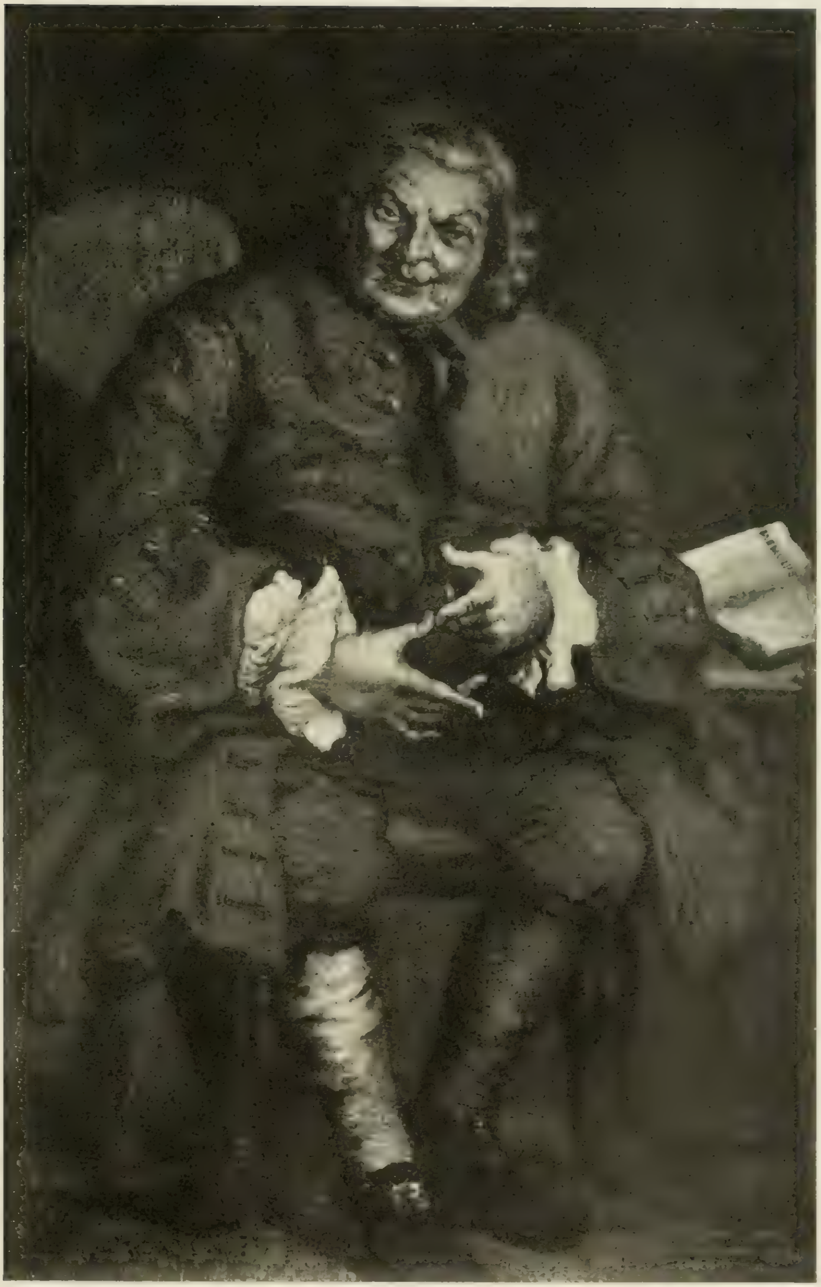
MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV
FROM THE ENGRAVING BY LUKE SULLIVAN

HOGARTH
THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY
ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, LONDON



MASTERS IN ART PLATE V
PHOTOGRAPH BY W. E. GRAY

HOGARTH
THE ELECTION SERIES, IV — CHAIRING THE MEMBER
SOANE MUSEUM, LONDON



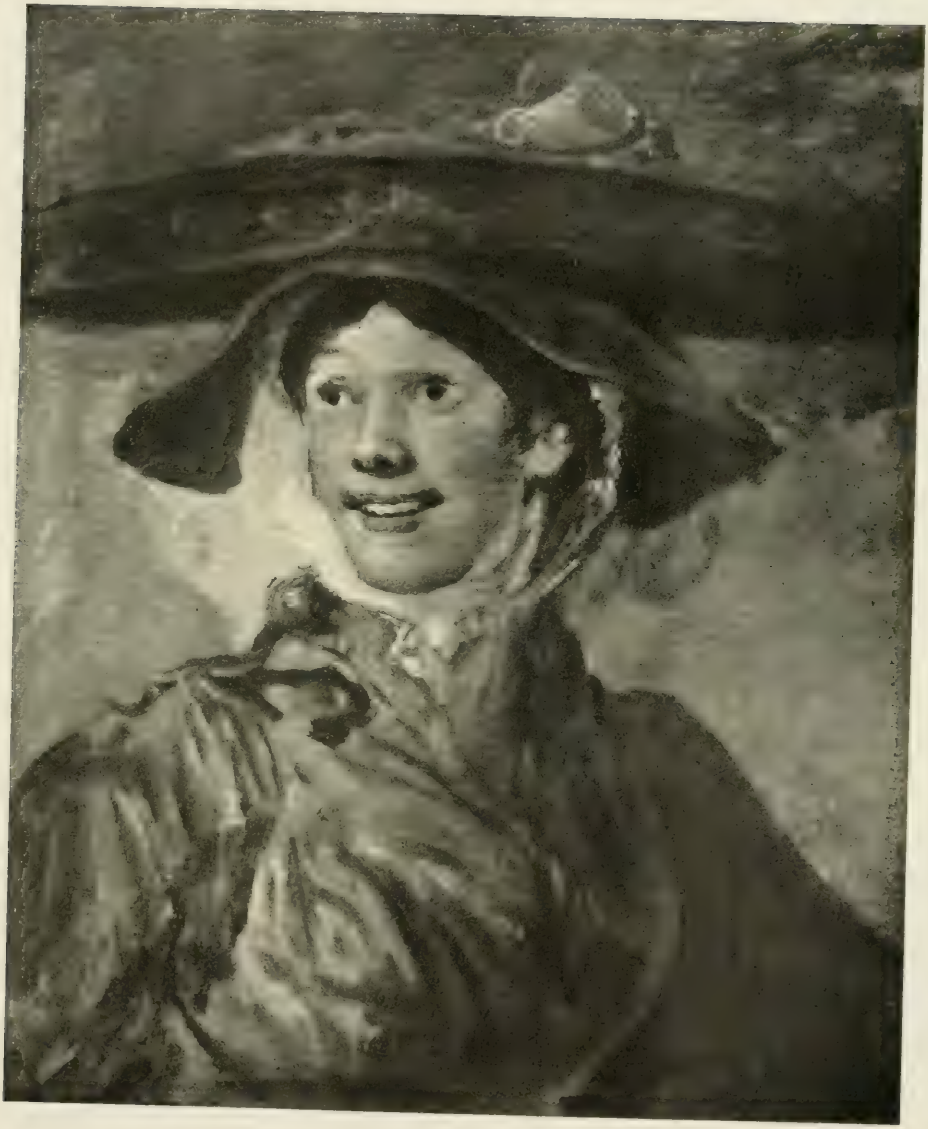
MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALKER & COCKERELL

HOGARTH

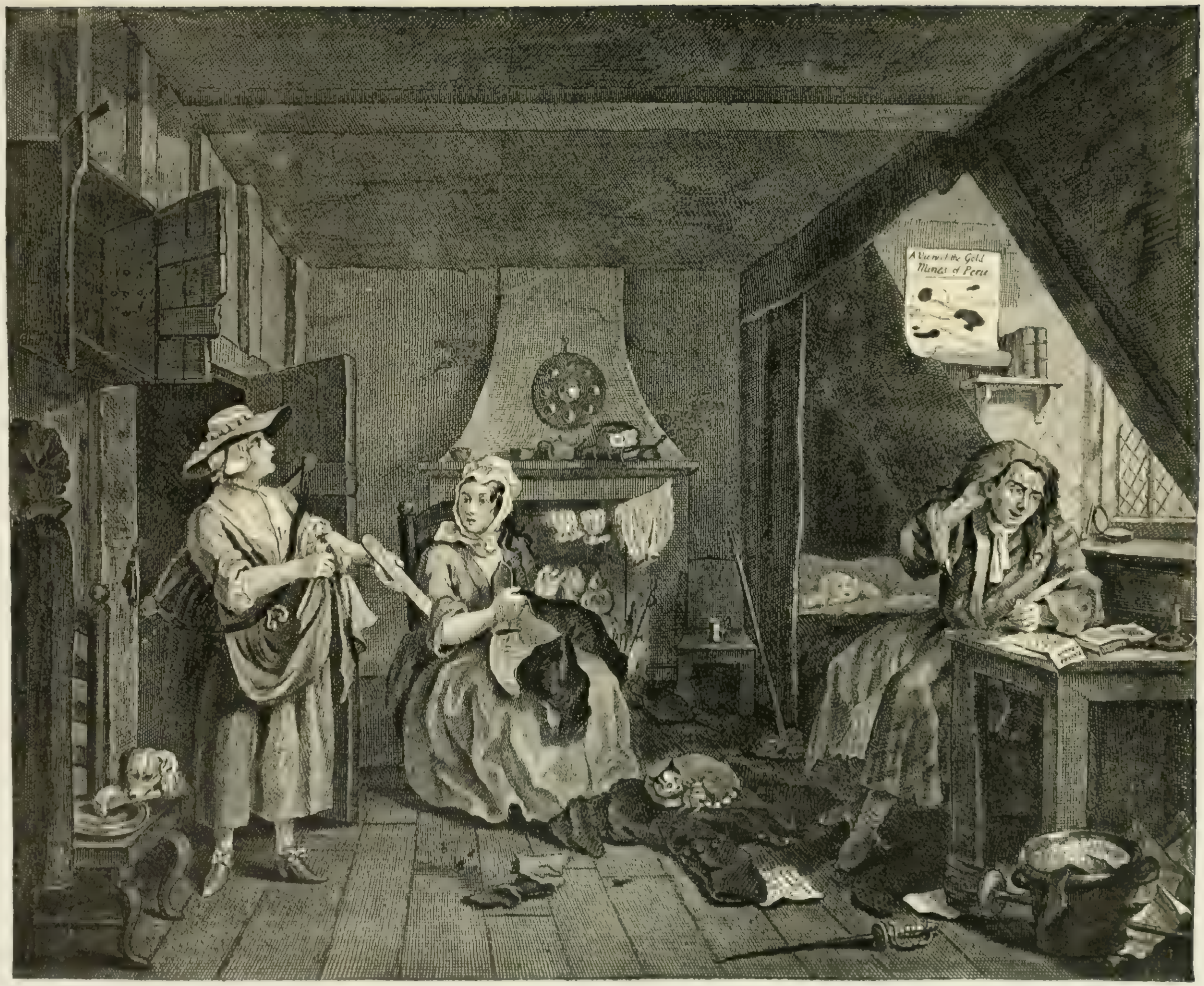
SIMON, LORD LOVAT

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON



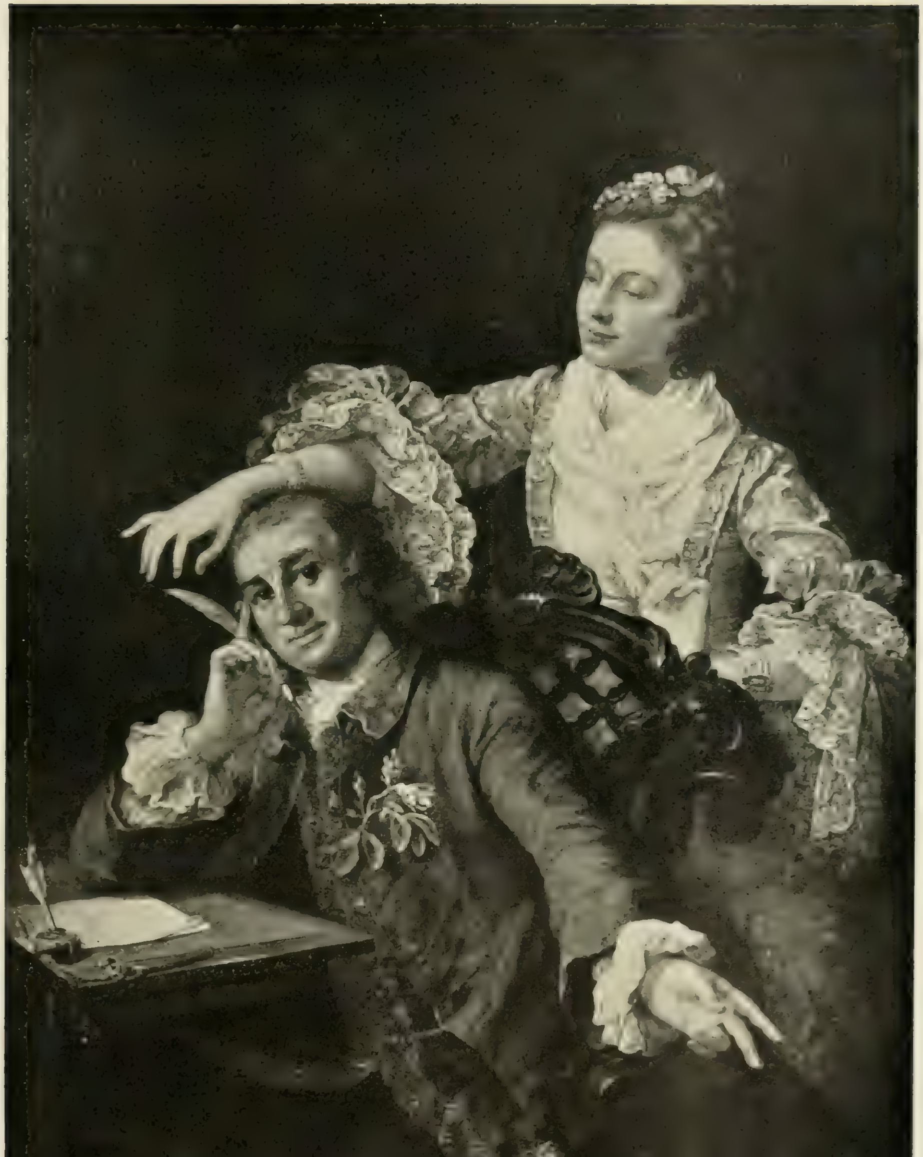
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

HOGARTH
THE SHRIMP GIRL
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON


A View of the Gold Mines of Peru

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII
FROM THE ENGRAVING BY HOGARTH

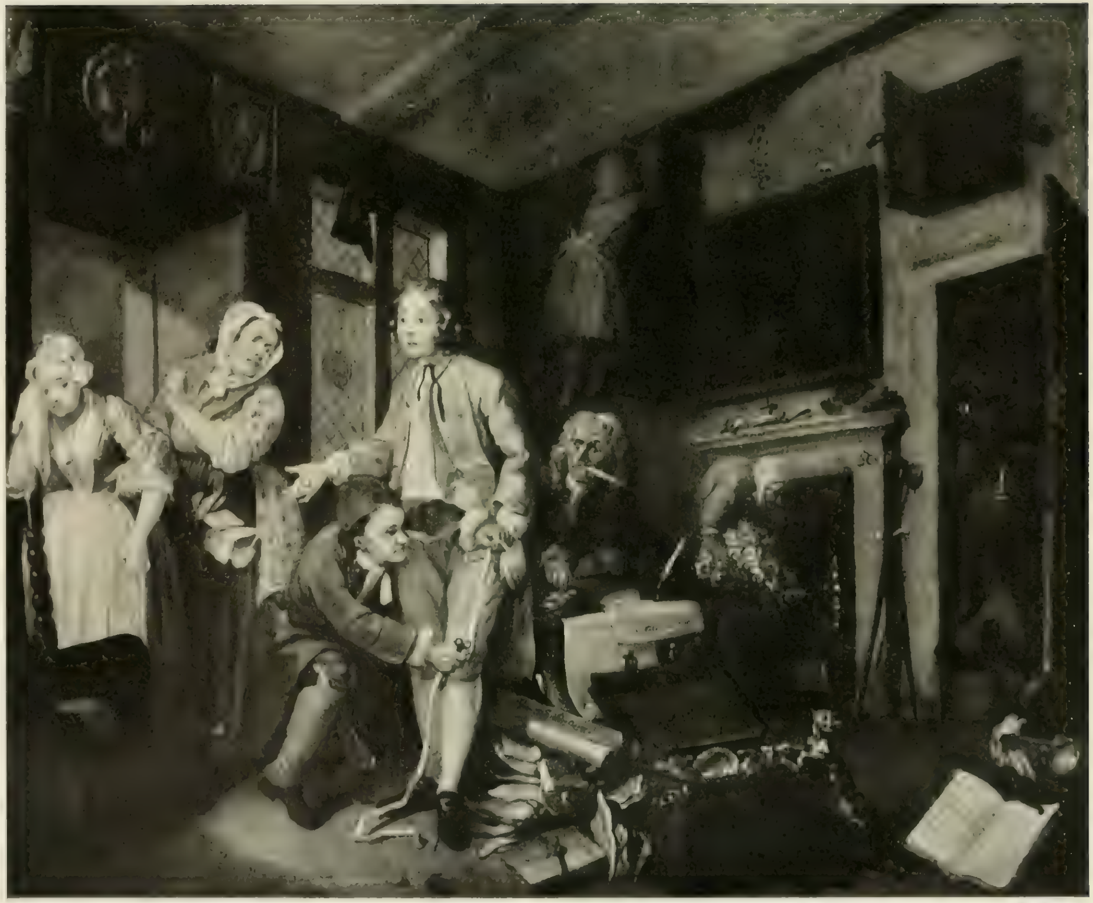
HOGARTH
THE DISTRESSED POET
ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S COLLECTION



MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX

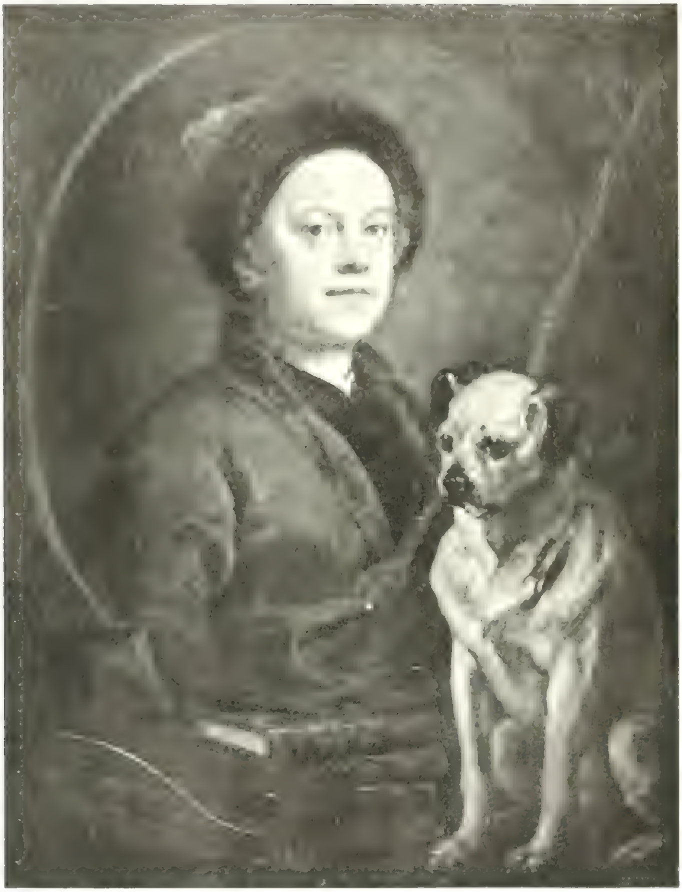
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

HOGARTH
GARRICK AND HIS WIFE
ROYAL GALLERY, WINDSOR



MASTERS IN ART PLATE X
PHOTOGRAPH BY W. F. GRAY

HOGARTH
A RAKE'S PROGRESS, I — THE HEIR
SOANE MUSEUM, LONDON



PORTRAIT OF HOGARTH BY HIMSELF   NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

HOGARTH was a [illegible], outspoken, witty, obstinate, bustling little man; conceited, and fond of affecting self-importance, yet in the main kindly, and the most loyal of friends. The best portrait of him is this, with his favorite pug-dog Trump, in which he depicts himself at the age of forty-eight, gazing out of the canvas with alert blue eyes, his fur cap pushed back to show the scar on his forehead, which he liked to display, and with a palette beside him inscribed with the famous "Line of Beauty."

William Hogarth

BORN 1697: DIED 1764
ENGLISH SCHOOL

MRS. OLIPHANT 'BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE': 1869

WILLIAM HOGARTH was born in London, on November 10, 1697, of an obscure family, his father being a schoolmaster and corrector of the press. The boy showed a precocious inclination toward art. "My exercises," he says, "when at school were more remarkable for the ornaments that adorned them than for the exercise itself"; and he was early apprenticed to Ellis Gamble, a silver-plate engraver. At twenty-three he set up as an engraver on his own account, and spent the rest of his young life in designing coats-of-arms and other ornamentation for the silver tankards and heavy table furniture of the age.

But the engraving of silver-plate did not long satisfy the ambitious youth. He felt himself capable of better things, and was eager for success and fame. Reflecting "that the time necessary to learn in the usual mode would leave no room to spare for the common enjoyments of life"—a sacrifice which he does not feel inclined to make—Hogarth finds nothing left for it but to consider "whether a shorter road than that usually travelled was not to be found." His thoughts on this point he records as follows:—

"Instead of burdening the memory with musty rules, or tiring the eyes with copying dry and damaged pictures, I have ever found studying from nature the shortest and safest way of attaining knowledge in my art, . . . and I endeavored to habituate myself to the exercise of a sort of technical memory, and by repeating in my own mind the parts of which objects are composed, I could, by degrees, combine and put them down with my pencil."

The kind of study of nature which Hogarth thus adopted was not, however, that recommended by schools of art. "Sometimes, but too seldom, I took the life," he says, "for correcting the parts I had not perfectly enough remembered." "The life" as represented by an academic model was almost as little in his way as copying "dry or damaged pictures." It was nature as it abounded in the streets, in the ale-houses, wherever the jovial, obstinate, self-opinionated young fellow passed, that he pursued; his pleasures and studies going hand in hand.

Having thus framed for himself his own scheme of work, the young man seems to have attempted no further exercise of the trade which he had just finished learning. "The instant I became master of my own time I determined to qualify myself for engraving on copper," he says; and according to his own statement his first work was in the shape of frontispieces and illustrations to books, many of which — his illustrations of 'Hudibras,' 'Don Quixote,' among them — are still preserved, though of merit greatly inferior to what was to come.

This early preface to life was not without its struggles. "I remember the time," he says, "when I have gone moping into the city with scarce a shilling; but as soon as I have received ten guineas there for a plate, I have returned home, put on my sword, and sallied out again with all the confidence of a man who had thousands in his pockets. . . . I could do little more than maintain myself until I was near thirty," he adds, "but even then I was a punctual paymaster."

The picture he thus gives of himself is as clear as any he ever made. An honest fellow, over-careful neither of his money, his time, nor his words; not self-denying, yet conscientious according to his fashion; determined to have his own way even in art; very confident of his own powers; dauntless in his undertakings; undiscouraged by failure — a jovial, careless, stubborn, prejudiced, yet righteous, soul, without any delicacy of perception or fineness of feeling, but with an eye like the light that saw and could not help seeing, and a mind strongly prepossessed with that vulgar, powerful sense of morality in which there is yet nothing really religious. Such a man set free to work as he listed in such an age might be trusted to find work worth the doing. And Hogarth found his and did it, gaining strength as he went on.

He was at this time fitfully attending the art academy of Sir James Thornhill, though that painter's young daughter was probably an attraction more powerful than his teaching. Sir James's academy was held "in a room he had built at the back of his own house"; and here Hogarth first met Jane Thornhill, who must have seemed to him no inapt representative of the legendary master's daughter of all London romances. We know nothing of the progress of the stolen courtship; but the issue was that Jane Thornhill ran away with the painter, and they were married at Old Paddington Church on the twenty-third of March, 1729.

It was, no doubt, a most imprudent match. Hogarth was thirty-one, and had yet done nothing to justify his own self-confidence, but was still a struggling poor artist. His Bohemian life, however, ceased with his marriage, and the sobering touch of household necessities speedily showed its effects upon his work. He took a house in Leicester Fields, and entered the world of legitimate art formally as a portrait-painter. What his domestic circumstances were there is no record, but he seems to have been claiming ineffectually from his father-in-law the portion which Thornhill probably thought his daughter had forfeited by her clandestine marriage, and it was hard times with the household. We find, however, in his journal a list of pictures undertaken during the first year of his marriage, which shows that he was not without patronage. These were, no doubt, the "small conversation pieces, from twelve to fifteen inches high," which, as he himself says, "having novelty, succeeded for a few years."

At the same time, while still casting about for his fit work, a more ambitious project crossed his mind. "I entertained some hopes," he says, "of succeeding in what puffers in books call 'the Great Style of History-painting,' so that, without having had a stroke of this *grand* business before, I quitted small portraits and familiar conversations, and, with a smile at my own temerity, commenced history-painting, and on a great staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital painted two Scripture stories, the 'Pool of Bethesda' and the 'Good Samaritan,' with figures seven feet high. These I presented to the charity, and thought they might serve as a specimen to show that, were there an inclination in England for encouraging historical pictures, such a first essay might prove the painting of them more easily attainable than is generally imagined."

The result by no means fulfilled his hopes. These vast compositions "served as a specimen" to show, not what English art could do if properly encouraged, but that sacred art was not in Hogarth's way, and that he had nothing to do with the grand and heroic. But his conversation pieces had begun to fail. It became more and more evident that, the heroic also failing, some new attempt must be made to strike out an individual path; and Hogarth was roused to renewed ponderings over his own powers.

"I thought both writers and painters had, in the historical style," he says, "totally overlooked that intermediate species of subjects which may be placed between the sublime and grotesque. I therefore wished to compose pictures on canvas similar to representations on the stage. My picture is my stage, and men and women my players, who by means of certain actions and gestures are to exhibit a dumb show. . . . I therefore turned my thoughts to a still more novel mode,—painting and engraving modern moral subjects, a field not broken up in any country or age." It is to this resolution that we owe 'A Harlot's Progress,' painted in 1731, 'A Rake's Progress,' and the 'Marriage à la Mode.' . . .

These wonderful pictures and the rapid sale of the engraved copies of them made an immediate revolution in the circumstances of the painter. By the wiles of his young wife, who was eagerly seeking a means of reconciliation between his father-in-law and himself, the first series of paintings was placed clandestinely in Thornhill's drawing-room. The old painter was moved to instant admiration. He asked who was the artist; but when he was informed a humorous change ensued. "Oh, very well; very well indeed," said Jane Thornhill's father. "The man who can paint such pictures as these can maintain a wife without a portion!" It is almost the only occasion upon which the veil is lifted from Hogarth's domestic life.

His second series, 'A Rake's Progress,' appeared not much more than a year later, and was but little less successful; and now wealth began to flow in upon the ever-energetic painter. A host of other works testify to the untiring vigor of the artist, who at last found himself appreciated, and evidently labored with a sense of enjoyment under the pleasant stimulus of applause.

In the ten years which elapsed between the publication of 'A Rake's Progress' and that of 'Marriage à la Mode,' he painted and published in engravings the 'Modern Midnight Conversation,' a wonderful group of revelers, most of them in the last stage of intoxication; 'The Sleeping Congregation'; 'The Distressed Poet'; a group of doctors in consultation known as the 'Undertakers' Arms'; and an equally grotesque group of students at a lecture; 'The Four Parts of the Day'; 'Strolling Actresses Dressing in a Barn'; 'The Enraged Musician'; 'Taste in High Life,' etc., besides a crowd of other less remarkable works. At the same time, in this period of satisfied and prosperous but always pugnacious activity, he painted several portraits with the avowed intention of rivaling the old masters whom his dilettante friends worshiped.

In 1735, justly disgusted by the losses he had sustained from spurious copies of his prints, he sought and obtained, in concert with various other artists and print-sellers, the law of copyright in drawings and engravings, which secured to him the benefit of his own genius; and the prints of 'A Rake's Progress,' dated July, 1735, bear the now familiar legend, "According to the act of Parliament."

"He was rich enough to keep his carriage," says Allan Cunningham; "and though brother artists conceded to him the name of painter with whimsical reluctance, he was everywhere received with the respect and honor due to a man of high talents and uncommon attainments." So little seems to have been authentically known of his private life that it is vain to make any attempt to discover its fashion. "He loved state in his dress," the same authority adds, "and good order in his household; and the success of his works enabled him to indulge in the luxuries of a good table and pleasant guests." Barry describes him as "a little man in a sky-blue coat," whom he saw once standing at the corner of a street encouraging two boys to fight. He was a friend of Fielding and Garrick, but does not appear to have made his way into fashionable society, though he painted pictures for Horace Walpole, and had patrons of title like other men.

Just before the publication of the 'Marriage à la Mode' engravings, Hogarth sold nineteen of the original pictures from which his former prints had been taken by means of a whimsically devised auction, at which only five minutes were to be allowed for the bidding on each picture. When the day of sale arrived, Hogarth's study was full of great and noble personages, but the sale itself was commercially a failure. For the nineteen pictures thus sold he received only £427. It "must have stung his proud spirit," says Allan Cunningham; and it is apparent in every line of his personal narrative that the effect of this and other slights shown to himself and to native art generally embittered the whole current of Hogarth's thoughts.

The engravings of 'Marriage à la Mode,' as we have intimated, were published in the year 1745. Hogarth's next work was the series of 'Industry and Idleness,' as exemplified in the history of Goodchild and Idle, two London 'prentices—a drama quite according to the tastes of the time, for "the thrifty citizens of London welcomed these works warmly, and hung them in public and private places as guides and examples to their children and dependents."

After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, Hogarth went to France, and no sooner had he crossed the Channel than the vulgar instincts of the irrepressible Englishman seem to have burst forth in him without restraint. "He was displeased from the first with the people, the country, the houses, and the fare. All he looked upon he declared to be in bad taste. He laughed when he saw a ragged boy; and at the sight of silk stockings with holes in them he burst out into very imprudent language." The result was that he was summarily sent back, with the assurance that had not the peace been signed he would have been in danger of hanging, and two guards accompanied him on board the English packet. He revenged himself by a design called 'The Roast Beef of Old England,' and at a later period by two pictures called respectively 'England' and 'France,' supposed to represent the eve of an invasion, in which frogs and *soupe maigre* on the one side, and riotous living on the other, are the chief features.

It would be tedious to go over in detail all his remaining productions. The only late works with a moral meaning are the series entitled 'The Four Stages of Cruelty' and the two prints called 'Beer Street' and 'Gin Lane.' After these he produced 'The March to Finchley,' full of fun and movement, and the varied scenes of the 'Election,' from which we have the clearest and most graphic notion of what politics were in those days.

In the year 1753, when he had reached the mature age of fifty-six, Hogarth made his début in literature. "What?" he himself writes—

"What? a book, and by Hogarth! Then twenty to ten
All he 's gained by his pencil he 'll lose by his pen.
Perhaps it may be so — howe'er, miss or hit,
He will publish — here goes: it is double or quit!"

The work was the 'Analysis of Beauty,' a book full of trenchant criticisms upon everybody who differed with him, and in which he set forth a theory which he had indicated some time before by a curving line drawn upon a palette in the foreground of his own portrait, on which were engraven the words, "Line of Beauty." "No Egyptian hieroglyphic ever amused more than it did for a time," he writes. "Painters and sculptors came to me to know the meaning of it, being as much puzzled with it as other people." We have no space to describe either the book or its theory,—it was in the main a desultory essay, having for pretext the principle, attributed to Michelangelo, that a figure should be always "pyramidall, serpentlike, and multiplied by one, two, and three"; but it had upon Hogarth the effect which pen and ink often seem to have upon those to whom pigments and pencils are the natural weapons, it drove him into public argumentation, abuse, and defence. Passion grew warmer and warmer as it was expressed; and the Englishman's theoretical contempt for the old masters, who were continually thrown in his teeth, grew to such a heat that it drove him to the most unequal and unlikely contest.

A picture of 'Sigismunda,' weeping over the heart of her murdered lover, supposed to be by Correggio, had been a short time before sold for £400, and Hogarth, with insane rivalry, offered to paint the same subject for the same price. The painter was now sixty-two, and gave signs of having failed a little from his height of force. The subject was utterly out of his way. His motive could be little more than the stings of rivalship and emulation. He had attained most things that men desire. He was well off, famous, the founder of a national school of art; he even acknowledges the "partiality" with which the world had received his works. He was Sergeant-painter to the King, the highest mark of official favor. But all these good things did not defend him from that sting of vanity. Hogarth's 'Sigismunda' was a commission from Sir Richard Grosvenor, who, "falling into the clutches of the dealers in old pictures," as Hogarth expresses it, seemed reluctant to accept it; whereupon the proud painter haughtily wrote to release his patron from the bargain, and the picture never left his studio. In his pride and resentment he forbade his widow, by his will, to sell it for less than £500.

The critics, who had fallen upon his 'Analysis of Beauty' as one man, now threw themselves with equal or increased vigor on the unfortunate picture thus left upon his hands; and dauntless and virulent as Hogarth was, he was old and worn with much labor, and his health was affected by his mortification. When he recovered from the illness which ensued, war abroad and contention at home engrossed every one's mind. "Prints," he says, "were thrown into the background, and the stagnation rendered it necessary that I should do some 'timed' thing to recover my lost time and stop a gap in my income. . . . This drew forth my print of 'The Times,' a subject which tended to the restoration of peace and unanimity." This political satire did anything but promote these objects in Hogarth's own experience. It roused against him the unrestrained tongue of Wilkes, who had been his friend, but who immediately brought out in the *North Briton* a furious article on "the King's Sergeant-painter, William Hogarth." Hogarth, deeply wounded, retaliated by a squinting portrait of Wilkes, so savagely like, so full of the fierce satire of truth, that the town was electrified. The blow struck deeply, and called up Churchill, Wilkes's henchman, who in defence of his principal published a savage "Epistle to William Hogarth." Hogarth struck again, but this time more feebly, by publishing a print of Churchill in the character of a bear. "The pleasure and pecuniary advantage from these two engravings," says the uncompromising old warrior, with fine satisfaction, "together with occasionally riding on horseback, restored me to as much health as can be expected at my time of life."

But amid these storms life was beginning to wane. Hogarth took a house in retired Chiswick upon the Thames, among the trees and gardens, and left off work, "amusing himself with making slight sketches and retouching his plates." He went up to town now and then, and now recovered, now lost strength, as that piteous process of dying demanded; but complained that he was "no longer able to think with the readiness, and work with the elasticity of spirit" which had been habitual with him.

In the autumn of 1764 he went back to London, but spent only one day there; and died quite suddenly on the twenty-sixth of October, of an aneurism. He was sixty-seven, full of years and honors; and yet died childless, worried, wearied, and vexed with the contradictions of life.

The Art of Hogarth

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER 'TEMPLE BAR': 1862

HOLBEIN, Van Dyck, and Lely went to England with talents already matured, with nothing to learn from, and everything to teach, their hosts; but they founded no school, and British art never knew youth, even adolescence; it came into the world grave, self-assured, and mature; and William Hogarth was the English Giotto.

If an absolutely original painter ever existed, that painter was Hogarth. We search his work in vain for reminiscences of antique form, for the slightest reflex of the touch of the great Italian masters; nay,—and this is matter for astonishment,—for any marked similarity with the works of the Dutch and Flemish painters, who, by the homeliness of their subjects and the realism of their execution, seem to have been the earliest professors of the Hogarthian creed. It may almost be said that as Pascal invented mathematics without any study of books, so did Hogarth invent painting without any study of pictures, guided simply by the desire to give pictorial form and plastic vesture to certain innate conceptions. Drawing and color were in his eyes only so many secondary means; he was always preoccupied by the *idea* to be explained. Man, physically considered, was almost a nonentity to him. The moral man was everything. To show the vagaries of every human passion, to drag forth every absurdity, to scourge every vice, after having paraded it through every phase of degradation—such was the goal to which the steps of this painter-moralist ever tended; and no caprice of the palette, no whim of the brush, ever made him swerve from his course. Everything in his pictures shows intention, significance, and observation. The slightest detail has its meaning. The clock, the chair, the table, are those which should and must be *there*, and not anywhere else, and would be wholly out of place in another room. His figures are all typical; and the features of his personages, purposely exaggerated in expression perhaps, are not to be mistaken. Occasionally they may be caricatured, ruddled, as it were, as are the faces of actors on the stage; and indeed it might almost be assumed that certain works of Hogarth had been painted less from nature than from some capital comedy performed by first-rate actors, so cunning is the arrangement of *mise en scène*, and so dexterously is everything calculated from a theatrical point of view.

But if Hogarth cared little for form, as the Greeks understood form, he nevertheless excelled in expression and in facial mimicry. The gestures of his characters are essentially true to human emotions; they flash forth under the impulse of predetermined sentiments. Hogarth disdained to bring them into combination for the mere sake of so many angles, so many curves, so many points of contrast, or so many alternations of lines. They are *there*, and they must be drawn. So much the worse for the countenance of a man or woman if Hogarth finds it degraded by vice, convulsed by passion, disfigured by ugliness or positive deformity. He will spare you neither wrinkle nor crow's-foot, furrow nor swelling, pimple nor bruise. He puts forward no pretensions to please the eye; for he is—pardon the pleonasm—no painter of the picturesque. He was a pictorial essayist, a philosopher, an author who painted instead of writing his comedies—the Aristophanes of the brush.—FROM THE FRENCH BY G. A. SALA

SIDNEY COLVIN 'THE PORTFOLIO': 1872

THAT, as Charles Lamb wrote, you "look at other pictures, but *read* Hogarth's"—that Shakespeare is the first book, and Hogarth the second which you would choose for your favorite two—sayings like these point to one, at least, of those qualities which the master's work bears so patently that all may recognize it. His pictures are like books; they tell a story which you must spell out chapter by chapter, which is full of ingenious digressions and allusions, and might, if the genius of the inventor had lain that way, have been expressed in words as readily as in images. Indeed, his intellectual invention is inexhaustible; when he is at his best it is profoundly ingenious, illuminating, tragic, and humorous. Every accessory or knickknack, every seeming haphazard of the furniture or litter of the scene, will have a pregnant bearing and allusion on every other, full of significance when you have hunted it out, though making no appeal to the perceptions at first sight.

The next predominant note of his work is strength of moral purpose, together with coarseness of moral sensibility. The strength of purpose showed itself in the nature and significance of the tales which he chose to tell; the coarseness of sensibility in the nature and choice of the images by help of which he tells them. A painter disposed to tell tales has his own choice of what sort he will tell; and when we find Hogarth choosing to paint a moral with every tale, when we find him saying to young heirs, in 'A Rake's Progress,' "Waste your substance in riotous living and you will end your days in Bedlam"—to fashionable young men and rich young women and their relations, in the 'Marriage à la Mode,' "See what comes of a mercenary match"—to boys beginning life, in 'Industry and Idleness,' "Idle, and you will come to be hanged; work hard, and you will come to be Lord Mayor"—to boys cruel to animals, in 'The Four Stages of Cruelty,' "Begin by tormenting a dog, and you will end with the gallows, and the dissecting-table after the gallows"—when, I say, we find him choosing tales like these to tell, we are sure that his work is marked, for one thing, by strength of moral purpose. Indeed, leaving his paintings that are explicit parables for those that are no more than satires,—in other words, those that are narratives for those that are exhibitions merely, like the 'Four Times of the Day' and 'The Election Series,'—we find that these too are exhibitions for reproof. True, it is reproof mingled with laughter, but still reproof for the sake of reformation—satire, in a word. It is Lamb again who hits the mark exactly: "A set of severer satires," he says, "(for they are not so much comedies, which they have been likened to, as they are strong and masculine satires) less mingled with anything of mere fun, were never written upon paper, or graven upon copper. They resemble Juvenal." Exactly. In Juvenal and in Hogarth we find the same observation, the same scorn, unflinching to perceive and vehement to scathe; the same strength of purpose, the same coarseness of sensibility. Your strong and masculine satirist hates and despises the evil more than he flinches from the shame or softens towards the pity; and accordingly, Hogarth, the Juvenal of art, shows you sights and manners often intolerably loathsome, foul, and hideous, such as persons whose moral instincts are very tender cannot bear to look upon.

And, indeed, that is the temper of his time; that is the character of the England into which this astonishing artist was born. Hogarth and his friend Fielding work in the same atmosphere of fisticuffs, license, physical boisterousness, shamelessness, outrageous hearty life and outrageous infamy, sensuality, and degradation. Fielding never writes but "to promote the cause of virtue," nor ever seems the least disgusted at the vice which he exposes. Hogarth, indeed, is much the sterner and more terrible moralist, the more profound imagination of the two, and cannot, like the other, do his lecturing gaily; but he too has touches of singular brightness and sweetness in the midst of his depraved, his riotous and humiliating world. He has his counterparts to Sophy Western, radiant with spirit and youth and innocence. He has his fair and faithful Fannies, his patient Amelias—rosy faces and delicate sweet figures of women that smile here and there amid all the riot of knocks and drunkenness and ill-behavior and selfish folly.

A Rembrandt paints the every-day Amsterdam populace as he sees it, but with his own enhancements of imaginative mystery. A Hogarth paints the every-day London crowd as he sees it, but with no disguise at all, filling the crowd with particular, and it may be sarcastic, portraits of his friends and enemies and the fashionable or notorious personages of the hour. That is the last stage in art's passage from the ideal to the real. And in making it, the old high instinct of grace, sweetness, and dignity has assuredly flown. The art is a less lovely and divine thing; and you cannot but deplore that loveliness and the higher charm of treatment—though force and magic and skill of treatment may be left—have flown with the old ideal motives and aspirations.

And this brings us from the qualities of Hogarth's art that are chiefly intellectual and moral to the qualities of it that are more properly artistic. What is his spirit in the mechanic parts of color, execution, and design, as compared with other artists who went before or came after? It is a question which has been often passed over or carelessly answered. The pictorial parts of art interest Englishmen so much less than the literary parts, and Hogarth's art speaks so emphatically and eloquently by its literary parts, that many of his critics have forgotten that he was a painter at all; and others, judging by preconception and the canons of the sublime, have been satisfied with esteeming him a paltry one.

M. Feuillet de Conches has written of Hogarth, "He was a greater painter than his didactic and satiric reputation leaves most judges leisure to acknowledge. If he never deliberately sought for shining qualities of execution, he found them nevertheless; for he had unconsciously the eye of a fine colorist, and his hand went whither his genius led. In his masterpieces there are figures very richly, cleverly, and subtly painted; the chiaroscuro very well understood; and passages of color positively masterly and not surpassed by anything of the Flemish school."

All this is true. In his best works Hogarth catches with a perfect subtlety the color of rich or poor apparel, indoor furniture or outdoor litter, the satin, bows, jewels, ribbons, of the bride, the fur coat and hose and waistcoat of the beau, lace, silk, velvet, broadcloth, spangles, and brocade, rich carpets, rich wall-hangings, the look of pictures on the wall; or, on the other hand, the coarse appurtenances of the market-place or the street-crossing—he catches them and their tones and relations in the indoor or outdoor atmosphere with a perfect subtlety and sense of natural harmony. And not only this, but without a school and without a precedent (for he is no imitator of the Dutchmen) he has found a way of expressing what he sees with the clearest simplicity, richness, and directness—a kind of facile succulence which is bright without being flimsy. Indeed, but for this rich and clean craftsmanship, but for this mechanic pleasantness to relieve the moral horror, the art of Hogarth would be, in many instances, quite intolerable to our perceptions.

I should not say that he was so strong in design and draftsmanship as in color and painter's craft. In that part of design which concerns the distribution of figures, forms, and masses, he was guided much more by the exigencies of drama than by the instinct of composition; and it seems like haphazard when the composition does arrange itself—and it sometimes does—as the sensitive instinct would soonest have it. In draftsmanship, what excellence he has comes to him through his gift for expression and physiognomy. His drawing was forced, on the one hand, into some degree of burlesque and parody by the energy of his moral and satirical temperament, and, on the other, betrayed by imperfect discipline into something of laxity and coarseness. In the technical matter of engraving, too (since it is by his prints that Hogarth must ever be known to the majority), the qualities which his manner possesses are vigor and expressiveness and facility; the qualities which it lacks are precision and discipline.

We have touched upon but a small portion of all which Hogarth suggests to criticism; but to rank him rightly let us remember the main things—that English art burst with him into sudden, untaught, and peculiar perfection; that he carried the unfastidious, realistic spirit of the Dutchmen into new developments, flooding the painting of real life, first, with narrative incidents and intellectual ideas, according to the genius of his country, and then loading it, according to the genius of his time, with moral emphasis, and disfiguring it, as that emphasis demanded, with images of low hideousness or absurdity, yet ennobling the absurdity with pathos, and redeeming the hideousness with exquisite color and spirited renderings. He was as much of an artist as Rembrandt or Reynolds, more of a satirist than Swift, more of a romancer than Fielding, more of a moralist than Johnson—the sturdy incarnation and epitome of his age.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE 'CENTURY MAGAZINE': 1897

HOGARTH the satirist and Hogarth the painter were like two different natures; but dismiss his subjects from mind, study his pictures for what they look rather than for what they mean, and see with what wonderful taste and refinement he has painted them. Notice, for instance, his gamblers at the gaming-table for their grouping and action; see with what skill he has drawn the room and filled it with atmosphere, and with what charm he has woven through that atmosphere his subtle and beautiful scheme of color. In the 'Orgies' picture notice the woman in the foreground pulling off her shoes and stockings; could anything be more beautiful, as art, than the abandon and grace of the action, the beauty of the color, the setting and relief of the figure? See again the circle of women around the table; how delicately the reds, blues, yellows, and grays of the dresses harmonize and run together! Even in that charnel-house of the mind, the mad-house, of 'A Rake's Progress,' are two women standing in the background, one dressed in pink silk and the other in silver gray, than which Watteau never painted anything more graceful or more delicate. It must have been a strange imagination that could entertain such visions of beauty and deformity at one and the same time—a strange nature that could be so coarse in thought, so refined in feeling and execution; that knowingly married Beauty to the Beast; and consciously gilded the gutter with rainbow hues.

Hogarth was not a landscape-painter, yet he knew a great deal about landscape. He knew how to paint a street with air in it, sky over it, and buildings placed in their proper planes. In fact, he could paint almost anything, and in nothing was he stronger than in still-life. His cups and saucers and table-cloths are as beautiful as Chardin's; his beef in the 'Calais Gate' is worthy of any Dutchman; and neither Pater nor Watteau was his superior in painting silks, draperies, and furniture.

Technically he was uneven in drawing. Sometimes he was harsh and lacking in freedom, at other times quite rhythmical and flowing. He seldom drew like an academician, trained to ease by knowledge, and giving the whole truth of form. On the contrary, he frequently cut out the accidental by a loose, broken line, and summarized an object, like Ostade or Millet.

All his people have weight and bulk, and they all stand or sit firmly. Moreover, they hold their places by virtue of their atmospheric setting. None of the old English masters so thoroughly understood the problem of *enveloppe*, the placing of figures in atmosphere.

He was not less skilful in the handling of color. There is a sharp brick quality often shown in his flesh that is peculiar to English painting, but in other respects he is most forceful while being most subtle. His tones are usually pure, though he often used broken notes to attain delicacy. All colors—reds, blues, greens, grays, Jan Steen's yellows—are seen upon his canvases, and they seem to be laid without kneading, mixing, or emendation. Moreover, he tried no experiments with fugitive pigments, and his colors are still as clear, pure, and serene as when first laid on. Frank, honest little man that he was, he painted in a frank, honest way.

Composition was, perhaps, his weakest feature. It is the final and convincing proof of the influence of the theater upon his art. One cannot look at the Progresses or the 'Marriage à la Mode' without realizing that they are stage tableaux. The setting of the scenes, the grouping of the figures, the disposition of properties, the planes in which the figures stand, the exits and the entrances, all point to the theater. He took his characters from real life, but he arranged them like a stage-manager. This led to something akin to the artificial, to overmuch detail, and to the crowding of space. The object of many accessories was, of course, to suggest the tale that could not be spoken; and for the story-telling purpose the method was effective enough, but as pictorial composition it was sometimes unfortunate. As with many another painter, his least elaborate compositions were his best.

There can be no doubt that Hogarth's instincts were those of a painter. His feeling for color, air, values, his handling of the brush, his sense of delicacy and refinement in the placing of tones, all mark him as an artist whose medium of expression was necessarily pigment. The fact that his audience applauded him for his satires rather than for his painting does not invalidate the excellence of his art. There were only four great originals in old English painting,—Hogarth, Gainsborough, Constable, and Turner. Hogarth was the first, and some there be who do not hesitate to say that he was the greatest of them all.

AUSTIN DOBSON 'WILLIAM HOGARTH'

IT is neither by his achievements as an engraver nor his merits as a painter that Hogarth retains his unique position among English artists. It is as a pictorial chronicler of life and manners, as a satirist and humorist upon canvas, that he makes his chief claim upon posterity. His skill in seizing upon the ridiculous and the fantastic was only equaled by his power of rendering the tragic and the terrible. And it was not only given to him to see unerringly and to select unfalteringly, but to this was added a rare and special faculty for narrative by action. Other artists have succeeded in single scenes of humorous genre, or in isolated effects of passion and horror; but none has combined both with such signal ability, and carried them from one canvas to another with such assured dexterity, as this dramatist of the brush. To take some social blot, some burning fashionable vice, and hold it up sternly to "hard hearts"; to imagine it vividly, and body it forth with all the resources of unshrinking realism; to tear away its conventional trappings; to probe it to the quick, and lay bare its secret shameful workings to their inevitable end; to play upon it with inexhaustible ingenuity, with the keenest and happiest humor; to decorate it with the utmost profuseness of fanciful accessory and suggestive detail; to be conscious at the gravest how the grotesque in life elbows the pathetic, and the strange, grating laugh of Mephistopheles is heard through the sorriest story;—these were his gifts, and this was his vocation, a vocation in which he has never yet been rivaled. Let the reader recall for a moment any names of note which during the last fifty years have been hastily dignified by indulgent criticism with the epithet "Hogarthian," and then consider if he honestly believes them to be in any way on a level with the painter of 'Marriage à la Mode.' In his own line he stands supreme and unapproached:

> "*Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.*"

The Works of Hogarth

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'FOUR TIMES OF THE DAY—MORNING' PLATE I

THE series of four paintings, 'Morning,' 'Noon,' 'Evening,' and 'Night,' of which this is the first, does not tell a connected story. The scenes are so many glimpses of London street life of the period, imagined with Hogarth's characteristic ingenuity, truth, and humor. 'Morning' is perhaps the best of the four. The scene is Covent Garden of about a century and a half ago. The sun is newly risen, and there is frost on the housetops. A fruit-woman is warming her hands at a fire on the pavement; her companion, a beggar, solicits charity; two fuddled beaux, who have left their disorderly companions in "Tom King's Coffee-house," are embracing two young women, who seem to receive their caresses not unwillingly. But the best of the characters represented is the censorious prude, "that exquisite frost-piece of religion and morality," as Hazlitt calls her. Fielding borrowed her lineaments for his portrait of Bridget Allworthy, Thackeray copied her wintry figure for one of the initials to the 'Roundabout Papers,' and Dryden, in his satires, devotes an entire passage to her,—

"Sailing with lappet-head and mincing airs
Duly at clink of bell to morning prayers.
To thrift and parsimony much inclined,
She yet allows herself that boy behind;
The shivering urchin, bending as he goes,
With slipshod heels and dewdrop at his nose,
Carries her Bible tuck'd beneath his arm,
And hides his hands to keep his fingers warm."

Our reproduction has been made from Hogarth's own engraving of the original picture, which is in Lady Heathcote's collection at Hursley Park, England.

HOGARTH proved that the assertion of the critics, that his work was deficient in grace and distinction, and that he could not paint people of fashion, was unfounded, by producing, in 1745, the series of six paintings, now in the National Gallery, London, entitled 'Marriage à la Mode.' It proved to be his masterpiece, not only in invention and sustained dramatic power, but in the beauty and excellence of the painting. "There is no defect of invention, no superfluity of detail, no purposeless stroke in the whole tale," says Dobson. "From first to last it progresses steadily to its catastrophe by a forward march of skilfully linked and fully developed incidents, set in an atmosphere that makes it as vivid as nature itself, decorated with surprising fidelity, and enlivened by all the resources of the keenest humor."

The subject is unfolded in six tableaux. A nobleman who finds it necessary to regild his escutcheon has condescended to the marriage of his son with the daughter of a rich London alderman. The drama begins with the signature of the marriage contract (plate II), and we are introduced into the drawing-room of the Honorable Viscount, Lord Squanderfield. The alderman, awkward in the presence of the aristocrat, is seated at a table in the center of the room, holding the marriage contract, while his man of business hands the earl a bundle of mortgages. Guineas and bank-notes are piled upon the table; for the haughty nobleman only assents to such a misalliance for gold, and every accessory echoes his pride and pomposity—his very crutches are adorned with the coronet. Superbly dressed in an orange-colored velvet coat, the gouty earl points loftily to his genealogical tree, the roots of which spring from William the Conqueror. At the other side of the room the affianced couple, the earl's son and the alderman's daughter, are sitting side by side, their indifference toward one another already manifest. The bridegroom, a pale, effeminate young man, in a light blue coat loaded with embroidery, lifts a pinch of snuff, and turns with complacent foppery to admire his countenance in the mirror—a wonderful figure of the degenerate aristocrat, the man of birth worn out by precocious debauchery. His bride, in a white satin gown, her hair dressed with flowers and laces, plays with her wedding ring, which she has strung upon her handkerchief, listening meanwhile to the insidious compliments which Counsellor Silvertongue—a handsome barrister, "without a sharp angle in his face," who is to play a leading part in this 'Marriage à la Mode'—whispers in her ear. The only other figure in the scene is that of an old lawyer, who, with a gesture of contempt, is gazing through the open window at an ill-designed mansion which the earl is in process of building, but which is already crumbling behind its scaffold.

In the second picture (plate III), 'The Breakfast Scene,' the marriage has taken place—indeed is already beginning to be dissolved. The scene is the home of the pair, a saloon, "costly without elegance." Though the clock marks twenty minutes after twelve, the candles are still smoldering, and a yawning footman is languidly arranging the furniture in the background. On either side of the fireplace sit the newly married couple. My lord has evidently just returned from some independent nocturnal expedition. His whole appearance witnesses his jaded, tipsy condition, and 'his countenance,' as Charles Lamb says, "lectures on the vanity of pleasure as audibly as anything in Ecclesiastes." His sword, broken in its scabbard, is lying on the carpet, the evidence of a stormy night; and a lap-dog is sniffling at a woman's cap which protrudes from his pocket. The countess, dressed in a coquettish night-cap, white morning jacket, and pink skirt, is stretching her arms with a pretty feminine movement, full of indolent lassitude, and glances disdainfully at her husband. The overturned chair, the cards, and Hoyle's 'Treatise on Whist' on the floor bear witness that she has not waited up for him alone. Neither master nor mistress notices the steward, who, hoping perhaps to find his master sober at this early hour, has come with his bundle of accounts, but who leaves the room with uplifted eyes—a single paid bill upon his file.

"Throughout the 'Marriage à la Mode' Series," writes Gautier, "Hogarth perfectly merits the name of a great painter. Take, as example, his treatment of this second scene. Nothing in his achievement is finer, either in conception or execution, than the figure of the exhausted and disgusted young nobleman. His pale, attenuated, morbid face, which shows the revolt of nature after last night's debauchery, stands out against the yellowish white of the mantelpiece with marvelous delicacy. The coloring of the lady is charming; nothing could well be more delicate than the harmony of the pale pink skirt with the white bodice. Her face, in its muslin cap, shows her fatigue by a roseate flush which only the most skilful of colorists would have attempted. The background is masterful; and while no detail is so striking as to fix the eye, none is superfluous."

It has been made evident that the viscount and his countess have elected to take their pleasures apart. What those pleasures are is indicated in the two pictures which follow; for the third shows us the husband in dissolute company in the office of a quack doctor; and in the fourth we see the countess at her toilet, surrounded by fashionable friends, while lounging near her upon a sofa, and engaging her in a dangerously intimate conversation, is Counsellor Silvertongue.

The fifth picture brings us to the climax of the tragedy. The young husband has discovered the countess and Counsellor Silvertongue at their place of meeting, and burst in the door. There has been a brief encounter in the dying firelight, and my lord is staggering, fatally wounded, in the middle of the room, while his wife, in an agony of terror, kneels at his feet. In the background Counsellor Silvertongue escapes through an open window.

The last scene is laid in the house of the alderman, her father, whither the countess has fled. Counsellor Silvertongue has been hanged for murder at Tyburn, for a copy of his 'Last Dying Speech' lies upon the floor. The countess has poisoned herself with laudanum, and her child, a sickly girl,—for the race of Squanderfield is to become extinct,—is held up by the nurse to kiss her mother's cheek while it is still warm. Meantime the alderman, with prudent foresight, draws a valuable ring from the finger of his dying daughter before it shall stiffen in rigor mortis.

'THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY' PLATE IV

HOGARTH named this remarkable picture, in which he has burlesqued the disorders of a military dislodgment, and shown his unrivaled skill in the massing and handling of a multitude of figures, 'The March of the Guards towards Scotland in the Year 1745'; but it is commonly known as 'The March to Finchley.' It is supposed that the approach of Prince Charlie has summoned these petted heroes of London to the field; and the scene is laid in Tottenham Court turnpike. In the distance we see the companies, with their baggage, marching, orderly enough, towards Highgate; but the rear, in a confusion that defies description, forms the humorous foreground.

The central group is symbolic—a tall guardsman stands in ludicrous indecision between his Catholic and Protestant sweethearts. Near him a drummer endeavors to drown his own grief and that of his wife and child by the thunder of his drum; an officer kisses a milkmaid, while a soldier pours the milk into his hat; another soldier points out this diverting incident to a pieman, and at the same time steals some of his wares; a barrel of liquor is tapped upon the shoulder of its unconscious owner; a drunkard in the gutter turns in disgust from a malicious proffer of water, and holds out his hand to a female gin-seller whose wizened infant imitates his gesture; a fight, watched by excited spectators, is going on in the background—and "altogether there is such a staggering and swaggering, such a carousing, such neglect of all obedience, and obedience to nothing but the caprice of the moment," writes Allan Cunningham, "as probably never was witnessed; and yet all is natural, consistent, and characteristic."

The original of this picture hangs in the Committee-room of the Foundling Hospital in London. Our reproduction is taken from an engraving of it made under Hogarth's supervision by Luke Sullivan, whose masterpiece it is.

'THE ELECTION SERIES—CHAIRING THE MEMBER' PLATE V

THIS picture, which now hangs in the Soane Museum, London, is the last of a set of four satires upon the conduct of elections in Hogarth's day. The whole series is not only inimitable in invention, but among the best examples of Hogarth's work in execution.

In the first of the set we are shown the candidates feasting their constituents; in the second they are canvassing for votes; in the third the votes are being polled; and in the fourth, which we reproduce, the victorious member is being "chaired," or carried abroad in triumphant procession by his supporters. The unhappy man (over whose head flies a goose, in burlesque of the eagle in Alexander Le Brun's 'Battle of Granicus') is clinging desperately to his wavering seat, for a frightened sow with her litter has thrown the van of the procession into confusion. In the foreground an enraged thresher strikes with his flail at a sailor, whose performing bear seizes the opportunity to plunder the barrels borne by an ass, while that animal's master retaliates with a cudgel; the defeated opponents grin with delight from the inn opposite, where they are feasting—and so on, almost every inch of the plate being crowded with like significant details.

'SIMON, LORD LOVAT' PLATE VI

THE notorious Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, was an aged Scottish nobleman, who after having supported the government in the Jacobite rising treacherously went over to the rebels in 1745. After the battle of Culloden he was captured, and beheaded for treason. He was being brought to London for trial when, in 1746, Hogarth met him at St. Albans, and painted his portrait. "I took his likeness," writes the artist, "when he was relating on his fingers the numbers of the rebel forces." The picture, now in the National Portrait Gallery, London, though hastily executed, renders admirably the short squat figure, in the reddish-brown coat, white stockings, and sleeve-ruffles, of his traitorous lordship, with his crafty eyes and "pawky" expression.

"By very simple means," writes Claude Phillips, "and with but few of those technical refinements which help to render irresistible the better preserved works of Gainsborough and Reynolds, Hogarth attains on great occasions to a frankness and vitality greater even than theirs. 'Simon, Lord Lovat,' lives and breathes as only a Frans Hals lives and breathes, and with a life less purely animal, though physical vitality is still predominant."

'THE SHRIMP GIRL' PLATE VII

"THIS wonderful picture of a shrimp-seller, in the National Gallery, London, with its harmonious color-scheme of reds, browns, and grays," writes Claude Phillips, "is quite different from any of Hogarth's other works. As an instantaneous impression of a fleeting moment of physical activity it has never been surpassed even by the most magically dexterous impressionists of to-day. . . . The only thing that I recall that has the same quality of overpowering momentariness, lacking only the voice to cry out at you from the canvas, is 'The Fruit-seller' by Goya. If Hogarth had persevered in this direction, instead of allowing 'The Shrimp Girl' to remain, so far as I know, an isolated exception in his work, it is impossible to say what triumphs of execution he might have achieved."

'THE DISTRESSED POET' PLATE VIII

THE painting of 'The Distressed Poet' belongs to the Duke of Westminster. Our plate is reproduced from Hogarth's own engraving from it.

The poor verse-maker has risen early to finish his poem on 'Riches'; but neither the map of the 'Gold Mines of Peru' on the wall above him nor "all his books around"—a magnificent total of three—serve to set his muse on fire. Meanwhile the milkmaid (who, as Hartley Coleridge says, has "as little milkiness about her as if she had been suckled on blue ruin and brimstone") has arrived, and angrily demands payment of her bill. The poet has the consolation, however, of having for a companion one of the few lovable figures that Hogarth ever drew—the patient wife who gazes so mildly and helplessly at the long score, while she darns her shivering husband's small-clothes.

'GARRICK AND HIS WIFE' PLATE IX

HOGARTH was David Garrick's close friend, and painted him several times. In this family portrait, now in the Royal Gallery at Windsor, he has represented the actor engaged in writing the prologue to Foote's comedy 'Taste,' while his wife, in a pink dress and white fichu, steals up behind to take the pen from his hand—a pose borrowed from Vanloo. The picture is very beautifully painted, but the actor, accustomed to being represented in more theatrical state, found his figure lacking in dignity, and said so; whereupon the quick-tempered Hogarth drew his brush across the face; and Garrick's eyes, ill-drawn and more coarsely painted than the remainder of the picture, have been restored by another hand.

'A RAKE'S PROGRESS—THE HEIR' PLATE X

HOGARTH followed his first series of moral satires, 'A Harlot's Progress,' by a second series, which he called 'A Rake's Progress.' The story told by the eight pictures is, as Thackeray has summarized it, "that of a spendthrift coming into the wealth of the paternal miser, the prodigal surrounded by flatterers, and wasting his money on the very worst company; the bailiffs; the gambling-house; and Bedlam for an end."

In the first picture, which is reproduced in our plate, we see "Tom Rakewell," as Hogarth named his chief character, suddenly entering into his inheritance. The house has been ransacked for the hoardings of his dead father's avarice. The mortgages and bonds are scattered about the room, and one searcher has discovered gold pieces hidden behind the cornice. The heir, whose fortune is written in his silly face, is being measured for his mourning. And, while his knavish attorney already robs him behind his back, he holds out a handful of gold to heal the heart of his former sweetheart, whom he has jilted now that he is rich, and whose mother berates him.

In the ensuing scene we see the clumsy youth transformed into a man of fashion. Wig-makers, tailors, hatters, dancing-masters, fencing-masters, and fawning poets and artists crowd his anteroom. In the third scene he is tipsy in a tavern; in the next he is arrested for debt; in the fifth he attempts to repair his fortunes by marriage with an elderly one-eyed heiress, but even at the altar turns to leer at her good-looking maid. Thereafter he "progresses" at a headlong rate. In the sixth picture we find him in a gambling-house, where he has already lost his recently acquired wealth; next he is in the Fleet Street Prison, berated by his wife and dunned by the jailer. In the last scene we find him an incurable maniac, chained in Bedlam amongst other lunatics, but attended by the faithful sweetheart whom he renounced in the first picture.

The eight paintings of 'A Rake's Progress' are now in the Soane Museum, London.

A LIST OF SOME OF THE MORE NOTABLE PAINTINGS BY HOGARTH

THOSE of the paintings named in the following list which are marked with an asterisk (*) were also engraved or etched by Hogarth himself. For a complete list of his prints the reader is referred to Mr. Austin Dobson's 'William Hogarth.'

ENGLAND. Cambridge, Fitzwilliam Museum: Portraits of Dr. Arnold and of Miss Arnold — Clifton, Fine Arts Academy: Altar-piece — London, St. Bartholomew's Hospital: The Pool of Bethesda; The Good Samaritan — London, Burlington House: Life School at the Academy in Peter's Court — London, British Museum: Orator Henley Christening a Child — London, Foundling Hospital: The March to Finchley (Plate iv); Moses Brought to Pharaoh's Daughter; * Captain Coram — London, Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields: Portrait of James Gibbs — London, National Gallery: Portrait of Hogarth (Page 20); Marriage à la Mode, a series of six pictures (see Plates ii and iii); Sigismunda; Mary Hogarth; A Family Group; The Shrimp Girl (Plate vii); Hogarth's Six Servants; Lavinia Fenton as "Polly Peachum"; The Gate of Calais; Hogarth's Sister, Mrs. Salter — London, National Portrait Gallery: Simon, Lord Lovat* (Plate vi); Hogarth Painting the Comic Muse;* Committee of House of Commons Examining Bambridge — London, Royal College of Surgeons: Sir C. Hawkins — London, Royal Society: Martin Folkes, Esq.* — London, Soane Museum: A Rake's Progress,* a series of eight pictures (see Plate x); The Election,* series of four pictures (see Plate v) — London, Society of Lincoln's Inn: Paul before Felix* — Oxford, Christ Church Hall: Bishop Hooper — Windsor, Royal Gallery: Garrick and his Wife (Plate ix) — IRELAND. Dublin, National Gallery: George II. and Family; Portrait of Benjamin Hoadley — SCOTLAND. Edinburgh, National Gallery: Portraits of Mr. and of Mrs. Dawson; Sarah Malcolm — UNITED STATES. New York, Metropolitan Museum: Miss Rich Building a House of Cards.

PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

ENGLAND. Earl of Abercorn's Collection: Portrait of Hon. J. Hamilton — Lady Ashburton's Collection: View in St. James's Park — Collection of William Carpenter, Esq.: Wanstead Assembly — Collection of W. C. Cartwright, Esq.: Portrait of Mrs. Desaguliers — Lord Chesham's Collection: William, fifth Duke of Devonshire — Collection of John Cleland, Esq.: A Lady at a Tea-table. — Owned by the Conybeare Family: Twelve pictures of Hudibras* — Collection of Mrs. Cosens-East: Portrait of Hogarth's Mother — Earl of Coventry's Collection: The Earl of Coventry and his Wife — Collection of Mrs. Herbert Deedes: Wedding of Mr. Beckingham and Miss Corbett — Duke of Devonshire's Collection: The Devonshire Family — Earl of Dunmore's Collection: Portrait of Mrs. Garrick — Collection of Ayscough Fawkes, Esq.: The Country in the Olden Time — Earl of Feversham's Collection: Garrick as Richard III.* — Collection of H. Graves, Esq.: Simon, Lord Lovat* — Collection of Ernest Gye, Esq.: Portrait of Mrs. Hoadley — Collection of Dr. Edward Hamilton: Portrait of Mrs. Garrick — Lady Heathcote's Collection: Morning* (Plate i); Night* — Collection of H. A. Helyar, Esq.: The Misses Weston — Collection of F. B. Henson, Esq.: Peg Woffington — Holland House: Scene in the "Indian Emperor" — Collection of Mrs. Hughes: Portrait of Miss Wood; Mr. Wood's Dog — Collection of Louis Huth, Esq.: The Lady's Last Stake; Scene in the "Beggar's Opera" — Earl of Ilchester's Collection: Portrait of Lord Holland; Portrait Group — Lord Lansdowne's Collection: Peg Woffington — Duke of Leeds' Collection: Scene in the "Beggar's Opera" — Earl of Lonsdale's Collection: Portraits of Lady Byron, of Miss Byron, and of Master Byron; Broughton, the Prize-fighter* — Earl of Macclesfield's Collection: Portrait of William Jones, Esq. — Collection of C. Brinsley Marley, Esq.: Lavinia Fenton, Duchess of Bolton — Collection of H. Bingham Mildmay, Esq.: Portrait of Mrs. Hogarth — Earl of Montrose's Collection: Captain Lord George Graham — Collection of John Murray, Esq.: Scene in the "Beggar's Opera" — Duke of Newcastle's Collection: Southwark Fair* — Collection of Mrs. Gough Nichols: A Musical Study — Sir John Neeld's Collection: Portrait of Samuel Richardson — Earl of Normanton's Collection: The Graham Family — Lord St. Oswald's Collection: Portrait of Mrs. Clive; Portrait of Lady Thornhill — Collection of General G. A. Schomberg: Portrait of Captain Sir A. Schomberg — Earl Spencer's Collection: View of Spencer House — Sir Charles Tennant's Collection: Green Room, Drury Lane; Peg Woffington — Lord Tweedmouth's Collection: Lord Castlemaine and Family — Collection of T. Humphrey Ward, Esq.: Portrait of a Young Man — Earl of Wemyss' Collection: Second Scene of 'A Harlot's Progress'* (the other five scenes were burned at Fonthill in 1755) — Duke of Westminster's Collection: The Distressed Poet* (Plate VIII); Boy with a Kite — Collection of Frederick Wollaston, Esq.: The Wollaston Family — UNITED STATES. Boston, Collection of T. Jefferson Coolidge, Esq.: Portrait of a Lady — Chicago, Collection of R. Hall McCormick, Esq.: Portrait of a Young Girl; Modern Midnight Conversation.

Hogarth Bibliography

IN the present space it has been possible to list only the more important books from the very extensive literature upon Hogarth. More comprehensive bibliographies may be found in Mr. Austin Dobson's 'William Hogarth' (London, 1900), and in Mr. F. Weitenkampf's 'Bibliography of William Hogarth' (Cambridge, Mass., 1900).

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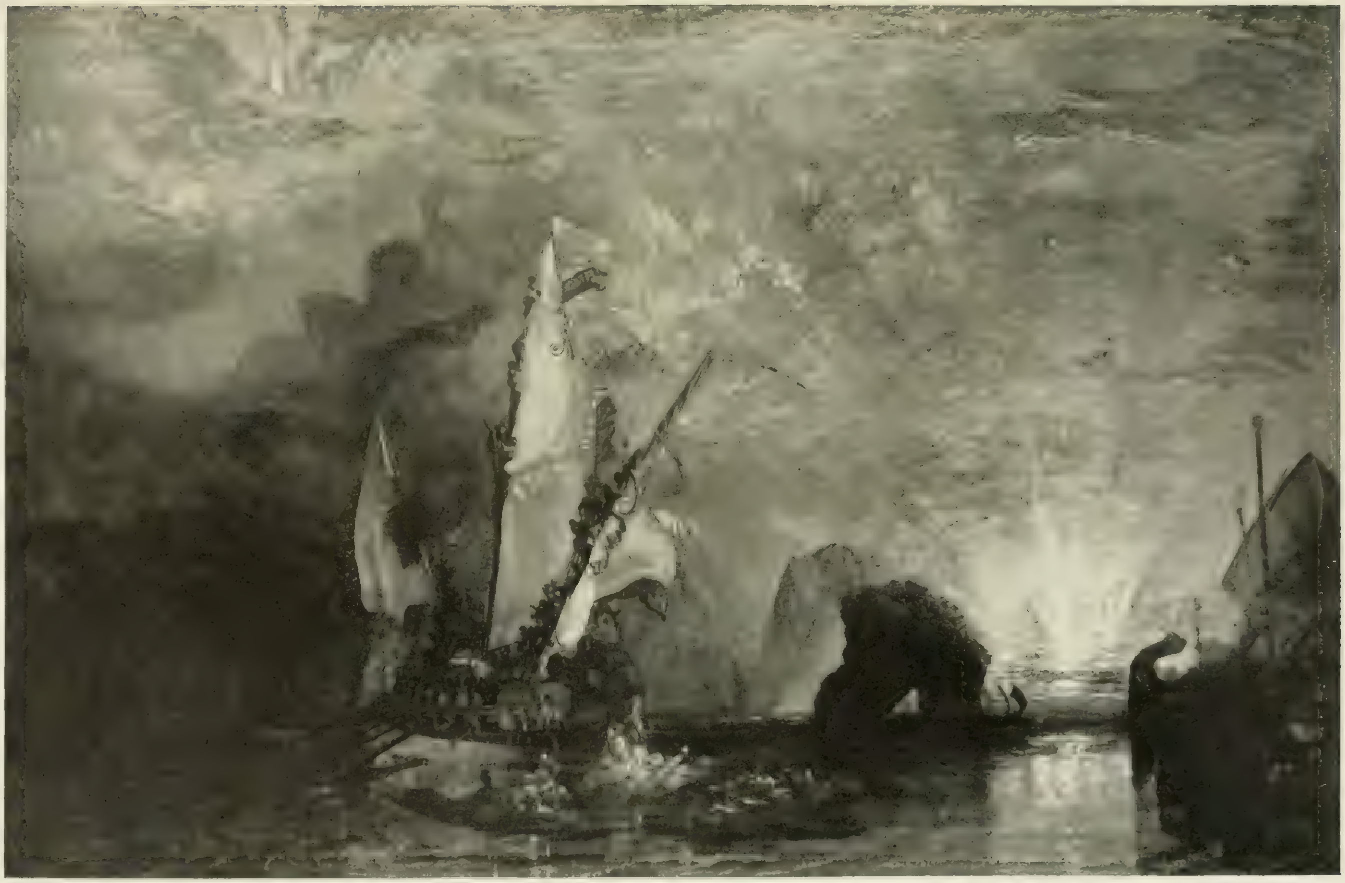
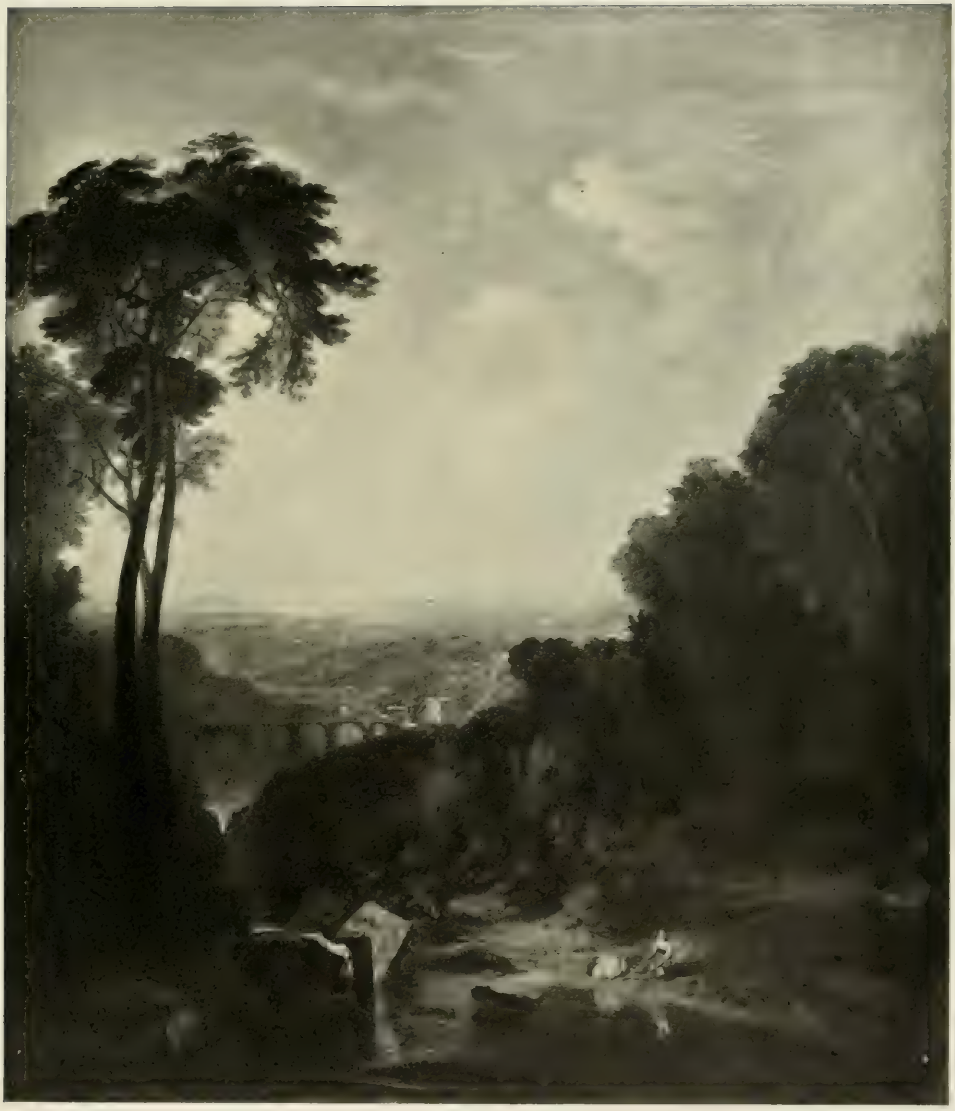


MASTERS IN ART PLATE I
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

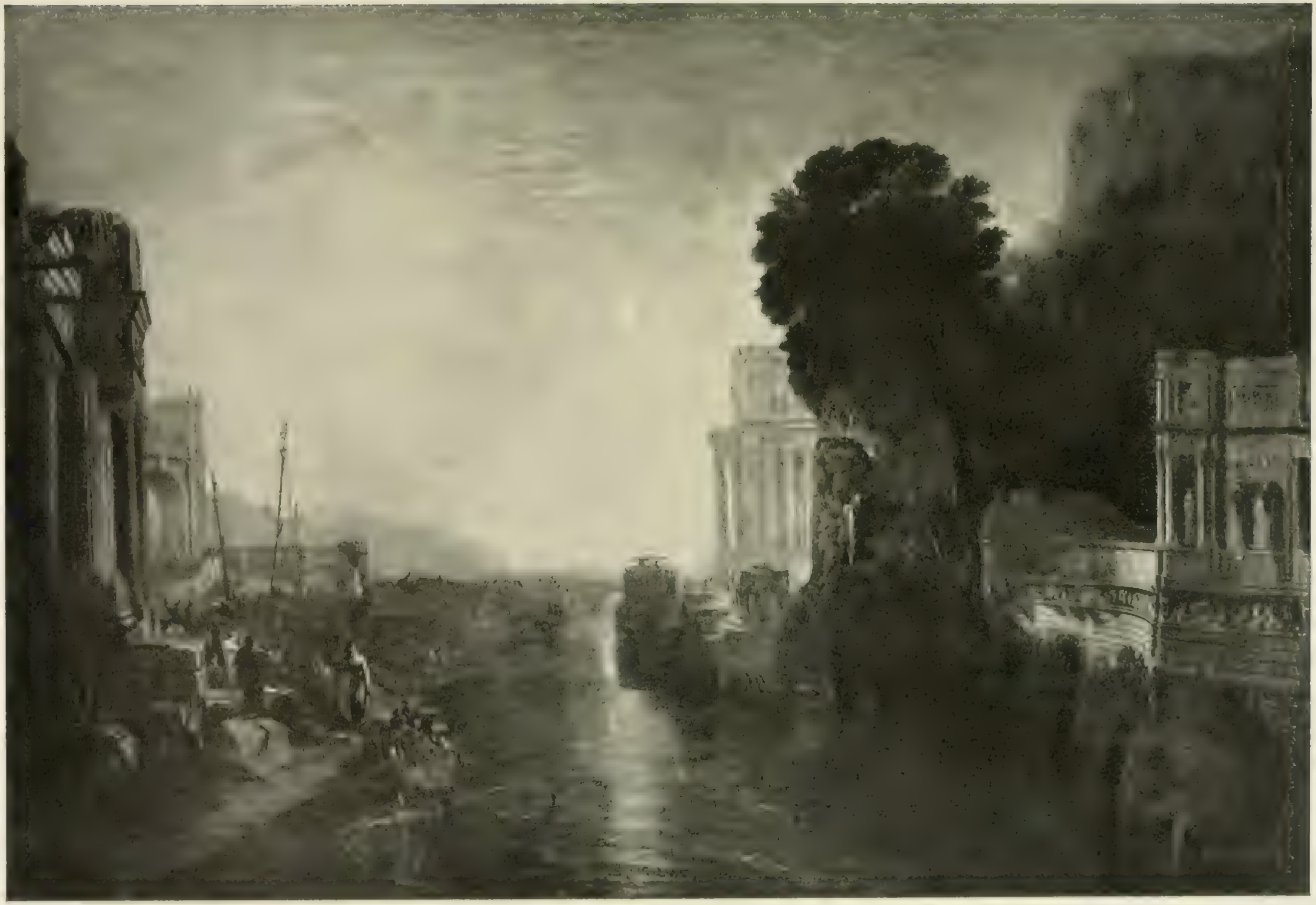
TURNER
ULYSSES DERIDING POLYPHEMUS
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

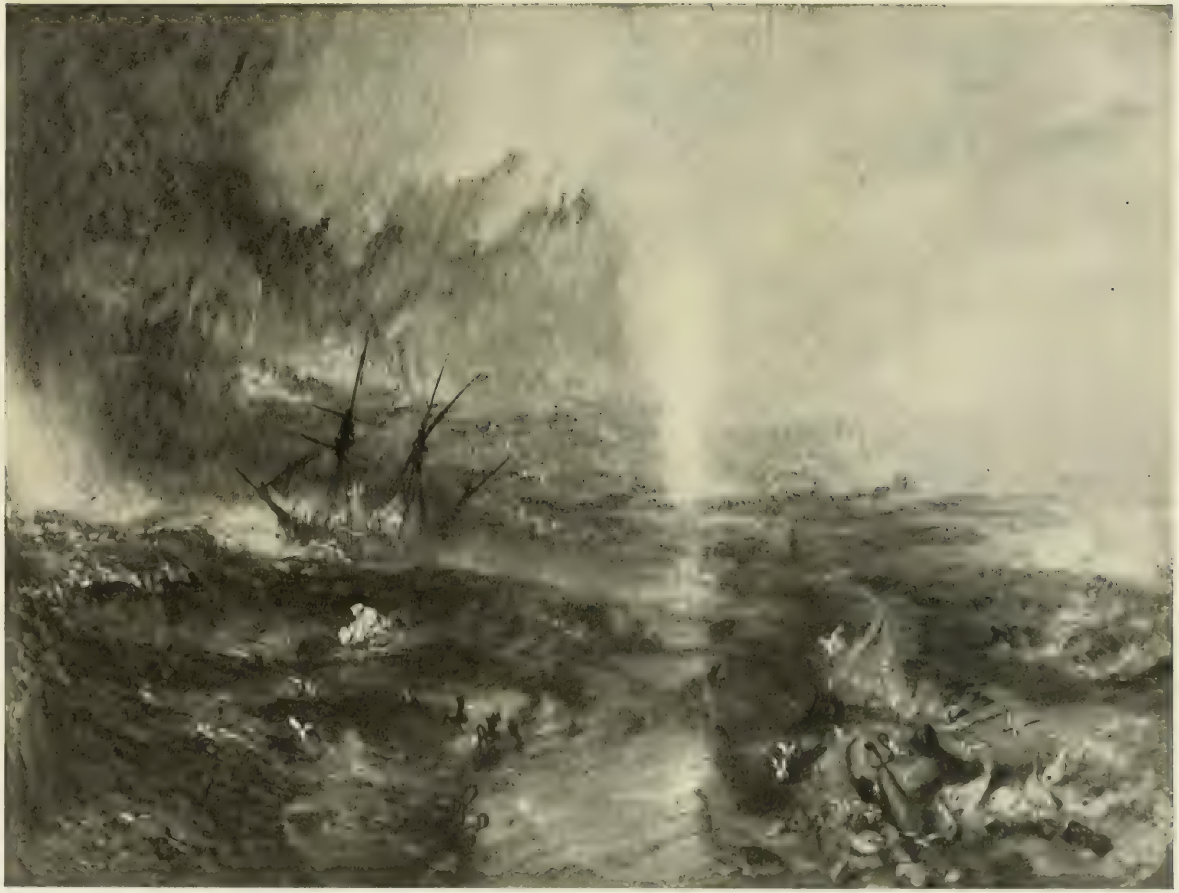
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CIE

TURNER
CROSSING THE BROOK
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



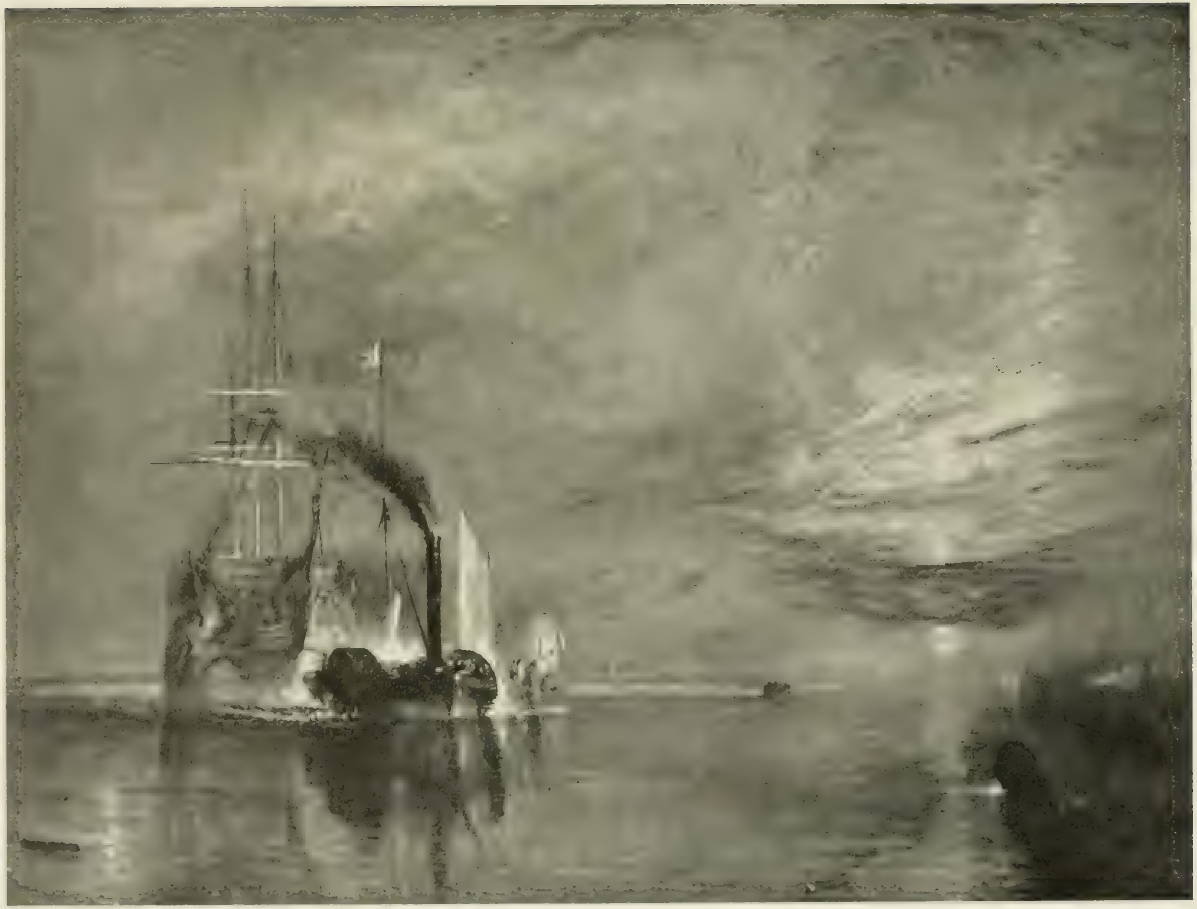
MASTERS IN ART PLATE III
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CIE

TURNER
DIDO BUILDING CARTHAGE
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



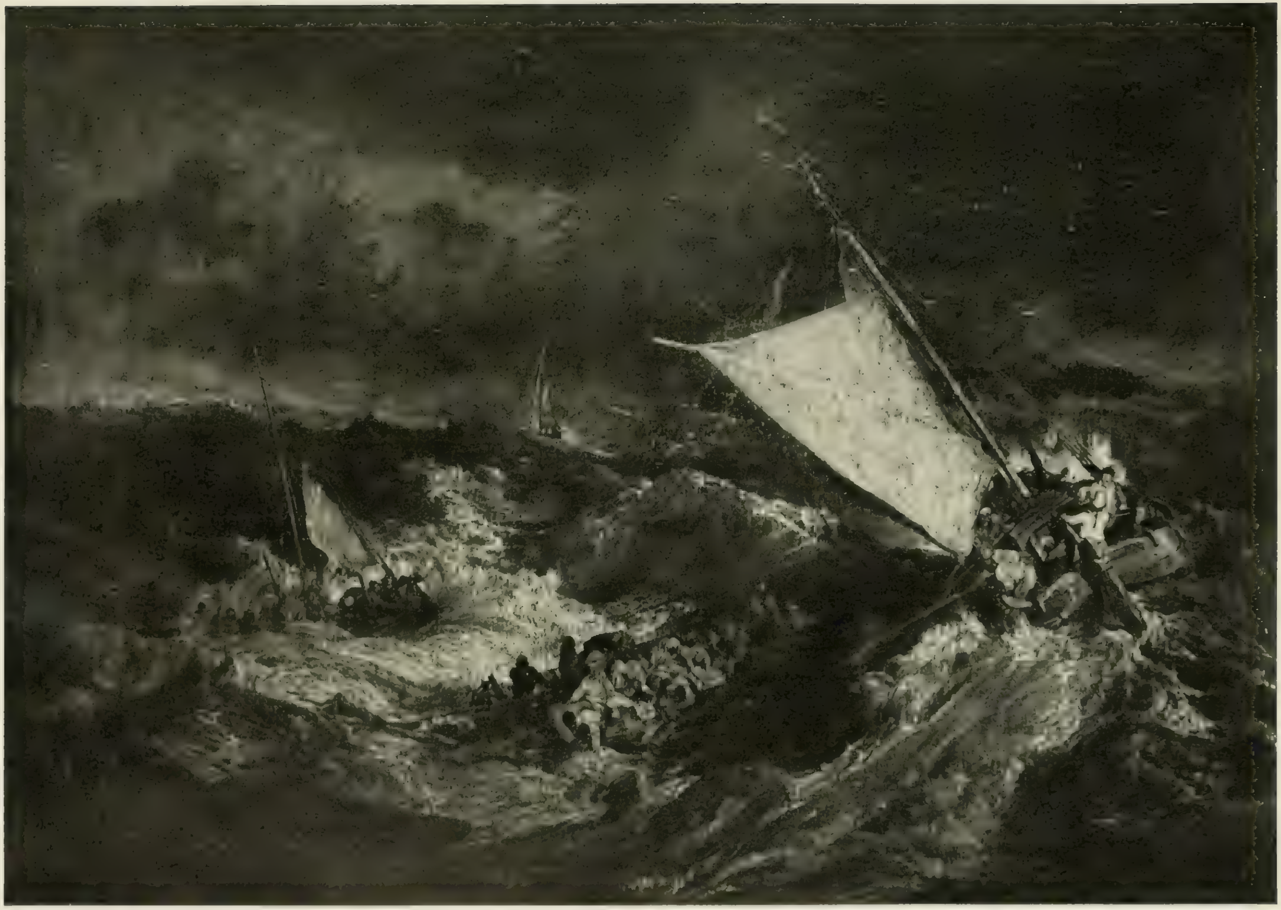
MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR 'MASTERS IN ART'

TURNER
THE SLAVE SHIP
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON



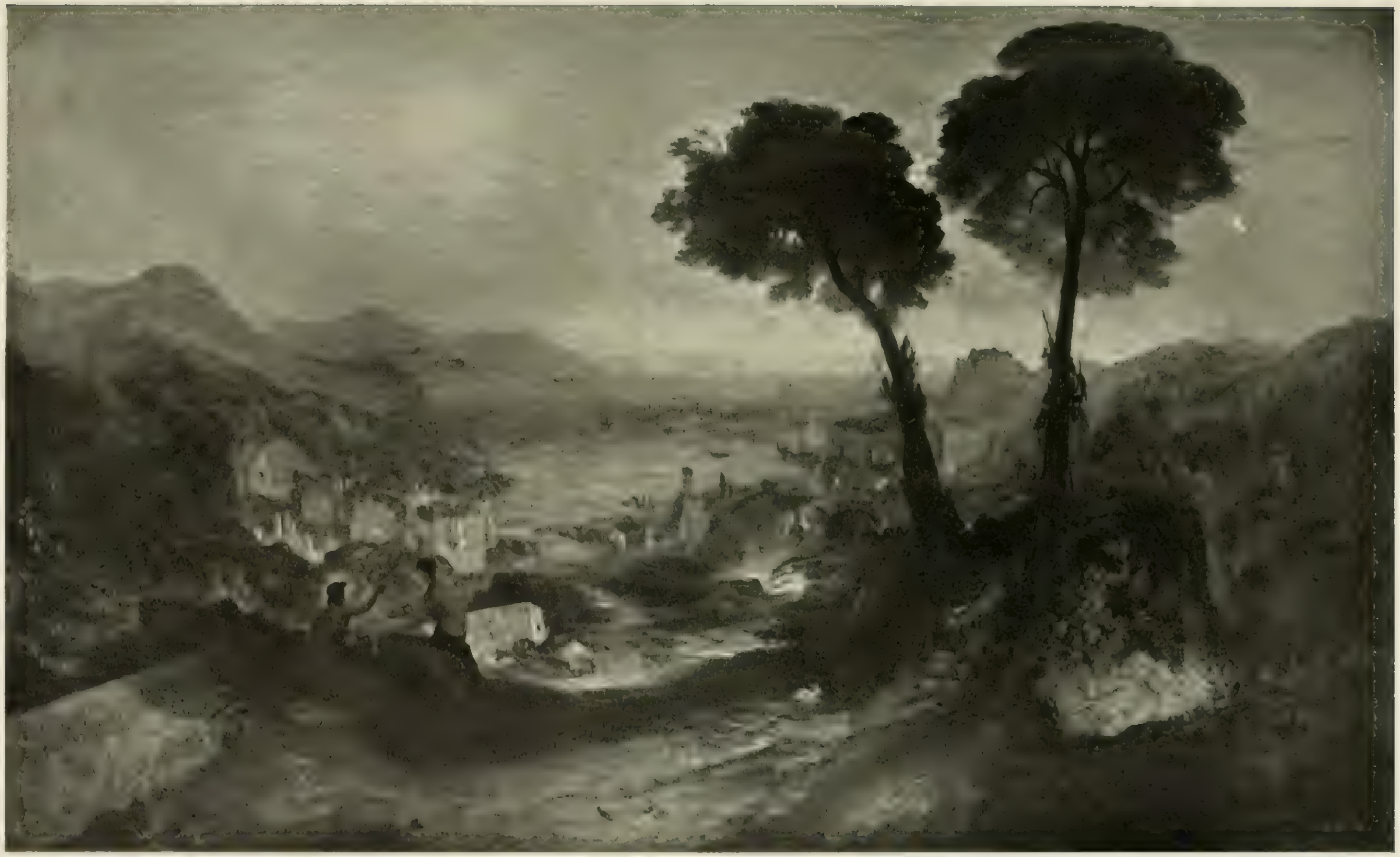
MASTERS IN ART PLATE V
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

TURNER
THE 'FIGHTING TEMÉRAIRE'
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



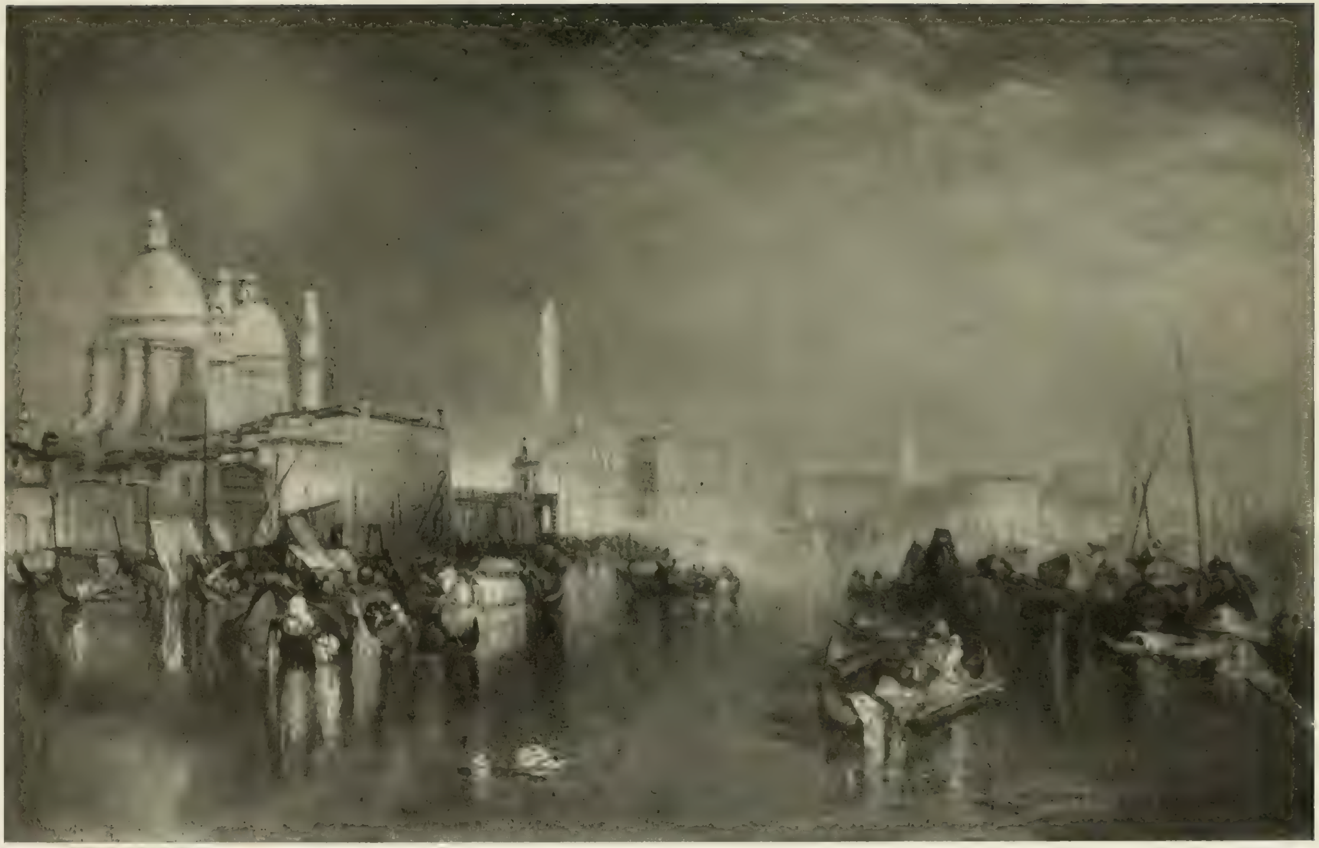
MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CIE

TURNER
THE SHIPWRECK
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



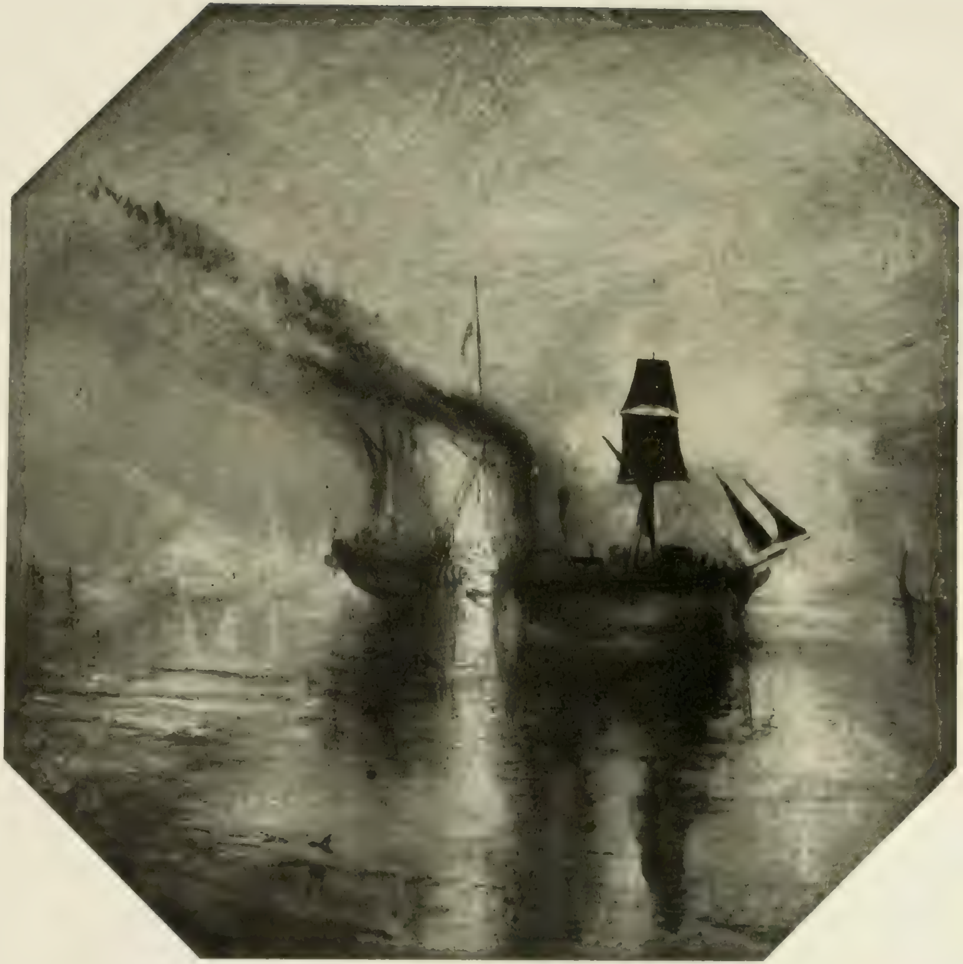
MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

TURNER
THE BAY OF BAIAE
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



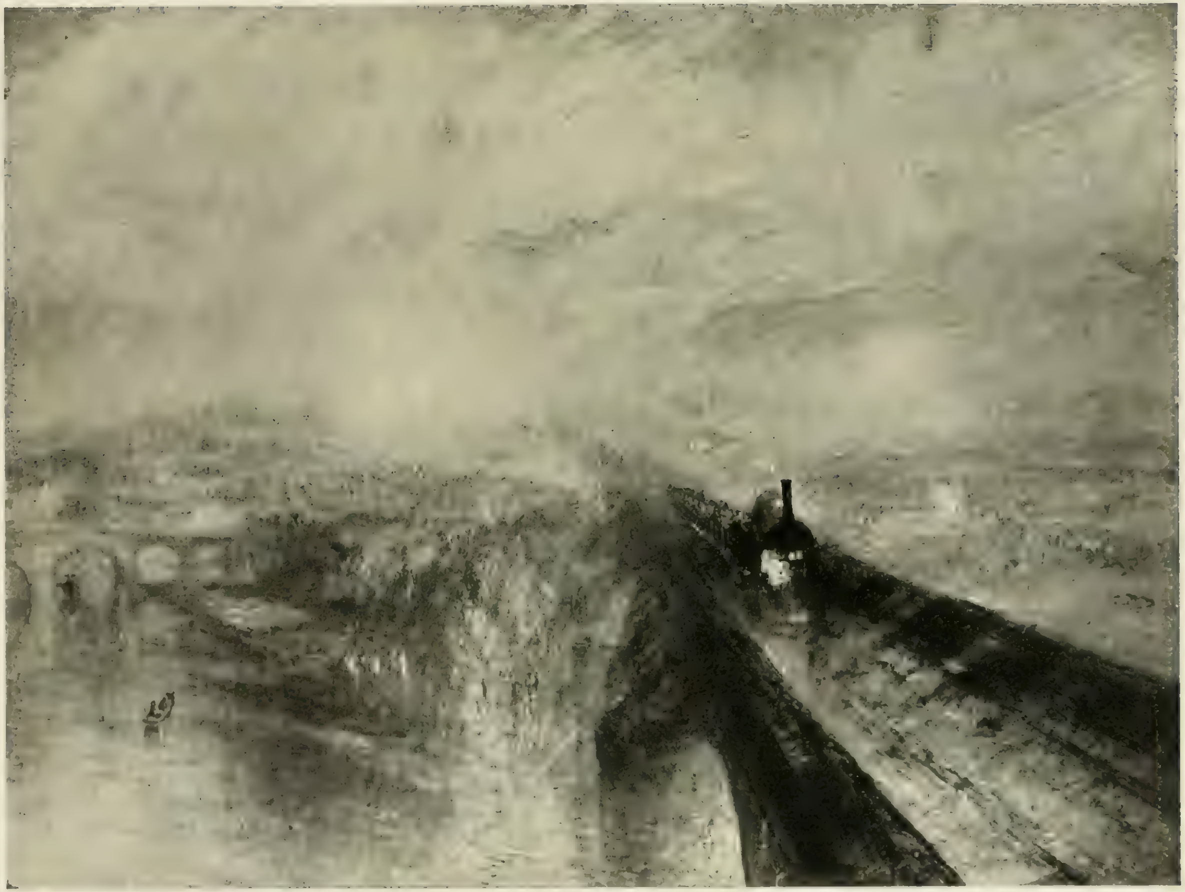
MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII
PHOTOGRAPH BY THE WOODBURY CO.

TURNER
VENICE FROM THE CANALE GIUDECCA
SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, LONDON



MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

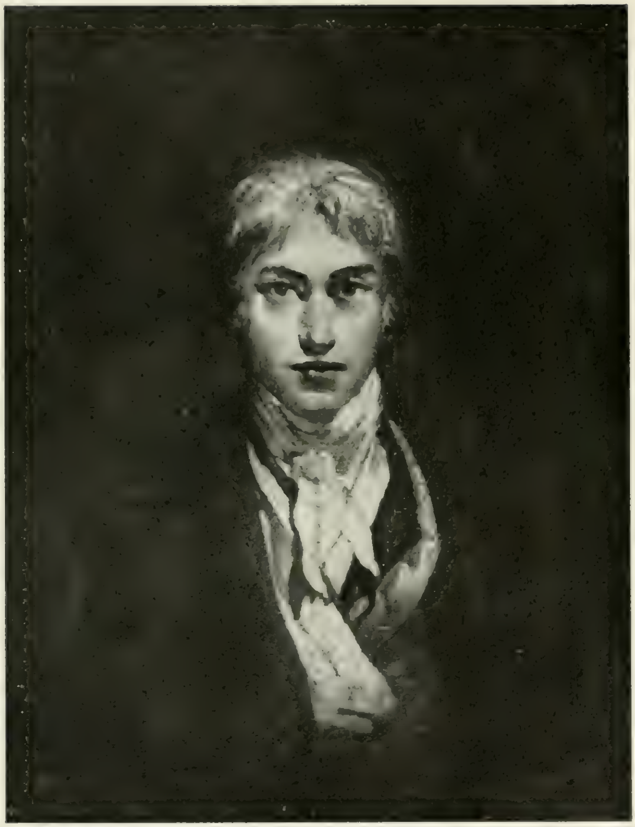
TURNER
PEACE: BURIAL AT SEA
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

TURNER
RAIN, STEAM, AND SPEED
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



PORTRAIT OF TURNER BY HIMSELF NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

In later years Turner's appearance was far from engaging. Short, stout, and bandy-legged, his hat always brushed the wrong way, his sleeves long enough to hide "the smallest and dirtiest hands on record," his nose hooked and prominent, his blue-gray eyes staring, his face "as red as a boiled lobster," he "looked like the captain of a river steamer." Aware of his unprepossessing aspect, Turner would never have his portrait taken, although several furtive sketches were made of him. In his youth, however, he once sat for a profile drawing, and painted three likenesses of himself, the most important of which, reproduced above, shows him at about twenty-seven.

J. M. W. Turner

BORN 1775: DIED 1851
ENGLISH SCHOOL

HELEN S. CONANT 'HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE': 1878

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER was born April 23, 1775, just at the outbreak of the American Revolution, in a humble dwelling in Maiden Lane, London. His father, William Turner, was a hair-dresser who drove a thriving business curling and powdering the wigs of the gentry. Of his mother little is known, except that she was a woman of ungovernable temper who led her husband a sad life, and toward the end of her days became insane.

An anecdote has been preserved which marks the starting-point of Turner's art life. One morning, when he was about six years old, his father went to the house of a certain Mr. Tomkinson, a rich silversmith, to dress that gentleman's hair. The boy accompanied him, and, while the father was at work frizzling the wig of his grand patron, was placed on a chair, where he sat in silent awe, gazing at a huge silver salver adorned with rampant lions. The barber's work finished, father and son returned to the dusky little shop in the lane. The boy was silent and thoughtful all that day. At tea-time he appeared, triumphantly producing a sheet of paper, upon which was drawn a lion, a very good imitation of the one mounted on the salver at Mr. Tomkinson's. The barber was beside himself with delight, and his son's vocation was at once settled. Two or three years later the door of the shop was ornamented by small water-color drawings hung around among the wigs and frizzes, and ticketed at prices varying from one shilling to three. Some were copies or imitations of the work of Paul Sandby, a fashionable drawing-master; others were original sketches made by "Boy Turner," as he was then called.

The barber, although very parsimonious, determined to give his son a good education; and accordingly, when William was ten years old, he was sent to school at Brentford. Here he struggled vainly with Latin grammar and English history; but, except when his imagination was touched by stories of classic fable, the learning which was crammed into his head by the Brentford schoolmaster remained undigested; and when his father came to take him home his greatest treasures were the hieroglyphics of birds and trees and bits of landscape with which the blank leaves of his school-books were covered.

Still another attempt was made to educate the boy, and he was placed at school at Margate. Here he first saw the sea, and would sit motionless on the breezy piers for hours, watching the waves dashing in and breaking against the cliffs. It was at Margate that he fell in love with the sister of a schoolmate—a boyish affection merely, for neither girl nor boy was over fourteen; but the love, and the ensuing disappointment influenced his character through life.

That Turner attended a drawing-school kept by Sandby is certain; he also was placed in charge of Thomas Malton, a perspective draftsman. But to Turner the world of circles and triangles was a mass of wiry cobwebs. He could not learn even the elementary lines of geometrical drawing. Finally his master, in sheer desperation, shut the books, and, rolling up the blotted diagrams, took the crestfallen boy back to Maiden Lane. "Mr. Turner," exclaimed Malton, "it is no use; the boy will never do anything. He is impenetrably dull, sir! It is throwing your money away. Better make him a tinker, sir, or a cobbler, than a perspective artist." All this was very dismal to the poor barber, and for a time the boy did nothing but make a few shillings here and there by embellishing architectural drawings; but when he was about fifteen he obtained regular employment of this kind in the office of Mr. Hardwick, an architect. Some of his sketches are still preserved and show wonderful skill for a boy so young; and it was Mr. Hardwick who informed the barber that his son was too imaginative and possessed too much artistic spirit to waste his time on mere technical work, and recommended that he be sent as a student to the Royal Academy. To the Royal Academy William accordingly went. As a proof of fitness, he submitted a drawing of a Greek statue, and was admitted as a probationary student. And now his art life may be said to have fairly begun.

During his youth Turner was very fond of making pedestrian sketching-tours. He sketched rapidly whatever scene caught his eye, made quick pencil notes in his pocket-book, and, with the aid of a stupendously retentive memory, photographed into his mind legions of transitory effects of cloud and sky. He soon began to teach water-color drawing at schools, at first for five shillings a lesson, and as his talents became known he found employment making drawings for illustrated gift-books.

When he was about twenty-one an incident occurred which changed his whole character. The old boyish affection for the sister of his Margate school friend had grown into the passionate love of a man. The lady returned his love, and the young people became engaged just before Turner started for a long and extended tour of study. Then came the story of a cruel stepmother, who intercepted all Turner's letters, and finally drove the young girl to believe herself abandoned, and to give her hand to another suitor. When Turner returned home, full of joy and hope, he found her about to marry another man. Incalculable was the harm this early disappointment wrought upon his sensitive nature; and he gradually began to change, not into the misanthrope, but into the self-concentrated, reserved money-maker.

In 1800 he removed from his father's home in Maiden Lane to Harley Street—a step which may be regarded as indicating improved resources. In this same year he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and two years later attained the distinction of Royal Academician, with full honors.

At different times Turner traveled all over Europe and Great Britain, and his sketch-books are filled with bits of scenery of every description. He used to start off whenever the mood took him, and was annoyed if in any foreign place he, by accident, met some English acquaintance. He was no letter-writer, and often when away his friends at home were utterly ignorant of his whereabouts.

In 1808 Turner was appointed professor of perspective in the Royal Academy; but his knowledge of perspective was a matter of intuition, and could not be measured by line and rule, and although he held the professorship for thirty years, he lectured very little, and then only to the mystification of his hearers.

In 1812 he took a house in Queen Anne Street, and in the following year purchased a country place at Twickenham, where he built a villa after his own designs. This villa, "Sandycombe Lodge," he retained for nearly fifteen years, and finally sold, for the reason that too many of his friends had discovered his retreat. Their visits were not consistent with his economical style of living.

Turner's life at "Sandycombe Lodge" was rural and simple. A great lover of birds, he would allow no birdnesting, and was christened "Old Blackbirdy" by all the youngsters of the neighborhood. He had a boat in which he made sketching excursions, and also a gig with an old crop-eared horse of which he was very fond.

He was very abstemious in his habits. Everything at the Lodge was of the most modest pretensions. At his city residence in Queen Anne Street the same economy ruled; indeed, he had scarcely altered his style of living since the days of the barber's shop in Maiden Lane. The barber's business had declined, owing to the heavy taxes imposed on wigs and to the changes of fashion; and the barber himself, at the time of Turner's removal to Harley Street, had come to live with his son. The old man used to stretch and varnish his son's canvases, and Turner would say, laughingly, "Father begins and finishes all my pictures." There was a great affection between the two, and one of the reasons Turner gave for selling the place at Twickenham was that "Dad" was always working in the garden and catching cold. The old man died in 1830, and Turner mourned his loss with so much feeling that he was depressed in spirit and unable to paint for some months. . . .

In Queen Anne Street he painted in what he called his drawing-room, in which there was a good north light. The house itself was cold, dirty, and forsaken looking; very few visitors entered it, and the quiet was principally broken by noisy meetings of all the cats in the neighborhood, which used to assemble undisturbed in the area. Weather-stained and soot-begrimed without, the house was still more dismal within. The gallery, where were stored treasures of inestimable worth, was dreary and dilapidated. Dampness crept in at every crevice and corner, and many of the pictures became cracked, warped, and seriously injured. Here, in this cheerless room, stacked against the walls, hanging where the rain streamed down the canvases from the warped sashes and paper-patched frames of the ill-fitting skylights, were collected some of Turner's noblest landscapes, while in other parts of the dismal house thirty thousand proofs of magnificent engravings and piles of drawings and sketches were stuffed in dark closets, or laid away in portfolios and presses, rotting and molding.

Notes for hundreds, checks for thousands, had been offered again and again in that gallery to the artist, but eager as he was to make money, he showed a strange persistence in keeping his treasures in his possession. To certain pictures he was deeply attached, and when induced to sell them would go about wearing a look of great dejection. When pressed by some friend to explain the reason of his trouble, he would sorrowfully exclaim, "I 've lost one of my children this week." Sometimes, by a little wit and daring, of both of which Turner himself had a large share and which he admired in others, a purchaser would put him in a moment into a tractable mood. Mr. Gillott, the pen manufacturer of Birmingham, once determined to obtain admission at any price to the enchanted house in Queen Anne Street. Arrived at the blistered, dirty door, he pulled the bell, and after a long, inhospitable pause, an old woman, having looked up from the area, slowly ascended and opened the door. She snappishly asked the gentleman's business; and when told, "Can't let 'e in," was her answer; after which she tried to slam the door. But during the parley he had put his foot in; and now, declining further interruption, pushed past the enraged janitress, and hurried up-stairs to the gallery. In a moment Turner was out upon him with the promptitude of a spider whose web has been invaded. The gentleman introduced himself, and stated that he had come to buy. "Don't want to sell!" was the answer. "Have you ever seen our *Birmingham* pictures, Mr. Turner?" inquired the visitor, with unruffled placidity. "Never 'eard of 'em," said Turner. The merchant drew from his pocket a bundle of Birmingham banknotes. "Mere paper," observed Turner, evidently enjoying the joke. "To be bartered for mere canvas," said the visitor, waving his hand in the direction of some paintings. This tone of cool depreciation had the desired effect. Turner at once became civil, even jovial, and the visitor soon departed with several valuable pictures, for which he had paid £5,000. . . .

Turner worked with great rapidity. He often began and finished a fine water-color drawing in a single forenoon. When the mood took him he worked like a tiger, sponging in effects in an instant, or making the texture of a stone with a single pressure of his thumb. His facility was astonishing. "He would frequently," says Mr. Ruskin, "send his canvas to the British Institution with nothing upon it but a gray groundwork of vague, indistinguishable forms, and finish it upon varnishing-day into a work of great splendor."

It was on Academy varnishing-day that all the strange contradictions of Turner's character had full play. He was jovial, he was gruff and taciturn, full of kindness for a brother artist, or striving to kill other pictures by the brilliancy of his own. Wilkie Collins, when a boy, used to hold his father's paints for him on varnishing-day. He remembers seeing Turner—a shabby, red-faced, oldish man—sitting on the top of a flight of steps, astride a box, with his dirty chest of colors, and worn-out brushes, and a palette of which the uncleanliness was sufficient to shock a Dutch painter. Mounted on the steps, he would paint with great fury, trying perhaps to "checkmate" some brother artist, as he was accustomed to say. His sense of humor was so keen, however, that he was more amused than angry when he found himself overmatched. Once on a varnishing-day he saw that the blue sky in one of his Venetian pictures was rendered dull and lifeless by the brilliancy of the sky in a view of Ghent by Jones. "I 'll outblue you, Joney," he said; and chuckling audibly, he climbed on a box and deepened his sky with a scumble of ultramarine. When he had gone away, Jones, jocularly determined to baffle him, set to work and painted the sky of the 'Ghent' a blank white, which, acting as a foil, made Turner's Venetian sky look preposterously blue. Turner laughed heartily when he returned the next day, to find himself checkmated. "Well, Joney," was his admission, "you have done me now; but it must go."

Turner's sparing habits gave him the name of being a miser. This he undoubtedly was; but when the great object of his life became known, and it was found that he had done his best to bequeath an enormous fortune for the benefit of his poor comrades in art, no one could choose but honor him.

The real source of his great wealth was not so much what he received from the sale of his paintings as the constant income from engravings of his works. It was by the publication of such works as the 'Rivers of France' and his illustrations to the poems of Scott and Rogers that Turner's genius became widely known and recognized. The 'Liber Studiorum,' a collection of over seventy engravings, was the most important of all his publications. The Duke of Devonshire had published the 'Liber Veritatis' of Claude, and it was in a spirit of rivalry that Turner commenced his work, which was intended to exemplify his command of the whole compass of landscape art, and the boundless richness of his stores both of fact and invention.

Turner painted many pictures on subjects from classic and ancient history, and was fond of adding poetical quotations to their titles. He sometimes wrote poetry himself,—a rambling confusion of words at best,—and for many years he quoted in the Academy catalogue from a manuscript poem, 'The Fallacies of Hope,'—imaginary and unwritten, his friends believed, as no such manuscript was found among his papers after his death, unless, as some wag suggested, such might have been the title of his last will and testament.

In 1851 Turner had no picture in the Royal Academy Exhibition. It was also known that he had given strict orders at Queen Anne Street that no one should be admitted to the gallery there. His health was failing fast; no longer the sturdy, dogged, strange being of old, he was now a broken, decrepit old man. His absence from the Academy meetings alarmed his friends, and many inquiries were made at Queen Anne Street. He was not there; neither did the old housekeeper know of his whereabouts; but a letter that she found one day in a coat pocket led her to suspect that he was at Chelsea. Thither she accordingly went; and after much gossiping about town with boatmen and their wives, learned that a "queer old fellow," known as Mr. Booth,—"Puggy Booth," the boys called him,—was lying sick at one of the cottages by the riverside, and that for the last two months he had only been seen lying on the railed-in roof of the cottage, wrapped up in an old dressing-gown, apparently watching the river flowing by. It was supposed in town that he was an old admiral in reduced circumstances, on account of the love he had shown for the shipping and the piers. The housekeeper, feeling confident that Mr. Booth and Turner were one, hurried to inform the artist's friends. Mr. Harpur, who subsequently was one of his executors, hastened to Chelsea, but was only in time to find Turner fast sinking. On the following day, December 19, 1851, he died, with his face turned toward the window, through which might be seen the sunshine mantling the river and lighting the sails of the boats drifting up and down.

Turner's will was an unfortunate document. His intention had been to leave small sums to various relatives—people whom he had hated and avoided in his life; all the paintings and sketches stowed away at Queen Anne Street were to go to the National Gallery, and his large funded property was designed to found a charity for decayed English artists, to be called "Turner's Gift." But he had written his own will. It was a cloudy document full of confusions and interpolations, which was disputed by the next of kin; and only after four years of contention was a compromise effected, by which the pictures went to the National Gallery, £20,000 to the Royal Academy, £1,000 for the erection of a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, where he was buried, and all the remaining property was divided among the heirs at law.

The Art of Turner

NO study of the life and works of Turner would be complete without some reference to his great champion, John Ruskin. At a time when the critics were assailing Turner on every side, Ruskin entered the lists and vehemently defended him from their attacks. His article refuting their charges, written in 1836, when its author was seventeen and an undergraduate at Oxford, became the nucleus of 'Modern Painters,' a work the expressed object of which was to prove Turner the greatest landscape-painter the world had ever known. The first volume was published in 1843. Its success was immediate. "Such wonderful books on art," writes Thornbury, "the world had never yet seen. They exasperated some, electrified others, and delighted the majority. Works of Turner forgotten by the ordinary public were recalled; his enemies were gradually silenced; and with a thrill of satisfaction England came to realize that she had at last produced a truly great painter."

It must, however, be acknowledged that Mr. Ruskin's analysis of Turner's genius is that of a partisan rather than that of a dispassionate critic; and that his estimate of both Turner the man and Turner the artist is so far from critical — at times indeed so misleading — that notwithstanding the inspired brilliancy of his rhetoric and the noble spirit which pervades his writings, the *real* Turner must be sought elsewhere than in the glowing pages of 'Modern Painters.' It is impossible in the present limited space to give an adequate summary of the author's views, if, indeed, a summary be possible at all, with a writer who was so prone to digression, so lacking in orderly presentation, so apt to soar away from his subject on the wings of his own unsurpassed rhetoric, and, finally, so frequently self-contradicting. But it is hoped that the following extracts from Mr. Ruskin's various writings may help to show what he considered the principal elements in Turner's genius.

Ruskin divides Turner's art life into three periods; the work of the first being distinguished by "boldness of handling, generally gloomy tendency of mind, subdued color, and perpetual reference to precedent in composition. . . . Generally the pictures belonging to this time are notable for their gray or brown color, and firm, sometimes heavy, laying-on of paint. The evidences of invention, or of new perception, are rarer in this period than in subsequent ones. It was not so much to think brilliantly as to draw accurately that Turner was trying; not so much to invent new things as to rival old.

"Pictures belonging to the second period are technically distinguished from those of the first in three particulars: First, Color appears everywhere instead of gray. His shadow is no longer of one hue, but perpetually varied; whilst the lights, instead of being subdued to any conventional level, are always painted as near the brightness of natural color as he can. Secondly, Refinement takes the place of force. He had discovered that it is much more difficult to draw tenderly than ponderously, and that all the most beautiful things in nature depended on infinitely delicate lines. Thirdly, Quantity takes the place of mass. Turner had also ascertained in the course of his studies that nature was infinitely full, and that old painters had not only missed her pitch of hue, but her power of accumulation. He saw there were more clouds in any sky than ever had been painted; more trees in every forest, more crags on every hillside; and he set himself with all his strength to proclaim this great fact of Quantity in the universe. . . . He saw, indeed, that there were no limits to creation, but forgot that there were to reception; he thus spoiled his most careful works by the very richness of invention they contained, and concentrated the materials of twenty noble pictures into a single failure. . . . All the works of this period are, however, essentially Turnerian; original in conception, and unprecedented in treatment. . . .

"As Turner drew towards old age, the aspect of mechanical effort and ambitious accumulation fades from his work, and a deep imaginative delight and tender rest in the loveliness of what he had learned to see in nature take their place. It is true that when goaded by the reproaches cast upon his work, he would often meet contempt with contempt, and paint, not as in his middle period, to prove his power, but merely to astonish or to defy his critics. . . . Though in most respects this is the crowning period of his genius, in a few there are evidences in it of approaching decline. . . . The very fullness of its imaginative beauty involved some loss of distinctness, some absence of deliberation in arrangement; and as we approach nearer and nearer the period of decline, considerable feebleness of hand. . . . His health, and with it in great degree his mind, failed suddenly in the year 1845. He died in 1851. The paintings of these five closing years are to the rest of his work what 'Count Robert of Paris' and 'Castle Dangerous' are to the Waverley Novels. But Scott's mind failed slowly by almost imperceptible degrees; Turner's suddenly with snap of some vital chord. . . .

"Every landscape-painter before Turner had acquired distinction by confining his efforts to one class of subjects. . . . But Turner challenged and vanquished each in his own peculiar field; and having done this, set himself to paint the natural scenery of skies, which until his time had never been so much as attempted. He is the only painter who has ever drawn the sky — not the clear sky, which was painted beautifully by the early religious schools, but the various forms and phenomena of the cloudy heavens, all previous artists having only represented it typically or partially, but he perfectly and universally. . . .

"He is the only painter who has ever drawn a mountain or a stone; no other man having learned their organization, or possessed himself of their spirit except in part and obscurely. He is the only painter who ever drew the stem of a tree, who has ever represented the surface of calm, or the force of agitated water; who has represented the effects of space on distant objects, or who has rendered the abstract beauty of natural color. . . .

"Take up one of Turner's distances. Abundant, beyond the power of the eye to embrace or follow, vast and various, beyond the power of the mind to comprehend, there is yet not one atom in its whole extent and mass which does not suggest more than it represents; nor does it suggest vaguely, but in such a manner as to prove that the conception of each individual inch of that distance is absolutely clear and complete in the master's mind, a separate picture fully worked out; but yet, clearly and fully as the idea is formed, just so much of it is given, and no more, as nature would have allowed us to feel or see. Not one line out of the millions there is without meaning, yet there is not one which is not affected and disguised by the dazzle and indecision of distance. No form is made out, and yet no form is unknown. . . .

"If there be one principle or secret more than another on which Turner depends for attaining brilliance of light, it is his clear and exquisite drawing of the *shadows*. Whatever is obscure, misty, or undefined in his objects or atmosphere, he takes care that the shadows be sharp and clear — and then he knows that the light will take care of itself, and he makes them clear, not by blackness, but by excessive evenness, unity, and sharpness of edge. He will throw them one after another like transparent veils, along the earth and upon the air, till the whole picture palpitates with them, and yet the darkest of them will be a faint gray, imbued and penetrated with light. . . .

"The peculiar innovation of Turner was the perfection of the color chord by means of *scarlet*. Other painters had rendered the golden tones and the blue tones of sky, but none had dared to paint, none seemed to have seen, the scarlet and purple. Nor was it only in seeing this color in vividness when it recurred in full light that Turner differed from preceding painters. His most distinctive innovation as a colorist was his discovery of the scarlet *shadow*. . . .

"It was thought that he painted chiefly from imagination, when his peculiar character, as distinguished from all other artists, was in always drawing from memories of seen facts. . . . There is not one change in the casting of the jagged shadow along the hollows of the hills but it is fixed on his mind forever; not a flake of spray has broken from the sea of cloud about their bases but he has watched it as it melts away, and could recall it to its lost place in heaven by the slightest effort of his thoughts. . . .

"There is no test of our acquaintance with nature so absolute and unfailing as the degree of admiration we feel for Turner's painting. Precisely as we are shallow in our knowledge, vulgar in our feeling, and contracted in our views of principles, will the works of this artist be stumbling-blocks or foolishness to us:—precisely in the degree in which we are familiar with nature, constant in our observation of her, and enlarged in our understanding of her, will they expand before our eyes into glory and beauty. In every new insight which we obtain into the works of God, in every new idea which we receive from His creation, we shall find ourselves possessed of an interpretation and a guide to something in Turner's works which we had not before understood. . . . We shall feel, wherever we go, that he has been there before us, whatever we see, that he has seen and seized before us; and we shall at last cease the investigation with a well-grounded trust that whatever we have been unable to account for, and what we still dislike in his works, has reason for it, and foundation like the rest; and that even where he has failed or erred, there is a beauty in the failure which none are able to equal, and a dignity in the error which none are worthy to reprove."

PAUL MANTZ 'GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS': 1862

TURNER grasped less the truth of nature than her splendors and her magic. He was above all a dreamer. Faithful to tradition during the earlier part of his career, he seems to have found his guide in Claude Lorrain; and the pictures that he painted during this early period were of great beauty,—grandiose yet simple, in which the light showed with single and transparent radiance, or transmuted far perspectives into glowing mists.

To this time of sane and diligent study there succeeded a troubled period. Turner's mind seems to have remained sound, but his eye began to see strange visions. From his youth up he had been preoccupied with light and its effects, but now he attempted to analyze it, forgetting the danger of straining the serene ray through a prism, as it were, and decomposing that of which the very essence is unity. His eye became the eye of an analyst rather than that of an observer; and he began to see nature lighted with blue light or red light or green or violet; but all, for a time, with unquestionable sanity and sincerity. Conceived more and more under this analytical preoccupation with light merely as light, however, his later pictures belong rather to the realm of optical impressionism than to that of painting. There is little or no design in them, and intelligible conception seems wanting—they are but the flamboyant sunrises or fiery sunsets of a chimerical land; and Turner, as an artist, escapes from us. However eager we may be to understand him, sober reason can hardly follow his intoxicated phantasy; and we must admit ourselves baffled in our attempt to pursue the later flight of an artist—and unquestionably a great one—who, falling asleep, as it were, beneath the soft gold of a sunset by Claude, waked to paint a demoniac sunrise which our eyes can never see.—FROM THE FRENCH

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON 'THE LIFE OF J. M. W. TURNER'

THE first question about any painter concerns his technical excellence. Was Turner an excellent painter, technically? He was excellent in some points but unequal and unsafe. It is very difficult to classify him justly, his work lies so much outside of the good sound work of the great masters.

"In our time," said Fromentin, "either men paint carefully, and not always very well, or else they take no further trouble about it and hardly paint at all. The work is heavy and summary, lively and *négligé*, sensitive and rapidly got over, or else it is conscientious, explaining itself everywhere, according to the laws of imitation, and nobody, not even those who practise it, would venture to affirm that such painting is any the better for being scrupulous." If you give this admirably candid paragraph the attention that it deserves, it will enable you to understand the spirit of Turner's technical practice. He was one of those moderns who "take no further trouble about it"; his work was "sensitive and rapidly got over," certainly not "conscientious, explaining itself everywhere according to the laws of imitation." He painted simply to express himself, heedless of the quality of the expression. He used any new color that the experimentalizing ingenuity of modern chemistry could invent for the temptation of an artist. He used body-color and oil in the same works, and when pictures were sent by him from Rome in 1829, he said, "If any wet gets to them they will be destroyed." But it is not simply for its want of durability that his painting is unsound. It has not the firmness and substance of thorough work. Look at a De Hooch, say the 'Court of a Dutch House,' a picture with a good constitution, sound all through, yet painted two hundred years ago. See how brilliant it is; see how the colors are laid in their places, and how dense and strong is the substance of the paint, yet how light at the same time, and representative of nature! . . . Considered simply as painting, the work of these old Dutchmen is to that of Turner what parchment is to paper. If from Holland you cross over to

Italy and accustom your eyes to the quiet splendor of Titian and then pass to Turner, you will find a difference like that between tapestry and cotton-print.

In water-color the case presents a very different aspect. Turner was unquestionably the greatest master of water-color who has ever lived. He may have been excelled since in some special departments of the art, in some craft of execution, or in the knowledge of some particular thing in nature; but no one has ever deserved such generally high rank in water-color painting.

Though Turner was a reckless experimentalist, he was a very brilliant experimentalist, full of ideas and perpetually trying to realize his ideas. In fecundity of conception the old Dutchmen and Venetians are not to be compared with him for an instant. But though his experiments were always interesting, and often in the highest degree astonishing and wonderful, they are seldom quite satisfactory except in parts. He was always trying to paint the unpaintable, which the Dutch and Venetians most prudently and carefully avoided. This tendency was skilfully hit by *Punch*, with the exaggeration which properly belongs to satire, in the following imaginary title for a Turnerian picture:

> 34. A Typhoon bursting in a Simoom over the Whirlpool of Maelstrom, Norway; with a ship on fire, an eclipse, and the effect of a lunar rainbow.
>
> "O Art, how vast thy mighty wonders are
> To those who roam upon the extraordinary deep!
> Maelstrom, thy hand is here."
>
> *From an Unpublished Poem.*

Do not let us be so narrow-minded as to forbid an artist to paint the unpaintable if he likes, but let us remember that when he does so the result must inevitably be a mere sign or substitute for the thing represented, a sort of pictorial algebra.

There is one point, and one only, in which Turner really did excel the artists of all time, and that is in his appreciation of mystery in nature, and his superlatively exquisite rendering of it. Mystery in nature and art may be defined as that condition of things in which they are partially seen, sufficiently for us to be aware that something is there, but not sufficiently for us to determine all about it by sight alone, unaided by the inferences of experience. A bad painter would either explain too much, from mere knowledge, or else simplify to get rid of the difficulty; a painter who knew the value of mystery, and was able to render it, would show just enough of his objects to let the eye of the spectator lose them and find them again as it would in nature, with the same uncertainty about what they are. Turner could paint strongly and mysteriously at the same time, which gave a great charm to his work for cultivated eyes, though it had the disadvantage of offending the vulgar by not being intelligible to them.

Mr. Ruskin places Turner amongst the seven supreme colorists of the world, the other six being, in his estimate, Giorgione, Titian, Veronese, Tintoretto, Correggio, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. I should say that Turner's color was often wonderful, often far below his best, and seldom natural. I should say, too, that he produced fine color much less habitually than Giorgione, Titian, and Correggio, that he was often crude and violent, and occasionally hot, heavy, or dull. His unfaithfulness to nature would prove nothing against him as a colorist, but rather imply a possibility in his favor. The color of the great colorists is really nothing but a sort of visible music which has to be brilliant or harmonious, but which is always sufficiently like nature if it does not offend the spectator. Mr. Ruskin's declaration that color requires special veracity is simply one of those paradoxes which he throws up now and then like rockets to prevent his readers from falling into a state of inattention. . . .

Turner's experiments in color had more to do with art than with nature, and in many of his pictures, especially his later ones, a certain technical purpose manifests itself—the opposition between hot and cold tints in broad masses. This opposition is often between yellow and black, or between scarlet and cold gray. He is said to have declared that yellow was his favorite color. The greatest technical merit of his coloring is his wonderfully brilliant performance in the upper notes. He carried up more color into the regions of light than any other painter. An American critic says that "Turner, being deficient in color, lacked the first element of a painter"; but the word "deficient" seems inaccurate in this case. Turner was empirical, experimental, rash, adventurous to temerity, disposed to trust his own genius to any extent in wanderings from the beaten track; but he can hardly, even in his failures, be called deficient. His artistic nature, with all its errors, was one of the most opulent that ever existed.

I need hardly dwell upon his imaginative power. Every picture, every drawing, almost every sketch, executed after he reached manhood, bears evidence of the action of imagination which in his works would often amplify a simple theme, or heighten still further the sublimity of a sublime one. There have been few artists of any kind, there has not been one landscape-painter, in whom the action of the imaginative faculty has been so constant; and it is more surprising in his case that his production was so enormous. This incessant action of the imaginative faculty made it impossible for Turner to draw the scenes of nature faithfully; but what his drawings lose in fidelity they generally more than regain in art.

A quality in Turner's art which has been much less spoken of than his imagination is his taste, which was of exquisite refinement. It was not infallible; there are compositions by him which seem sadly wanting in taste, compositions overburdened with uninteresting material or spoiled by awkward arrangement; but notwithstanding occasional failures it is certain, so far as anything about such a disputable subject can be, that Turner had a delicate and singularly elegant perception of the becoming in the arrangement of his materials, that he gave almost every subject a certain charm, commonly attributed to what people used to call his "magic-pencil," but in reality due to a fine choice in selection and rejection, watchfully exercised by a mind of exceptional refinement. . . .

I should say, then, to sum up, that Turner was a landscape-painter of extraordinary yet by no means unlimited genius, a subtle and delicate but unfaithful draftsman, a learned and refined but often fallacious chiaroscurist, a splendid and brilliant but rarely natural colorist, a man gifted with wonderful fertility of imagination and strength of memory (though this last is less easy to determine because he altered everything), a student of nature whose range was vast indeed, for it included mountains, lakes, lowland rivers, and the sea, besides all kinds of human works that can affect the appearance of a landscape; yet not universal, for he never adequately illustrated the familiar forest trees, and had not the sentiment of the forest, neither had he the rustic sentiment in its perfection. I should say that Turner was greatly distinguished by his knowledge, but still more distinguished by his exquisite taste, and by the singular charm which it gave to most of his works, though not to all of them; that he was technically a wonderful but imperfect and irregular painter in oil, unsafe and unsound in his processes, though at the same time both strong and delicate in handling; that he stands apart and alone in water-color, which in his hands is like a new art. He was a very great and illustrious artist, but not the greatest of artists. I believe that his fame will last; that he was as much a poet on canvas as Byron and Shelley were in written language; and that although it is possible that his performance may be afterwards excelled, it will be very difficult for any future landscape-painter to rival his reputation in his own country.

W. COSMO MONKHOUSE 'TURNER'

TURNER had begun by imitation, he had gone on by rivalry, he had achieved a style of his own by which he had upset all preconceived notions of landscape-painting, and had triumphed in establishing the superiority of pictures painted in a light key, but he was not content. His progress had always been towards light even from the earliest days, when he worked in monochrome. Sunlight was his discovery, he had found its presence in shadow, he had studied its complicated reflections before he commenced to work in color. From monochrome he had adopted the low scale of the old masters, but into it he carried his light; the brown clouds, and shadows and mists, had the sun behind them as it were in veiled splendor. Then it came out and flooded his drawings and his canvases with a glory unseen before in art. But he must go on, refine upon this. Having eclipsed all others, he must now eclipse himself. His gold must turn to yellow, and yellow almost to white, before his genius could be satisfied with its efforts to express pure sunlight. . . .

First of all men to endeavor to paint the full power of the sun, Turner was the greatest pictorial interpreter of the elemental forces of nature that ever lived. The nobleness of his life consisted in his devotion to landscape-art, and this should cover many sins. He found it sunk very low; he left it raised to a height which it had never attained before.

The Works of Turner

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'ULYSSES DERIDING POLYPHEMUS' PLATE I

IN Mr. Ruskin's opinion, Turner's central period of power begins with this picture, first exhibited in 1829, in which his special abilities are seen at their best. It now hangs in the National Gallery, London.

The subject is an incident from the Odyssey. Ulysses, having escaped from the cave of Polyphemus by putting out the giant's single eye with a heated stave, is flying to sea in his gilded galley. The sailors flock up the masts, and the red oars are hastily thrust from the vessel's sides to sweep her away from the dangerous shore and out of the reach of the monster's missiles. Ulysses, on the high poop, with uplifted hands, shouts derisively at the blinded Polyphemus, who writhes his huge bulk on the top of the cliff. Mr. Ruskin ranks the sky as "beyond comparison the finest that exists in Turner's oil-paintings." Far in the east, the sun, heralded by Apollo in his chariot, rises amid the mist. Here and there are openings into the blue depths behind, and here and there float little clouds, tipped with the gold and crimson of morning. Beneath, the gold-green sea reflects the gilded galley with its brilliant pennants and creamy sails, and round its prow a shoal of sea-nymphs urge the vessel on.

"It shows," writes Mr. Monkhouse, "the most complete balance of power of any of Turner's greater works, being not less wonderful for choice of subject than for grandeur of conception and splendor of coloring. It proved what Turner could do when his imagination was thoroughly inflamed."

'CROSSING THE BROOK' PLATE II

THIS picture, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1815 and now in the National Gallery, London, is one of the finest works of Turner's earliest period.

In its composition it illustrates his characteristic method of regrouping the features of natural scenery to suit himself. Here, for instance, the foreground is a scene on the river Tamar; the headlands of Plymouth Sound, which was twelve miles away, close the view, and the space between is made up of bits combined from various other landscapes.

The picture is regarded by Hamerton as one of the most important in Turner's career in that it marks the transition from his earlier style to that of his maturity. "There are those who consider 'Crossing the Brook' to be one of his greatest works," writes this critic, "but here they are in error. The full splendor and power of his art were yet to come, yet this sober and admirable picture cleared the way, as a successful experiment, to an art which had no precedent."

'DIDO BUILDING CARTHAGE' PLATE III

IN 1815 Turner exhibited his picture of 'Dido Building Carthage, or the Rise of the Carthaginian Empire,' the best known work of his early period. It represents the Queen of Carthage surrounded by her subjects, superintending the building of the city that was destined to become the great maritime power of the ancient world. It is painted in the classic vein and is distinctly an echo of the work of Claude Lorrain.

Technically the painting cannot rank among Turner's highest achievements. The coloring, although not without a certain magnificence, is heavy, the lighting impossible, and the whole scene unreal and artificial; but with all its faults the skill of the composer makes itself felt, and in the way of color it is his greatest effort prior to his visit to Italy.

Although offered £2,500 for this picture, Turner refused to sell it. "It was reported," says Leslie, "that he had declared his intention of being buried in his 'Carthage.' I was told that he said to Chantrey, 'I have appointed you one of my executors. Will you promise to see me rolled up in it?' 'Yes,' said Chantrey, 'and I promise you that as soon as you are buried I will see you taken up and unrolled.' The story was so generally believed that when Turner died and Dean Milman heard that he was to be buried in St. Paul's, he said, 'I will not read the service over him if he is wrapped up in that picture.'"

Turner bequeathed this work and his painting of 'The Sun Rising in a Mist' to the National Gallery on condition that both canvases should be hung between the two pictures by Claude Lorrain which are now placed beside them.

'THE SLAVE SHIP' PLATE IV

'SLAVERS throwing overboard the Dead and Dying; Typhoon coming on,' is the title under which Turner entered this picture at the Exhibition of 1840. After being in Mr. Ruskin's possession it was brought to America, and now hangs in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

Of 'The Slave Ship' Mr. Ruskin has written with laudatory eloquence: "I think the noblest sea that Turner ever painted, and, if so, the noblest certainly ever painted by man, is that of 'The Slave Ship.' It is a sunset on the Atlantic, after a prolonged storm, but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of the sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high, nor local, but a low broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light. I believe, if I were reduced to rest Turner's immortality upon any single work, I should choose this. The color is absolutely perfect; not one false or morbid hue in any part, or line, and so modulated that every square inch of canvas is a perfect composition; its drawing as accurate as fearless; its tones as true as they are wonderful; and the whole picture dedicated to the most sublime of subjects and impressions—the power, majesty, and deathfulness of the open, deep, illimitable sea."

But other critics by no means echo the writer of 'Modern Painters.' The American landscapist Mr. George Inness wrote frankly that he considered it "the most infernal piece of clap-trap ever painted. There is nothing in it. It is not even a fine bouquet of color. The color is harsh, disagreeable, and discordant."

Justice probably lies between the two extreme opinions. In color, 'The Slave Ship' is one of those compositions in which Turner used the most brilliant of his pigments. As Mr. Hamerton says, "A lurid splendor was his purpose, and he hesitated at nothing for its attainment." About the details of the foreground there can hardly be two opinions. The sharks are quite unnecessary, the bodies in the water too many, the absurdity of the chains appearing above it too gross; the horror is melodramatic and overdone; indeed, as Mr. Monkhouse puts it, "one of Turner's finest conceptions is spoiled for lack of a little common sense. It shows a childishness, a want of mental faculties of the simplest kind, all the more extraordinary when brought in contrast with such great pictorial power."

'THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE' PLATE V

THE 'Téméraire' was a ship of the line which finished a warrior's career gloriously at the battle of Trafalgar, where, the second ship in Nelson's division, she led the van and broke the line of the combined fleets. Her injuries in that battle unfitted her for further active duties; and she became first a prison-ship, then a receiving-ship, and finally was sold out of the service. It happened one day that Turner, with a party of brother artists, was upon the Thames, when there glided down upon their boat the old 'Téméraire,' being towed to her last berth by a fiery little steam-tug. "There's a fine subject, Turner," said Clarkson Stanfield. Turner made no answer, but at the Academy Exhibition the next year, 1839, he exhibited 'The Fighting Téméraire, tugged to her Last Berth to be Broken up'—in many ways the finest of all his achievements. The picture, now in the London National Gallery, is brilliant and yet solemn in color. The sky is of a dull red where the sun is setting, with yellow rising up to the blue at the top. The tug is green, and her reflection in the water is a neutral brown. The lighting is obviously wilful; but apparently Turner's object was to give the 'Téméraire' a phantom look, as if already more a vision of the past than a present reality.

'THE SHIPWRECK' PLATE VI

'THE Shipwreck: Fishing-boats endeavoring to rescue the Crew,' as its full title is, was painted in 1805. It is now in the London National Gallery.

One of the best examples of this class of Turner's subjects, this early work is reminiscent of Vandevelde and other Dutch sea-painters; but the rendering of the heave and surge of the sea and the toss and writhe of the waves is a wonderful advance upon anything of the sort that had previously been accomplished. Mr. Ruskin, however, points to several faults in the picture,—the lack of spray, the fact that "all the figures in that boat are as dry as if they were traveling by wagon through the inland countries," and the deficiency in luster and liquidity of the waves—a deficiency the more remarkable because "in merely calm or rippled water no one rendered luster or clearness so carefully as Turner." There is little strong color in the picture, which is painted almost throughout in a leaden gray.

'THE BAY OF BAIÆ' PLATE VII

THE full title of this picture, now in the National Gallery, London, is 'The Bay of Baiæ with Apollo and the Sibyl.' The legend referred to is that of the Cumæan Sibyl, beloved by Apollo, to whom he granted life for as many years as she could hold grains of dust in her hands; but not being endowed also with perpetual youth, she wasted away, to become finally nothing more than a disembodied voice. The mythology of the picture is, however, but incidental to Turner's painting of the bay, "with the gracious splendor of the blue sea which made Roman nobles build palaces around it," and which was praised by Horace as unrivaled in the world. On the left is the Castle of Baiæ, and on the opposite shore distant Pozzuoli; but beyond these landmarks the scene is almost entirely of Turner's own contriving. Indeed, so far from a portrayal of the real Bay of Baiæ is it, that his painter friend, George Jones, wrote on its frame, on the Academy varnishing-day, the words "*splendide mendax*." When Turner saw the inscription he laughed and remarked, "All poets are liars"; but he never erased the words.

Painted lightly and with a refinement of execution which far surpassed his early work, Mr. Redgrave describes the picture when first exhibited in 1822 as "a vision of glowing beauty." Unfortunately, much of the beauty of its color has vanished, but we can still recognize that luminous quality which provoked one observer to exclaim when he saw it hanging among the other pictures at the exhibition, "It looks like a window cut in the wall!"

'VENICE FROM THE CANALE GIUDECCA' PLATE VIII

"MOST of Turner's Venice pictures," writes Mr. Hamerton, "are attempts to convey not exactly the sensation of color given by Venice itself, but an equivalent sensation. All of them belong to his late manner, and some of them to his latest. The characteristics which these works have in common are splendor of color and carelessness of form, the color being in most instances really founded upon the true Venetian color, worked up to the utmost brilliance which the palette would allow, the forms simply sketched, exactly on the principles of the artist's own free sketches in water-colors."

The 'Venice' here reproduced was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1840, and is now in the South Kensington Museum. Fortunately it has been well cared for and is in a much better state of preservation than many of Turner's other Venetian pictures.

'PEACE: BURIAL AT SEA' PLATE IX

TURNER painted this picture, now in the London National Gallery, to commemorate the death of his friend and fellow artist, Sir David Wilkie, who died June 1, 1841, on board the steamer 'Oriental' off Gibraltar on his return from a visit to the East, and was buried that night at sea. In describing the painting Dafforne says: "Little is observable of the sad ceremony; in substance the picture is only a steamboat temporarily at rest on the silent waters. Even the glare of the torches which light the sailors to perform their melancholy task fails to render visible the work they have in hand. Yet, nevertheless, the picture is a grand poetic conception, a work that arrests the sympathies of all who look at it. The canvas shows little color; it is covered only with mere modifications of black. The steamship is suggestive of nothing but a huge hearse, surmounted by black banners; the smoke from the funnel may be compared to a gigantic plume, tossed and driven by the night wind, while ship, and sails, and smoke cast their dark shadows over the surface of the sea."

Mr. Ruskin finds fault with Turner's endeavor "to give funereal and unnatural blackness to the sails." Clarkson Stanfield objected to this at the time, and Turner with characteristic obstinacy replied, "I only wish I had any color to make them blacker."

"Not even the 'Téméraire' itself, to our mind," writes Cosmo Monkhouse, "exceeds this picture in genuine pathos. If Turner could not express his sorrow in words, he could do so as no other man ever could with brush and colors. It is a picture to stand before with uncovered head, so deep and reverent is the grief in every touch."

'RAIN, STEAM, AND SPEED' PLATE X

MR. MONKHOUSE describes this picture as "the boldest attempt to represent abstract ideas in landscape that was ever made." The scene represents a train running at full speed across the viaduct of the Great Western Railway over the Thames at Abingdon. With the exception of the rushing engine, the near part of the viaduct and the bridge, the details of the landscape are left to the imagination, the whole being enveloped in a gray mist, illumined here and there with blue and yellowish tints.

Dafforne writes: "Along the viaduct, which seems to stretch miles away into the distance, comes the screeching engine, whose white, fleecy steam-puffs slowly dissolve on its track into the rain-mist. This is the great point of the picture, both of light and darkness, for with a daring license that none but Turner would have ventured to exhibit, the fire underneath the boiler is shown burning as brightly as if it were night, instead of day—a glaring red spot, with scarcely any radiation, surmounted by the black body and funnel of the engine."

The picture was painted when Turner was in his seventieth year, and was bequeathed by him to the National Gallery, London, where it now hangs.

A LIST OF THE MORE NOTABLE OIL-PAINTINGS BY TURNER IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

ENGLAND. **London, National Gallery:** Peace: Burial at Sea (Plate IX); Snow-storm; Approach to Venice; Chichester Canal; The Field of Waterloo; Calais Pier; The Tenth Plague of Egypt; The Shipwreck (Plate VI); Morning on the Coniston Fells; London from Greenwich; Fishing-boats in a Stiff Breeze; Snow-storm, Hannibal crossing the Alps; Death of Nelson; The Deluge; Spithead, Boat's Crew recovering an Anchor; Apollo and the Python; Vision of Medea; Garden of the Hesperides; Childe Harold's Pilgrimage; The Holy Family; Crossing the Brook (Plate II); Fire at Sea; Caligula's Palace and Bridge; Dido and Æneas leaving Carthage; Blacksmith's Shop; Venice, Morning, Returning from the Ball; Orvieto; Rain, Steam, and Speed (Plate X); The Meuse; Apollo and Daphne; Æneas with the Sibyl; Harvest Dinner; Carthage, Dido directing the Equipment of the Fleet; Richmond Hill on the Prince Regent's Birthday; Battle of Trafalgar; The Angel standing in the Sun; The Hero of a Hundred Fights; Mercury and Æneas; Mountain Glen; Harvest Home; Ulysses deriding Polyphemus (Plate I); Sun rising in a Mist; Dido building Carthage (Plate III); St. Mawes, Falmouth Harbor; The Bay of Baiæ (Plate VII); Destruction of Sodom; A Frosty Morning; Apuleia in Search of Apuleius; Cliveden on the Thames; Mountain Scene; A Mountain Stream; Petworth Park; The 'Sun of Venice' going to Sea; Jason in Search of the Golden Fleece; Fishing-boats bringing a disabled Ship into Port Ruysdael; The 'Fighting Téméraire' (Plate V); Windsor; Abingdon; Bligh Sands; Cottage destroyed by an Avalanche; Queen Mab's Grotto; Agrippina landing with the Ashes of Germanicus; Venice; The Prince of Orange landing at Torbay; Portrait of Turner (Page 20); Moonlight, a Study at Millbank; View on Clapham Common; Sea Piece; View of a Town; The Garreteer's Petition; The Birdcage; Pilate washing his Hands; Watteau Painting; Lord Percy under Attainder; Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego; The New Moon; War; Shade and Darkness, Evening of the Deluge; Light and Color, Morning after the Deluge; Whalers; Undine giving the Ring to Masaniello — **London, Royal Academy:** Dolbadern Castle — **London, South Kensington Museum:** Venice from the Canale Giudecca (Plate VIII); Vessel in Distress off Yarmouth; East Cowes Castle with the Regatta; Line Fishing off Hastings; St. Michael's Mount; Landscape with ruined Tower — **London, Soane Museum:** Van Tromp's Barge entering the Texel — **Sheffield, Mappin Art Gallery:** Van Tromp going about to please his Masters — IRELAND. **Dublin, National Gallery:** Lake Avernus: The Fates and the Golden Bough — SCOTLAND. **Glasgow, Corporation Gallery:** Modern Italy; Hero and Leander; Whalers entangled in Ice — UNITED STATES. **Boston, Art Museum:** The Slave Ship (Plate IV); Mouth of the Seine; Quillebœuf; Dido building Carthage; Rouen — **New York, Metropolitan Museum:** Grand Canal, Venice; Saltash; The Whale Ship.

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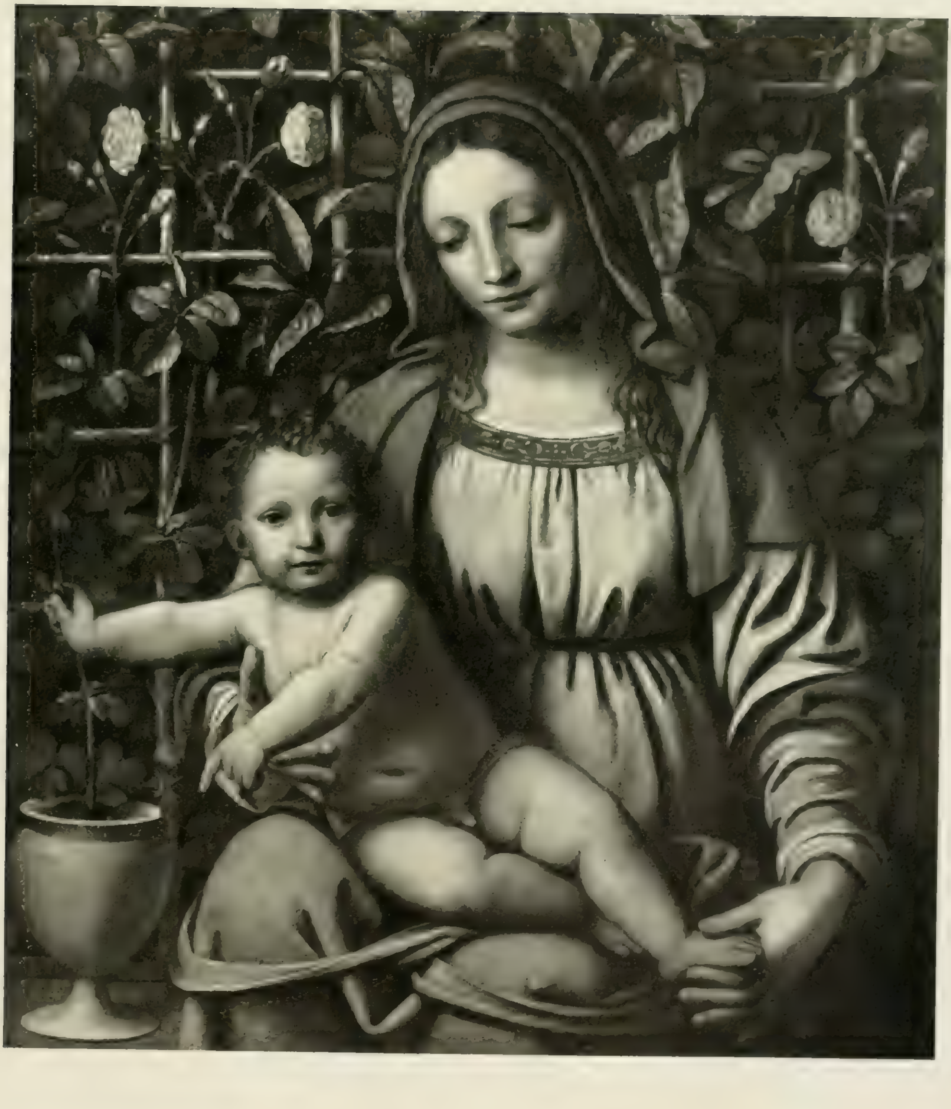
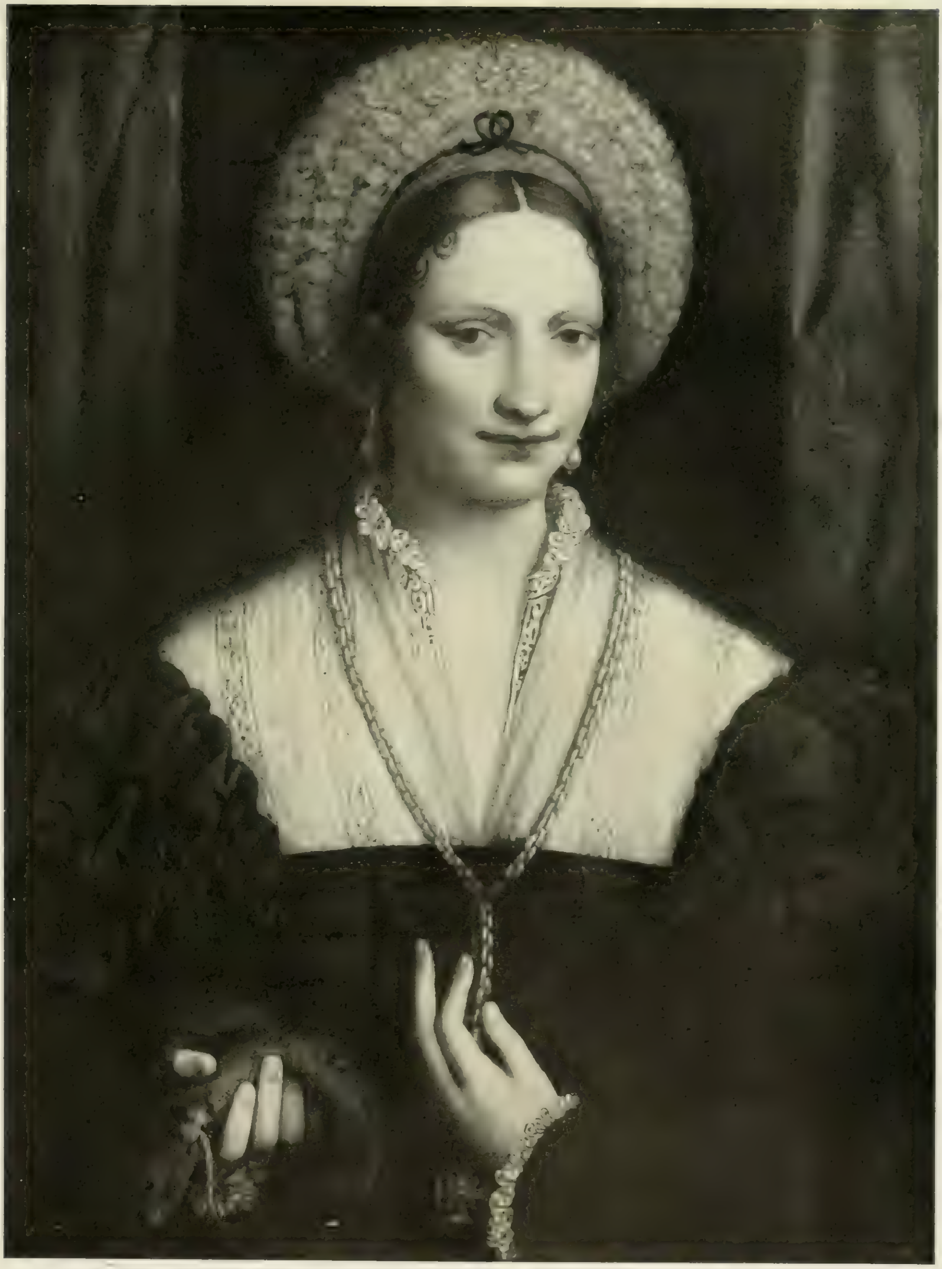


MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

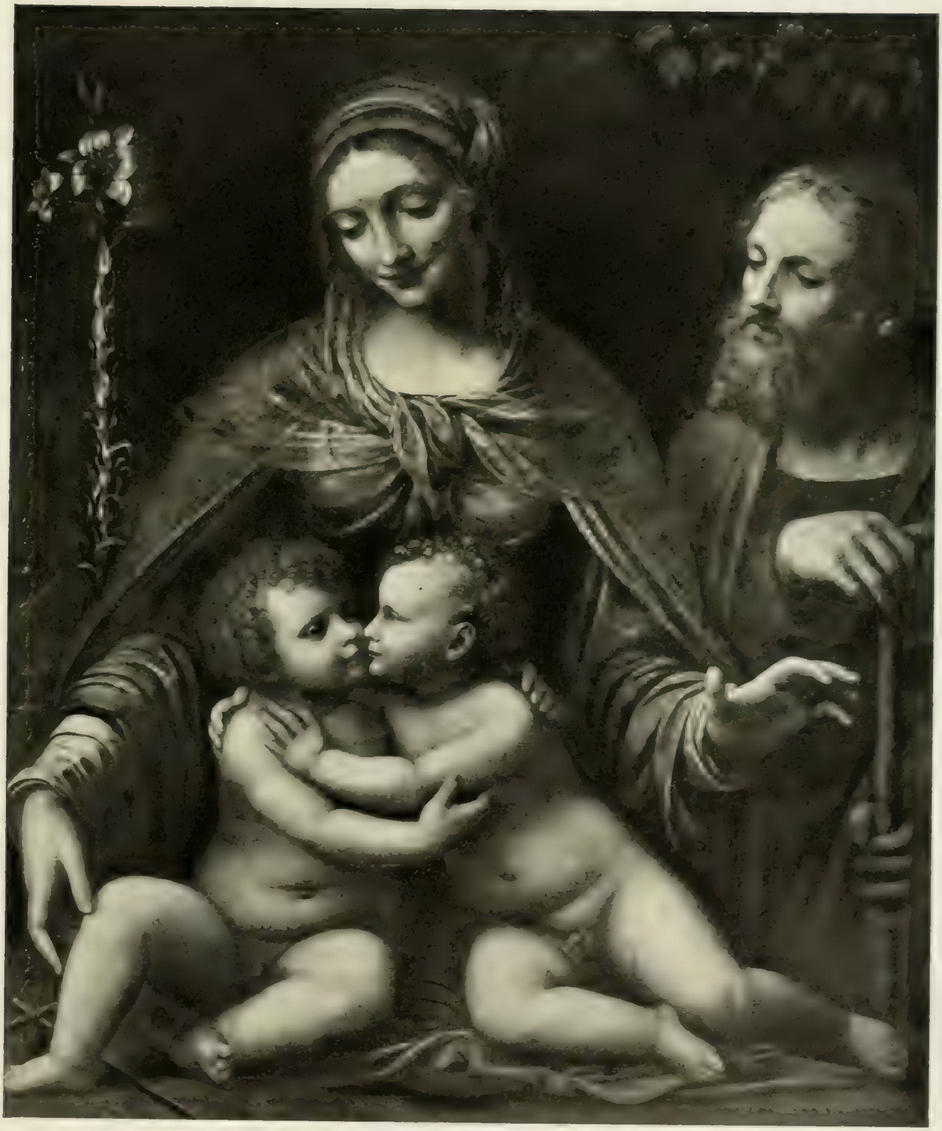
LUINI
THE MADONNA OF THE ROSE-HEDGE
BRERA GALLERY, MILAN



MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CIE

LUINI
PORTRAIT OF A LADY
COLLECTION OF R. H. BENSON, ESQ., LONDON



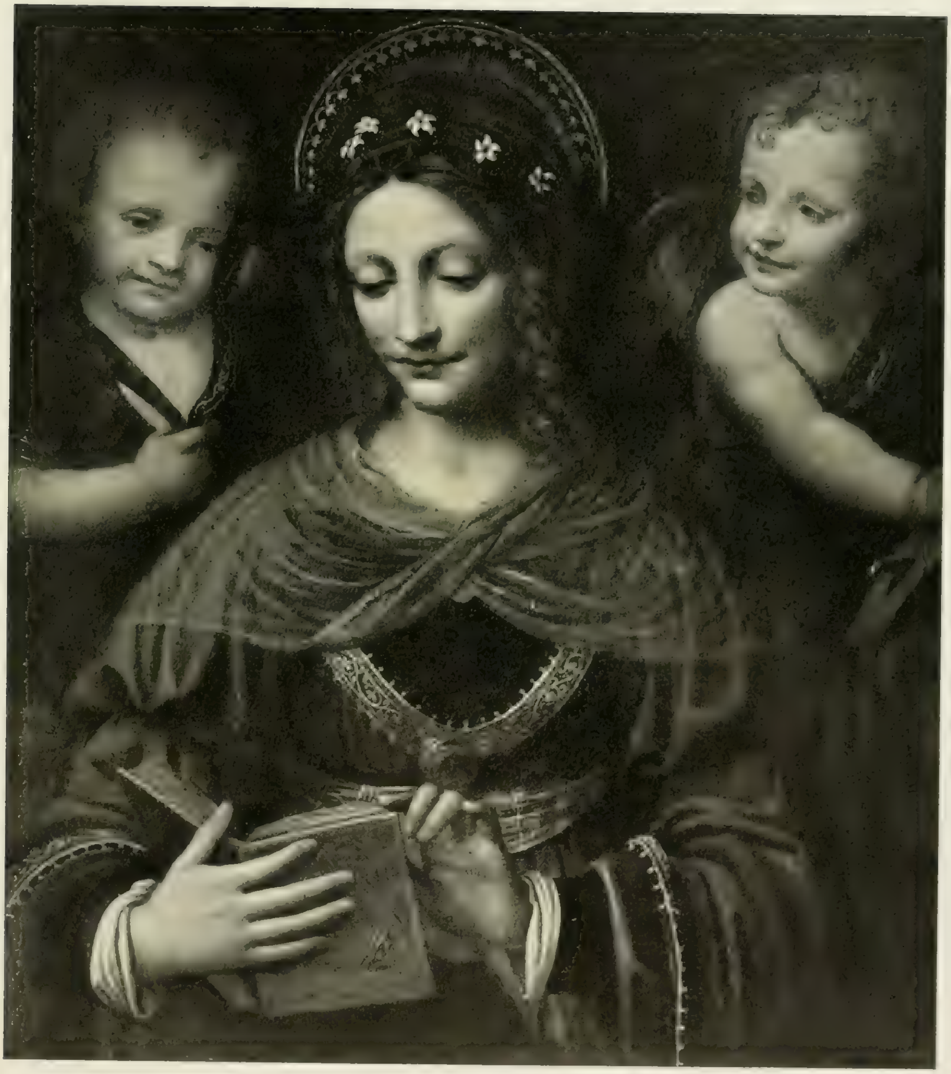
MASTERS IN ART PLATE III

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

LUINI

THE HOLY FAMILY

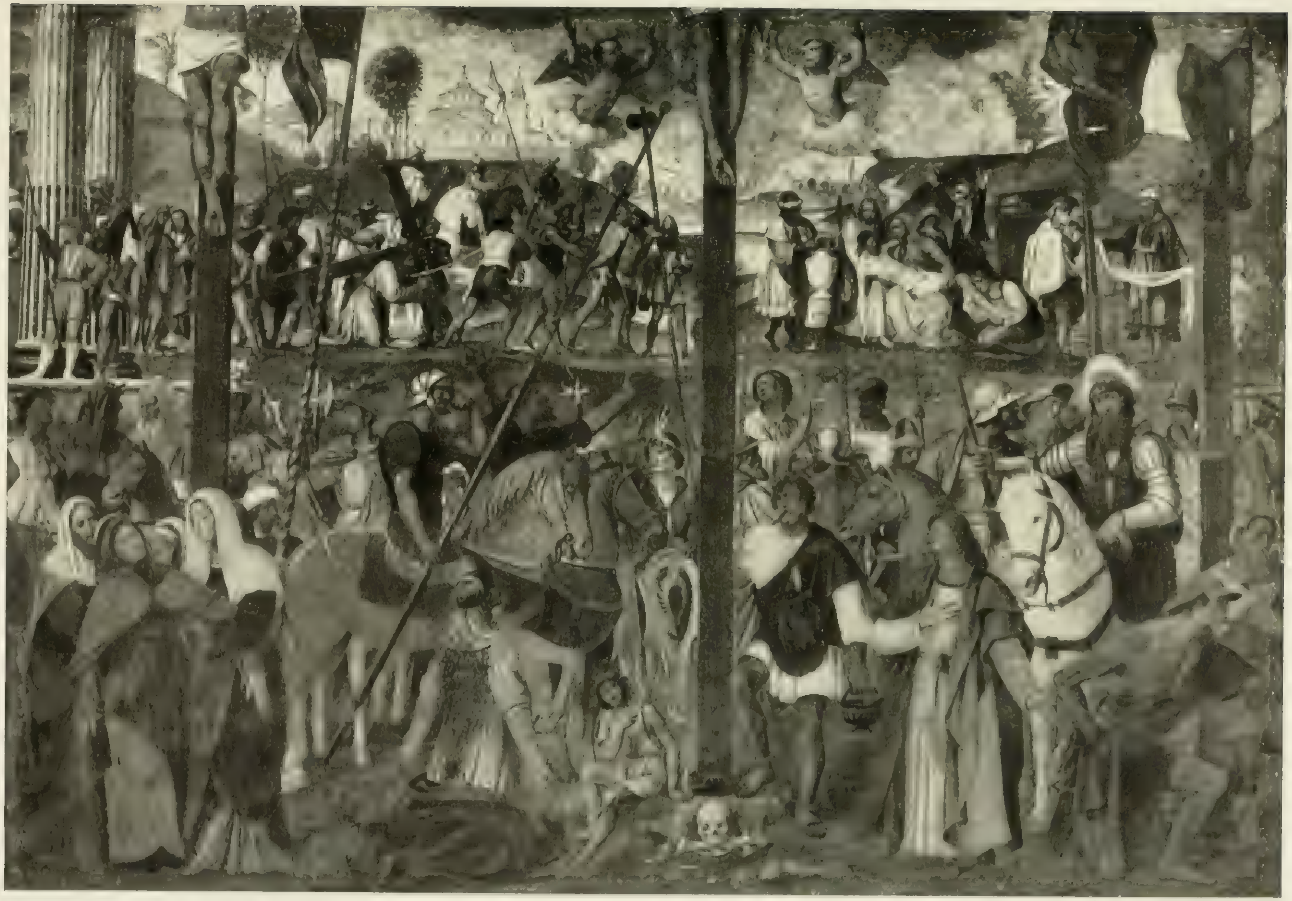
THE PRADO, MADRID



MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CIE

LUINI
ST. CATHERINE AND TWO ANGELS
HERMITAGE GALLERY, ST. PETERSBURG



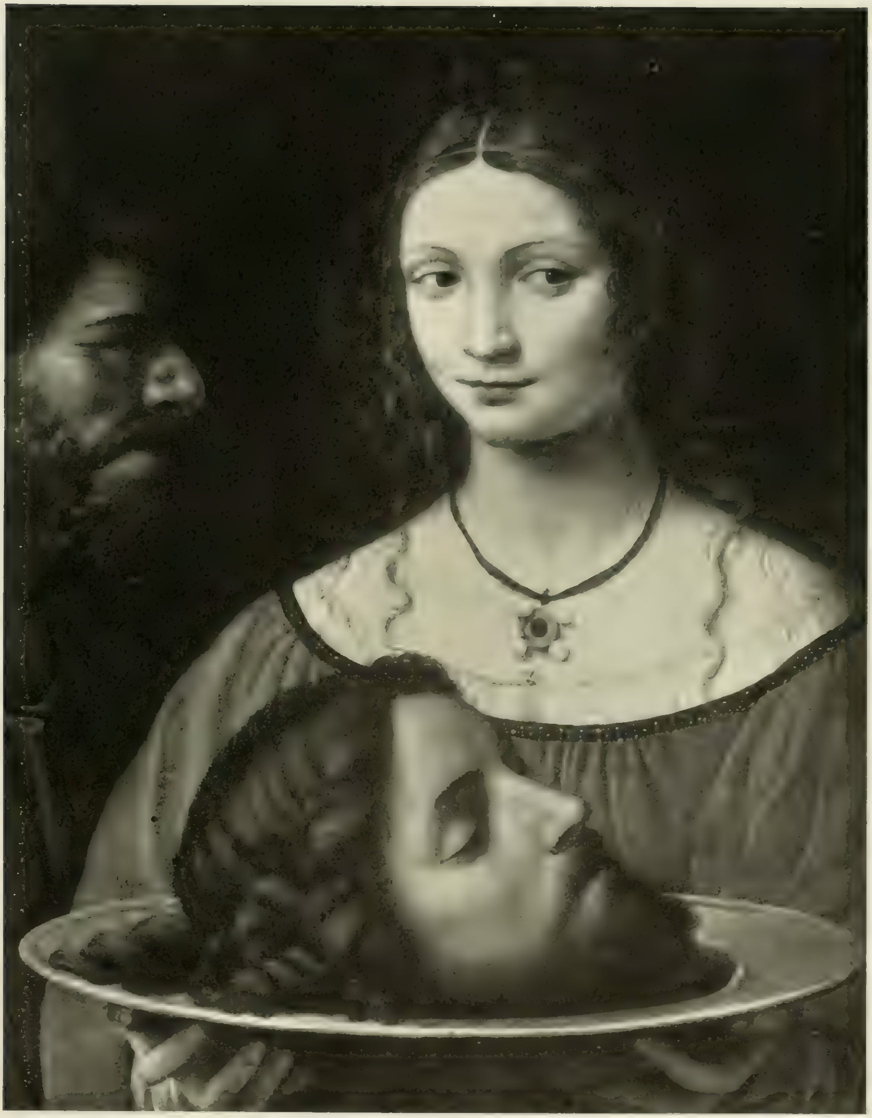
MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

LUINI

THE CRUCIFIXION [DETAIL]

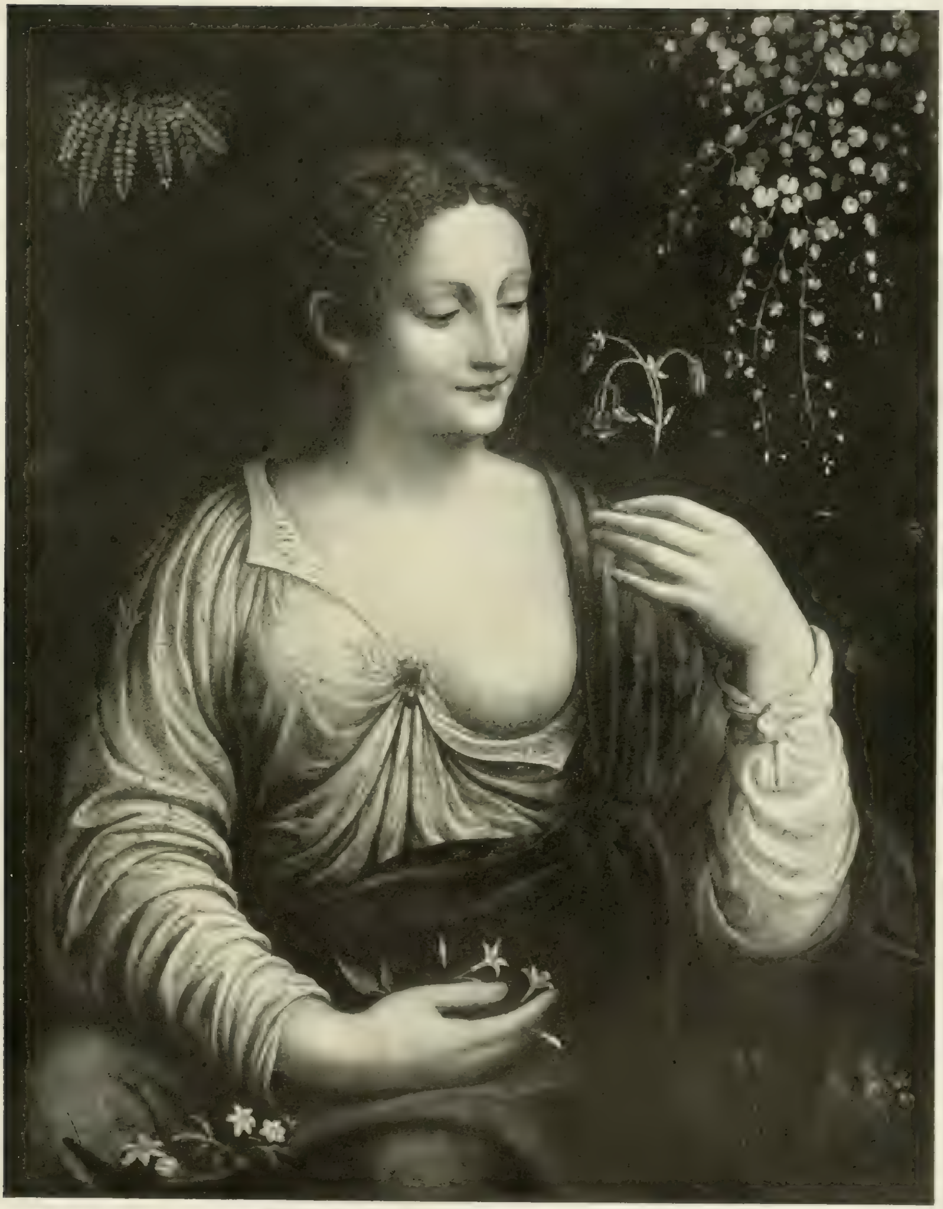
CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEGLI ANGELI, LUGANO



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

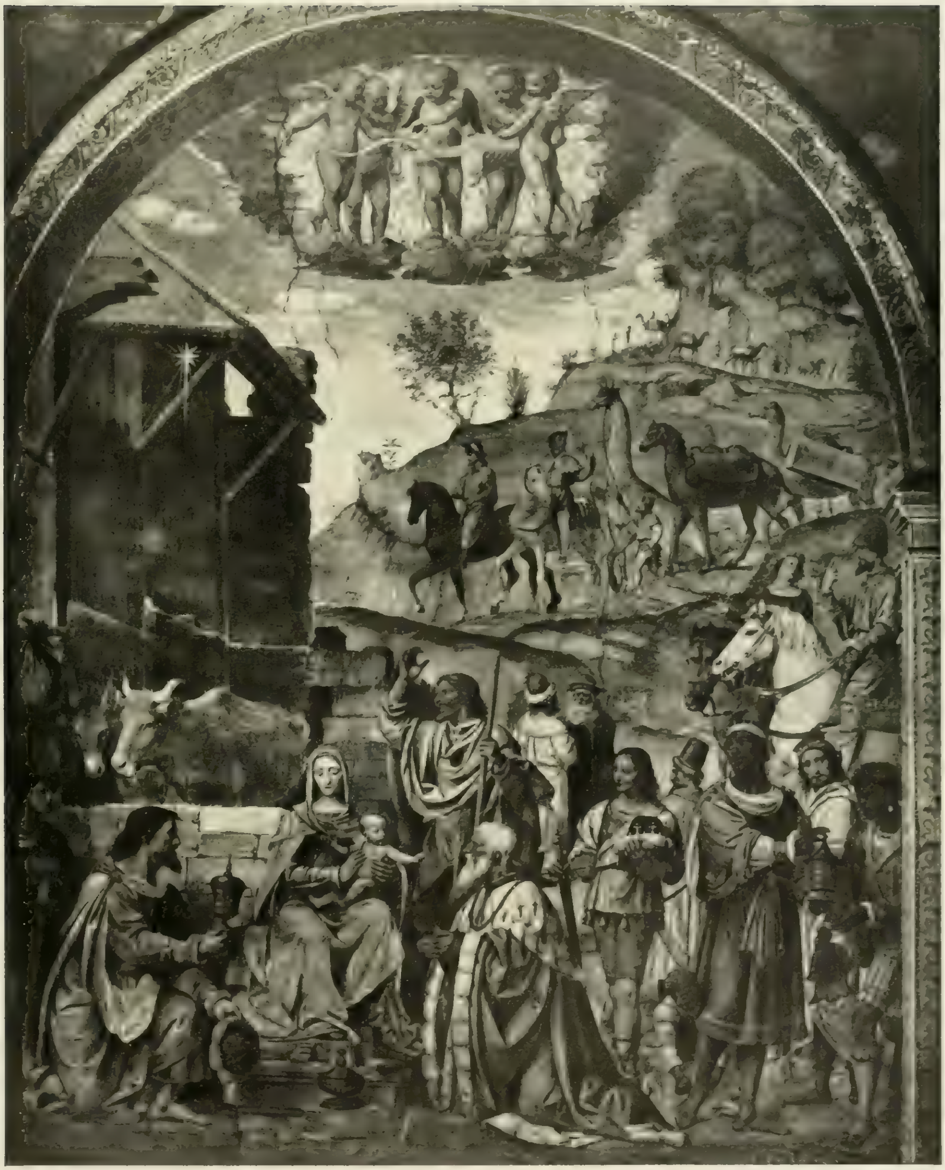
LUINI
THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS
IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

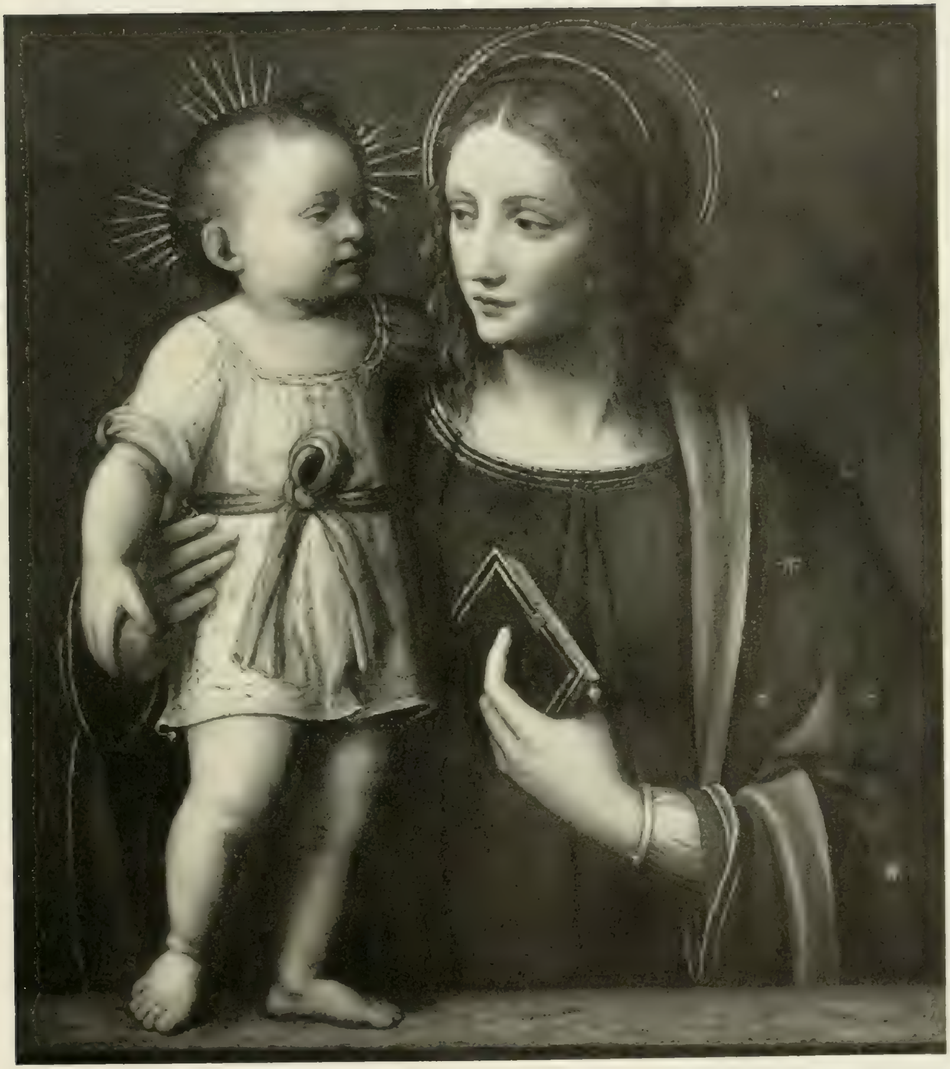
PHOTOGRAVURE BY THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

LUINI
'LA COLUMBINA'
HERMITAGE GALLERY, ST. PETERSBURG



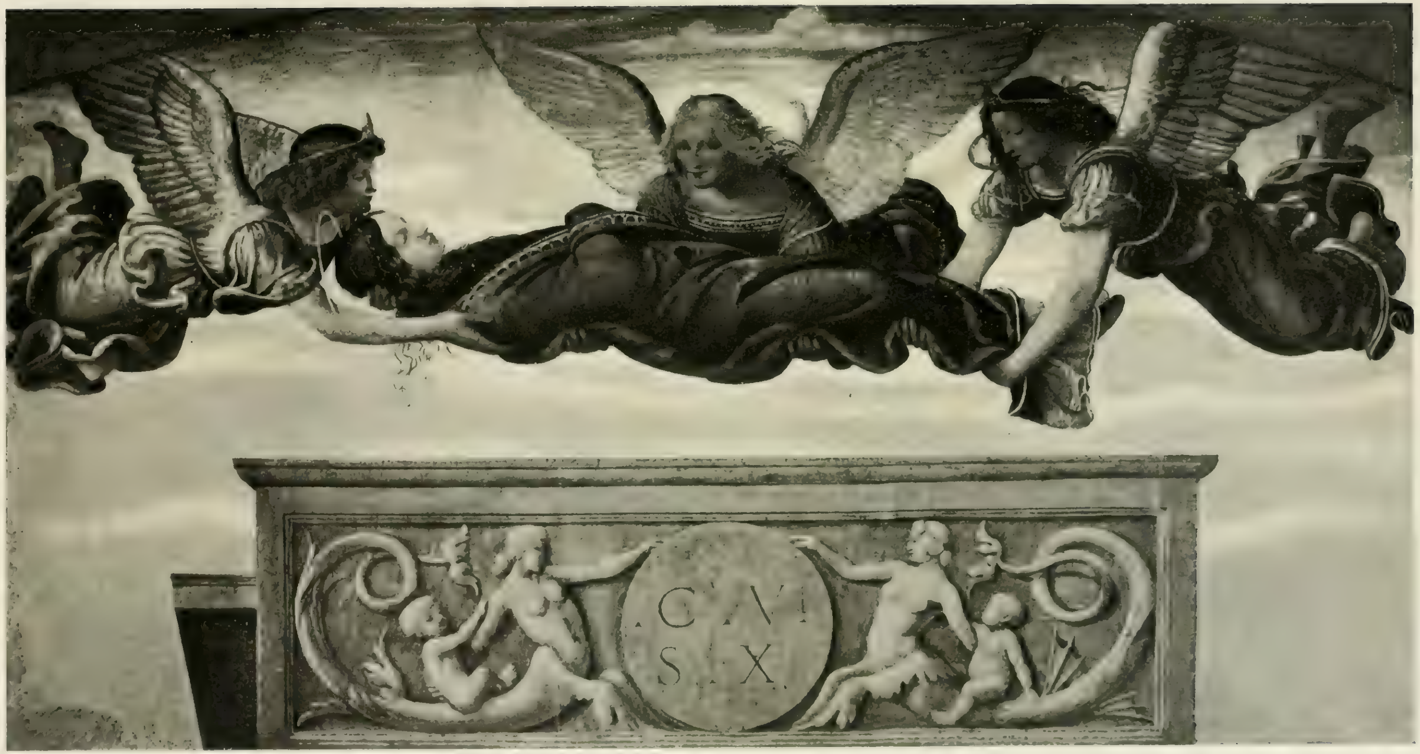
PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

LUINI
ADORATION OF THE MAGI
IL SANTUARIO DELLA VERGINE, SARONNO



MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

LUINI
MADONNA AND CHILD
LAYARD COLLECTION, VENICE



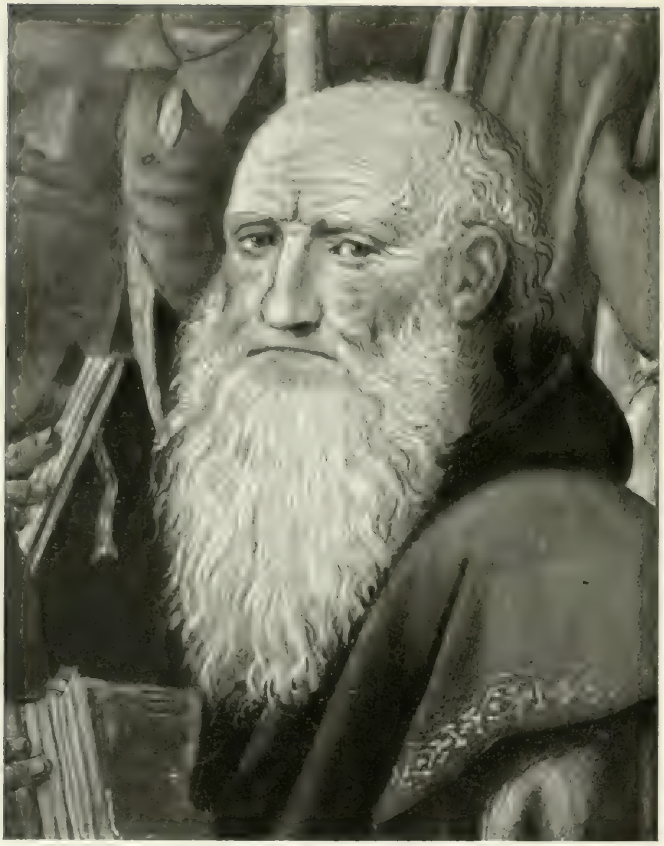
MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

LUINI

THE BURIAL OF ST. CATHERINE

BRERA GALLERY, MILAN



PORTRAIT OF LUINI BY HIMSELF

IL SANTUARIO DELLA VERGINE, SARONNO

Following a fashion of his day, Luini is said to have introduced his own portrait into several of his compositions. It is found in his picture of 'The Nativity' at Como, in the Lugano 'Crucifixion,' where tradition points to the centurion on horseback as a likeness of the artist, and, again, in the fresco at Saronno of 'Christ Disputing with the Doctors,' from which the portrait here reproduced is taken, and where he appears in one corner of the picture in the guise of a rabbi — a venerable old man with long white beard, who turns his kindly face towards the spectator.

Bernardino Luini

BORN 14—? DIED 15—?
LOMBARD SCHOOL

BERNARDINO LUINI (pronounced Loo ee′nee), "the Raphael of Lombardy," as he has been called, was one of the most charming as well as one of the most prolific of North Italian artists; and yet of the life of no other equally eminent painter of the period is so little definite known. It is generally accepted that he was born between 1465 and 1475 at Luino, a sunny little town picturesquely situated among somber chestnut-trees and gray olive groves on the shore of Lake Maggiore. From Luino, in accordance with a custom of the times, he took his name; and to this day an old house, reached by a steep path winding up from the lake, is pointed out to the traveler as the birthplace of the painter, for whom the neighboring street is named, and whom the inhabitants of the place confidently claim as a native of their town.

It has been stated that Luini was the son of one Giovanni Lutero of Luino; that he had a brother, Ambrogio, who was a painter, and two sons, Aurelio and Evangelista, who adopted their father's profession and assisted him in some of his works. We are further told that he went to Milan in or soon after the year 1500; and from the dates that he himself has placed on four of his great frescos, still in the churches for which they were originally painted, we have definite assurance of the scenes of his labors at certain periods of his career.

That all details of the life of a painter so famous as Luini undoubtedly was in his own day should be veiled in obscurity is due, in great measure, to the fact that for some unexplained reason Vasari, the biographer of so many of the old Italian artists, and the chief authority for all particulars that have been handed down to us of their lives, bestows only passing mention upon him, and not only furnishes us with no important biographical information concerning him, but, curiously enough, even misspells his name. "Bernardino del Lupino," he writes, "was an exceedingly delicate and pleasing painter, as may be seen by many works of his, a number of which are still in the city of Milan. At Saronno, a place about twelve miles from there, is a 'Marriage of Our Lady' by this master, which is admirably executed, as are also certain of his pictures in the Church of Santa Maria, which are most perfectly painted in fresco. Bernardino worked extremely well in oil also. He was a most obliging person, friendly and liberal in all his actions. To him, therefore, is deservedly due all the praise which belongs by right to those artists who do themselves no less honor by the courtesy of their manners and the excellence of their lives than by the distinction to which they attain in their art." Again, in speaking of some of Luini's frescos, he says: "The figures are good and beautiful and the work is carefully executed and very delicately finished." But that is all that Vasari, usually so loquacious, tells us of Luini; nor do other early writers add materially to our knowledge of his life. Lomazzo, a contemporary of the painter, says that in the year 1500 he was already a distinguished artist, and also speaks in praise of him as a poet; but no verses by him have been found, nor is there any trace of the treatise on painting of which another writer, Morigia, tells us that he was the author.

In regard to his works a similar ignorance has until recently prevailed. This is perhaps to be accounted for by the fact that his greatest achievements—his frescos—were located in small and insignificant places, such as Saronno, Como, Legnano, and Lugano,—towns seldom visited by travelers until comparatively recent times,—and also because his easel-pictures, scattered throughout the principal galleries of Europe, bore such similarity to the work of the great Leonardo da Vinci, by whom Luini at one period of his career was strongly influenced, that they were frequently attributed to the Florentine master. As a consequence, Luini was for long ignored or forgotten. Of late years, however, the researches of Kugler, Morelli, Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Brun, and others, to say nothing of the eloquent words of Mr. Ruskin, have re-established Luini's fame and accorded him the position in the history of art that the singular tenderness and beauty of his many frescos and oil-paintings entitle him to hold.

According to the writings of his contemporary Father Sebastian Resta, who states that he knew him personally, Luini was a pupil of Stefano Scotto, a Milanese painter, of whom little is discoverable. In Luini's early work, however, the influence of Foppa, the so-called founder of the Lombard school, may be traced in the sturdily built figures of his first frescos, while in the architectural backgrounds and the use of gold ornamentation, the influences of Borgognone and Bramantino are clearly discernible.

A 'Pietà' in the Church of Santa Maria della Passione, Milan, has long been held to be Luini's earliest known work, but recent critics now regard it as by some unknown painter of the Lombard school. In the Church of San Pietro, near Luino, however, there is an 'Adoration of the Magi,' and in that of San Giorgio al Palazzo, Milan, are five frescos, representing scenes from the life of Christ, which are evidently immature achievements; and the Brera Gallery, Milan, now contains many of the frescos originally in the Casa Pelucca, near Monza, which represent the most important works of his early period.

In connection with Luini's work in the Casa Pelucca, there is a story, albeit unauthenticated, which relates that when the painter was putting the final touches to his frescos in the Church of San Giorgio al Palazzo in Milan, he received a visit from the parish priest, who, interested in the progress of the paintings, and wishing to see them close to, mounted upon the scaffolding where Luini was working, and missing his footing, or, as some say, in consequence of a movement on the part of the painter, impatient perhaps of some ignorant criticism, fell over backwards and was instantly killed. The excitement and indignation which this event occasioned were so great, and so severely was Luini censured, that, in fear of his life, he fled to Monza, and sought refuge in the house of a prominent citizen of that place, the head of the Pelucca family. For two years he remained in the Casa Pelucca, the home of his patron and protector, decorating its walls with a series of lovely frescos of subjects taken from the Old Testament, from sacred legends, and from mythology. Meantime he lost his heart to Laura, the beautiful daughter of the house, who looked with more favor upon the painter than upon her numerous more eligible suitors. Two of these, however, Amarotto de' Gavanti and Federigo Rabbia, the latter Luini's friend, agreed to engage in a tournament, the victor of which, it was arranged, should be entitled to aspire to the fair Laura's hand. Fate decided in favor of Rabbia; but before he had addressed the lady his disappointed and treacherous rival attacked him one night and murdered him, and Luini, who was with Rabbia at the time, barely escaped with his life. No persuasion could induce Laura Pelucca to look with favor upon the murderer; and as she still persisted in her preference for the painter she was sent by her parents to a convent in Lugano, where, many years later, she was found by Luini when he was at work on his famous 'Crucifixion' in the church of that town. To this day the people of Monza point to a spot named "Torneamento," where they say the tournament between Laura Pelucca's suitors took place, and to another named "Criminale," so called from the crime committed there.

The Casa Pelucca, near the town of Monza, is now a farm-house, despoiled since 1817 of its frescos, many of which, as has been said, are now in the Brera Gallery, Milan. One of the finest of them is the 'Burial of St. Catherine,' in which, according to tradition, Luini reproduced in the face of the young saint the fair features of Laura Pelucca.

Luini is said to have removed to Milan in 1500, one year after Leonardo da Vinci had left that city and retired to his villa at Vaprio. It would seem, therefore, that Luini could not have been, as has frequently been stated, a direct pupil of the great Florentine; indeed, he probably never even saw the master; but there is no doubt that he was strongly affected by Da Vinci's powerful influence. "Milan, when Luini reached it," writes Dr. Williamson, "was full of Leonardo's fame. The skill of the great artist was freely praised, and painters from all parts of Lombardy and Umbria were working in Milan, eagerly copying Leonardo's productions, adopting his ideas in coloring, composition, and expression, and following his lead with determination and with skill. To paint in Milan during the period that followed 1498 was to paint in Leonardo's manner. It was practically impossible for a Milanese painter to emancipate his ideas from the Leonardo influence, or to escape from the Leonardo style of face and expression." No one felt more deeply than Luini the subtle magic of this fascination; and although no single picture of his can be said to be an imitation of any one of Leonardo's, all his works belonging to this period are more or less reminiscent of Da Vinci.

To this, his second period, his *maniere grigia* Morelli terms it, belong many of his loveliest easel-pictures, as well as many fragments of frescos which, originally in the different churches of Milan, have now been removed to the Brera Gallery in that city. One of the greatest achievements of this time, however, a fresco representing 'The Crowning with Thorns,' is still in its original place in the Hall of the Confraternity of the Holy Crown, now a part of the Ambrosian Library, Milan. The artist is said to have received for this work a paltry sum equivalent to about sixty dollars. Indeed all records show that the payments made to Luini were ridiculously small; but he seems to have been content, and would assuredly never have replied to a patron as Leonardo once haughtily observed when proffered payment in coppers for some work: "I am not one of your farthing painters!"

Luini's fame was now rapidly increasing, and commissions seem to have poured in upon him from all the neighboring towns of Lombardy. From 1520 to 1533 he was at the height of his power, appearing, as Morelli says, "in the fullness and freedom of his independence;" and to this third and last period belong his greatest works, both in fresco and in oil-paintings.

We hear of him at Legnano in 1523, at work on a great altar-piece in seven divisions, representing the Madonna and saints, which still hangs in the church for which it was painted. In 1525, as is proved by the date affixed to one of them, he painted a series of frescos in the pilgrimage church, Il Santuario della Vergine, in the small town of Saronno, between Milan and Como. The story goes that Luini had fled from Milan because, under circumstances that are unknown to us, he had killed a man in self-defense; and, seeking refuge in the pilgrimage church of Saronno, was compelled by the monks to paint a number of frescos there in return for the protection afforded him. The sum of thirty soldi, or about thirty cents a day, was allotted to the artist, together with a daily portion of food and wine; and so well satisfied was he with this modest remuneration for his services that before he left the brethren he painted for them as a gift a beautiful picture of 'The Nativity' on the cloister wall. "'T is almost a pity," said the good monks, "that Bernardino did not murder more men, that we might have received from him more such gifts."

Between 1526 and 1529 Luini was at work in Milan, fulfilling a commission from Allessandro Bentivoglio to decorate the interior of the newly erected Church of San Maurizio, belonging to the ancient foundation known as the Monastero Maggiore, where, with the help of assistants, he achieved what may be regarded as his most important and elaborate scheme of interior decoration. In 1526 he was at Como, where he painted three great pictures in the cathedral of that town, 'The Nativity,' the 'Adoration of the Magi,' and 'The Madonna and Saints.'

Three years after this Luini left Milan for Lugano, where he had been commissioned to decorate the screen of the Church of Santa Maria degli

Angeli, to paint a 'Last Supper' for the refectory of the adjoining convent, and to decorate a lunette in the cloister. The 'Last Supper,' although it bears a resemblance to Leonardo's great picture of the same subject, is different in the arrangement of its details, and full of Luini's own individuality. It has been removed from the convent, which is now converted into a hotel, and is preserved in the church itself.

Finer by far, however, is the enormous 'Crucifixion,' one of the largest single frescos ever painted. It covers the entire wall which separates the nave from the choir of the church, and is generally held to be Luini's masterpiece. This work bears the date 1529. That same year Luini was in Milan again, decorating, at the instance of Francesco Besozzi, a chapel in the Church of San Maurizio; after which, in 1530, he retired to Lugano to execute the last of his three commissions there, a fresco for the lunette of the cloister, representing the Madonna with Jesus and St. John. Again, in 1533, he seems to have been in Lugano, where an entry in the books of the convent shows that the last payment for his works there, a sum of fifty lire, was delivered to the painter in that year.

After this, all records cease. At the very height of his fame, in the full force of his artistic power, Bernardino Luini suddenly disappears from our sight. The date of his death and the place of his burial are alike unknown.

The Art of Luini

GEORGES LAFENESTRE 'MAÎTRES ANCIENS'

THE most eminent men of genius in any epoch may be compared to great forest trees that rear their branches into the sunlight, while their trunks remain in shadow, and the eye, attracted by their imposing magnificence, overlooks the smaller trees, their offsprings, which stand beside them. How many excellent painters at Rome and Florence were thus quite overshadowed by Raphael and Michelangelo! In Lombardy Leonardo da Vinci was a like overshadowing influence. But great as it was, Leonardo's genius was not an isolated thing; and the student who directs his attention to some of the lesser painters who were his followers and admirers will not find himself unrepaid.

Before Da Vinci's arrival at Milan, in 1483, the voluptuous and spendthrift court of the Sforzas had already in its service a number of excellent local artists, who may be divided into three groups, one following Bramante, another devoted to the culture of the antique after the example of the Paduans, while the third drew inspiration chiefly from the nature and life about them. Thus art in Lombardy was already in movement, and Leonardo only took the lead in the march and hastened its activity.

But in spite of his precautions to transmit the broadest traditions of art, the irresistible power of Leonardo's personality would, no doubt, in the long run, have produced the same fatal results in Lombardy that the influence of Raphael produced at Rome, and that of Michelangelo at Florence, had it not been for the course of political events. A series of revolutions, dating from the advent of Charles VIII. of France, in 1494, embroiled all Upper Italy and cut short the spread of any dominant influence. After the fall of his patron, Lodovico Sforza, Leonardo fled first to Florence and later to Rome, only returning to Milan to confide the care of his old age to the youthful ultra-montane conqueror, Francis I., who took him to France in 1516, where he died, shortly after, at the Hôtel de Cloux, near Amboise. His direct pupils and followers left Milan at the same time. His favorite, the charming and gentle Francesco Melzi, followed him into exile, and when, after the master's death, he returned heartbroken to Milan, he had ceased to paint and lived only in the past. Andrea Solario, also Leonardo's companion in exile, remained in France. Beltraffio had died in his early youth, before his master; and Cesare da Sesto, who had meantime become the close friend of Raphael, never returned from Rome.

The place which Leonardo had occupied was thus left vacant at Milan; and, having lost their leader, the Lombard painters regained, in a sort, their independence—if vacillation between the traditions of Padua and Florence, of Mantegna and Leonardo, can be called independence. There were, however, at this time in Milan two men of greater individuality, who were to become famous: Gaudenzio Ferrari, bold, daring, a lover of great spectacles and energetic coloring, and Bernardino Luini, sympathetic, charming, devoted to grace, and most susceptible to beauty.

No better example than that of Luini could be cited to prove with what power a great genius imposes itself on a weaker, though an even more than usually individual, nature. Luini was the faithful follower of Leonardo from a distance. Indeed, so closely did he adapt his style to that of Da Vinci that their works have, until recently, been commonly confounded, most of Luini's pictures having at one time or another been attributed to a master whose pupil he had in all probability never been.

With an artist so unequal as Luini always was, it is impossible to determine the sequence of his works with any precision in the absence of documents; but some of his frescos, now in the Brera Gallery, Milan, show, nevertheless, such involuntary awkwardness in parts that we may unhesitatingly attribute them to the fumblings of juvenile inexperience, and not to the carelessness of an accomplished painter. Yet, even in his early works, Luini's individual bent is clearly apparent. He already knows how to endow his figures with that naïve lovableness which was peculiar to him, and already shows, in his methods of grouping and action and his manner of expressing sentiment, that same charming and primitive simplicity which was more and more to single him out among contemporaries who were daily further and further misled by examples from Rome and Venice into attempting theatrical *mise en scène* and picturesque over-action.

Even in these early works, too, we may perceive that Luini was one of those Renaissance artists who most naturally apperceived impressions of the outer world after the antique fashion. Pompeii and Herculaneum had not yet come to light, and fragments of the works of Greeks and Romans were still rare, even in the Eternal City. It is doubtful if Luini could have seen any great number of them even in drawings, but he seems to have penetrated the spirit of classic art with an ease which can be explained only by a natural aptitude. His early compositions, by their simplicity, often recall the disposition of the classic bas-reliefs; and before more than one of his pictures we seem to catch some hint of a less sensual antiquity, a sort of Christian Pompeii, as it were. His lighting is always simple, without any violent effects of chiaroscuro; but the outlines are not drawn with the rigidity of the Primitives, and the soft coloring has none of that look of sharpness or dryness which was so common in the frescos of his own time.

He never, from these beginnings on—and it is perhaps one of his most delightful characteristics—seems to have made any of the pretensions either to ideal or technical elaborateness which were common with so many of the artists of his day. Throughout his whole achievement we find no touch of mannerism; and he owes his unfailing seductiveness to the surety with which he selected from common life the attitudes of grace, and to the unassumed elevation of a sensitive, beauty-loving imagination, which kept him equally from labored subtlety or banal trivialities.

The subjects, at least of his easel-pictures, are but little varied. 'The Daughter of Herodias,' 'The Holy Family,' and the 'Madonna and Child' were for him inexhaustible themes in which he might best show his exquisite understanding of feminine beauty and delicate appreciation of maternal love. His figures of women, taken from his own race, may be divided into two principal types, which seem to have haunted his imagination from first to last. One was the slender woman of aristocratic blood, fine, delicate, and white, whose blond waving tresses, dark passionate eyes, and insoluble and disquieting smile had already bewitched Leonardo; the other was the strong woman of the people, with square shoulders and fine ruddy flesh, thick black hair, and frank open eyes. His figures of the child Jesus or of the little St. John are always vivacious, dimpled, rosy children, true portraits of the Italian babies which he must have seen playing before the doorways beside the long dusty roads.

At a time when imitation of the greater masters of Rome, Florence, and Venice was the fashion, Luini had the good sense never to swamp his own natural and sympathetic expression in striving after great effects or *tours de force* of execution. Formed in the most cunning and skilful of all the schools of painting, he nevertheless, by the candor of his impressions, and the modesty of his expressions, remains linked with the Primitives. Like them, his religious subjects were expressions of the sincere piety with which his soul overflowed, not pretexts for the exhibition of artistic sleight of hand. Like them, he never ceased to welcome any sweet and simple suggestion which casual living nature might afford. Like them, he charms us by that sincere poetry which disappeared in the other Italian artists just in measure as they became enslaved by tradition.

Less knowing, less bold, less beautiful, less sure, than his master Leonardo; less careful in his execution than his co-disciples, Cesare da Sesto, Sala, and Solario; less various in composition and less rich in color than his companion and pupil, Gaudenzio Ferrari, he was superior to all of them, yes, even to Leonardo himself, in the sympathetic charm, naïve emotion, and sincere tenderness which breathe from his works. — ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

A. F. RIO 'DE L'ART CHRÉTIEN'

OF all the gaps which occur in Vasari's 'Lives of the Painters,' that which seems most incomprehensible and unpardonable is his omission of any adequate mention of Bernardino Luini. One would have thought that Luini's but recently completed works must have forced themselves upon his admiration, or at any rate upon his notice, for when Vasari visited Milan in 1565 he must have seen them everywhere, — in churches, in chapels, in all public places. He could not have remained blind to the admiration of the Milanese for them, and to their reverential esteem for the memory of the painter. In the face of all these reasons for having included Luini's biography in his history, Vasari did omit him, however; and it seems as though he must have been actuated by some reason stronger than any mere school rivalry. . . .

Whether Bernardino Luini was Leonardo's direct pupil, or whether he appropriated the master's style and manner, as far as in him lay, because of mere natural inclination for that form of expression, it is certain at any rate that no other painter ever availed himself so largely, and, be it added, so worthily, of the heritage left by the great Florentine. And yet, though from a purely external point of view none ever followed Leonardo so closely, it should be added at once, lest we do injustice to Luini, that there lay in his nature two qualities which were dominant even over his passion for Leonardo's manner. One of these was his religious sentiment; the other was his innate love of grace, — a grace as spontaneous and free from affectation as was his piety. From Leonardo he took his gracious types, and simplified them; his severe types, and softened, often weakened, them; but in many a picture, particularly those in which he painted the Virgin and the Child, or the saints in moments of fervor or repentance, he shows himself spiritually superior to Leonardo.

The difference, perhaps, was due no more to their differences of character than to those of circumstance and environment. Leonardo da Vinci played a princely part on the world's stage. His patrons were sovereigns. Every one of his rare brush-strokes was hailed with acclaim. For nearly twenty years he reigned supreme over the school which he himself had created. Luini, on the other hand, fell upon evil days, and doubtless bore his full share of the public misery and oppression to which Milan, the city of his adoption, was subjected. His patrons must have been principally those who wept for things present and prayed for things to come; and as the evil years followed one another without notable surcease, he was in no danger of lacking inspiration for the type of art such patrons desired. His mission, as it was set him by his times, was to delight the eyes of those in whom present misery had quickened the desire for beauty, and whose thoughts had been turned by temporal oppression to things of heaven. These circumstances may, perhaps, explain something of Luini's constant and unworldly grace, and the gentle melancholy and sincere piety of his saints and Virgins.

On the side of pure artistry, however, be it remembered that he never ceased to copy Leonardo's works, piously finishing—at least so the story goes—those that the master had left uncompleted. But in addition to the major influence, direct or indirect, of Leonardo, two minor influences concurred in affecting Luini's work. The first of these was upon the spiritual side, and came from Gaudenzio Ferrari, his coreligionist in faith and art, from whom he borrowed something of religious sentiment: the second was upon the external side, and was due to Raphael, from whom Luini borrowed to a certain extent in manner. But these secondary influences are not always easily apparent in his works. They are rather like undercurrents, which influence the drift but do not show upon the surface; and in the main we shall not misjudge Luini if we call him a painter whose style was an imitation, so far as in him lay, of Leonardo da Vinci's, but whose work was individualized and tinctured by a native grace and a sincere and unaffected piety.—FROM THE FRENCH

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA 'LUINI'

A SERENE, contented, and happy mind, naturally expressing itself in forms of grace and beauty, seems stamped upon all the works of Luini. Along with this natural sweetness of character, a dignified suavity is the most marked characteristic of his works. They are constantly beautiful, with a beauty which depends at least as much upon the loving self-withdrawn expression as upon the mere refinement and attractiveness of form. This quality of expression appears in all Luini's productions, whether secular or sacred, and imbues the latter with a peculiarly religious grace—not ecclesiastical unction, but the devoutness of the heart. His faces, while extremely like those painted by Leonardo, have less subtlety and involution and less variety of expression, but fully as much amenity. He began indeed with a somewhat dry style, but this soon developed into the quality which distinguishes all his most renowned works; although his execution, especially as regards modeling, was never absolutely on a par with Leonardo's.

Luini's paintings do not exhibit an impetuous style of execution, and certainly not a negligent one. His method was simple and expeditious, the shadows being painted with the pure color laid on thick, while the lights are of the same color thinly used, and mixed with a little white. His coloring is mostly rich, and his light and shade forcible.

G. C. WILLIAMSON 'BERNARDINO LUINI'

LUINI was a master of fresco work. It was the suitable medium in which to express his thoughts; the vision of his mind could easily and rapidly be placed upon the wall, and the very rapidity of the work and its sketch-like character were all in his favor.

He was a shrewd and dexterous colorist, his frescos are luminous and brilliant but never gaudy, his easel-pictures rich, deep, and harmonious. In fresco his scale of coloring is a low one, and his colors grayish in tone, such tints as salmon, orange, pale brown, puce, and cold blue being his favorites. In his easel-pictures a different scheme prevailed, and his tints are velvety red, delicate roses and greens, and intense purples and browns; but the result is always harmonious.

His knowledge of landscape was but slight; buildings are well drawn, mountains are well suggested; but trees are beyond him, and the sky, with its clouds (which curiously enough is never really blue in his pictures), baffles him altogether.

He was neither so subtle nor so profound as Leonardo. He was not so archaic as are Borgognone and Foppa, nor so architectural as Bramantino, nor so luscious and voluptuous in style and coloring as Gaudenzio Ferrari. His composition is not nearly so original as is Sodoma's, nor so well-balanced as is Bramantino's.

He was persevering, hard-working, and simple in his efforts, and has left behind him a vast quantity of work, very much of which is of the first order of merit. He was not dramatic in his expression, but rather lyric; not inductive, but deductive; not objective, but subjective. His visions were within his breast, they inspired his art, and his pencil reflected his own inner consciousness.

He cannot be called a great master. He was very weak in composition, his frescos are often too crowded. There is a poverty in his early efforts, a monotony and a sameness of feature, the domestic element is uppermost, the heroic or epic almost absent, the idyllic in the greatest demand. Later on, with the same general characteristics, comes the deep and intense religious devotion, and it is this which is the key-note of his life. Symonds recognized his wonderful power to "create a mood." His pictures, like a note of music, draw a corresponding chord from the heart; and this chord is, at the will of the painter, bright with joy or tremulant with sorrow and grief. His friends were, as Rio expressed it, "those who prayed and those who wept," and it is to them that he still appeals so forcibly.

The man's intense faith, his deep devotion, the truth of his religion, and his intimate knowledge of the mysteries alike of joy and of bitter sorrow are revealed by his pictures. His own tenderness of nature, the sweetness of his affection, his chivalry, thoughtfulness, serious disposition, and calm serene faith,—all these are elements of his life taught by his works.

JOHN RUSKIN 'QUEEN OF THE AIR'

LUINI is, perhaps, the best central type of the highly trained Italian painter. He is the only man who entirely united the religious temper which was the spirit-life of art with the physical power which was its bodily life. He joins the purity and passion of Fra Angelico to the strength of Veronese: the two elements, poised in perfect balance, are so calmed and restrained, each by the other, that most of us lose the sense of both. The artist does not see the strength, by reason of the chastened spirit in which it is used; and the religious visionary does not recognize the passion, by reason of the frank human truth with which it is rendered. . . .

Luini has left nothing behind him that is not lovely; but of his life I believe hardly anything is known beyond remnants of tradition which murmur about Lugano and Saronno, and which remain ungleaned. This only is certain, that he was born in the loveliest district of North Italy, where hills and streams and air meet in softest harmonies. Child of the Alps, and of their divinest lake, he is taught, without doubt or dismay, a lofty religious creed, and a sufficient law of life, and of its mechanical arts. Whether lessoned by Leonardo himself, or merely one of many disciplined in the system of the Milanese school, he learns unerringly to draw, unerringly and enduringly to paint. His tasks are set him without question, day by day, by men who are justly satisfied with his work, and who accept it without any harmful praise or senseless blame. Place, scale, and subject are determined for him on the cloister wall or the church dome; as he is required, and for sufficient daily bread, and little more, he paints what he has been taught to design wisely, and has passion to realize gloriously; every touch he lays is eternal, every thought he conceives is beautiful and pure; his hand moves always in radiance of blessing; from day to day his life enlarges in power and peace; it passes away cloudlessly, the starry twilight remaining arched far against the night.

F. T. KUGLER 'THE ITALIAN SCHOOLS OF PAINTING'

BERNARDINO LUINI holds perhaps the foremost rank among the Lombard painters indirectly influenced by Leonardo. He was not, as is generally supposed, a pupil of Da Vinci, but appears to have learned the elements of his art from one Scotto, a painter of whom nothing is known, passing afterwards into the school of Ambrogio Borgognone, who may be considered as his real master. It was not until much later that he established himself at Milan, and was influenced by the works of Leonardo. Whether he ever saw the master himself is doubtful. It was not until after 1510 that he imitated him, and adopted his second, or Leonardesque, manner, departing from that of his first teachers. It was more than ten years later that, in his third, or what is known as his "blond," manner, he completely developed his own style, showed himself a really independent master, and executed the works upon which his reputation is mainly founded. Luini was fortunately a very prolific artist, and painted in tempera, fresco, and oil. He rarely signed his pictures; only four, belonging to his last period, are inscribed with his name.

The great merit of Luini has been acknowledged only comparatively recently. The qualities of power and great individuality are not included within the range of his art; but in purity, grace, and spiritual expression, his works, in their appeal to the heart, take rank with the highest known. His career embraced the period of transition from the earnestness of the older masters to the feeling for beauty which marked the perfection of Italian art, and his works, especially those of his later period, embody both. Pictures by Luini long passed under the name of Leonardo; yet his type is so decided and distinct that his hand is now easily recognized. His likeness to Leonardo, in pictures of his second manner, is confined to a smiling and pathetically beatific expression common to both, but much more frequent in Luini, whose heads of women, children, and angels present every grade from calm serenity, sweet cheerfulness, and innocent happiness, to ecstatic rapture. The transparency and refined delicacy of his coloring and the accuracy and freedom of his execution place him among the first of fresco-painters, and as a decorative painter he is also almost unrivaled.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS 'RENAISSANCE IN ITALY'

WITHOUT Leonardo it is difficult to say what Luini would have been, so thoroughly did he appropriate his teacher's type of face, and, in oil-painting, his refinement. And yet Luini stands on his own ground, in no sense an imitator, with a genius more simple and idyllic than Da Vinci's.

To the circumstance of his having done his best work in places hardly visited until of late years may in part perhaps be attributed the tardy recognition of a painter eminently fitted to be popular. Luini was essentially a fresco-painter. None, perhaps, of all the greatest Italian *frescanti* realized a higher quality of brilliancy without gaudiness by the scale of colors he selected and by the purity with which he used them in simple combinations. His frescos are never dull or heavy in tone, never glaring, never thin or chalky. He knew how to render them both luminous and rich, without falling into the extremes that render fresco-paintings often less attractive than oil-pictures. His feeling for loveliness of form was original and exquisite. The joy of youth found in Luini an interpreter only less powerful and even more tender than in Raphael. While he shared with the Venetians their sensibility to nature, he had none of their sensuousness or love of pomp. The sentiment for naïve and artless grace, so fully possessed by Luini, gave freshness to his treatment of conventional religious themes. Under his touch they appeal immediately to the most untutored taste, without the aid of realistic or sensational effects. Among all the Madonnas ever painted, his picture of Mary with the trellis of white roses, and another where she holds the infant Christ to pluck a purple columbine, distinguish themselves by this engaging spontaneity. The fresco of St. Catherine carried by angels to Mt. Sinai might be cited for the same quality of freshness and unstudied poetry.

When the subject demanded the exercise of grave emotion Luini rose to the occasion without losing his simplicity. All harsh and disagreeable details are either eliminated or so softened that the general impression, as in Pergolesi's music, is one of profoundest and yet sweetest sorrow. Luini's genius was not tragic. The nearest approach to a dramatic motive in his work is the figure of the Magdalene kneeling before the cross, in the 'Crucifixion' in Lugano, with her long yellow hair streaming over her shoulders, and her arms thrown backward in an ecstasy of grief. He did well to choose moments that stir tender sympathy — the piety of deep and calm devotion. How truly he felt them — more truly, I think, than Perugino in his best period — is proved by the correspondence they awake in us. Like melodies, they create a mood in the spectator.

The Works of Luini

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE MADONNA OF THE ROSE-HEDGE' PLATE I

THIS picture, one of Luini's loveliest productions, was painted between 1515 and 1520 for the Certosa of Pavia. Early in the nineteenth century it was sold by the monks of that place to a private owner, and in 1825 was purchased from him for the Brera Gallery, Milan, where it now hangs.

In the general character of its technique the influence of Leonardo is apparent in this work, but the type of the Madonna, and still more the face of the Child, with its "expressive and far-seeing eyes," recalls rather the Madonna pictures of Raphael.

The Virgin, clad in a red robe, is seated in front of a trellis covered with white roses. A blue mantle is draped over her fair hair. "The sweet humility of her expression and the natural movement of the Child, turning to pick the columbine in the flower-pot at his side," writes Julia Cartwright, "are alike characteristic of Luini, whose perfect taste rarely fails to lend distinction to his conception, and of whom Mr. Ruskin has said with truth that 'he has left nothing behind him that is not lovely.'"

'PORTRAIT OF A LADY' PLATE II

IN his recent monograph on Luini, Dr. Williamson enumerates three portraits, and three only, by the hand of that artist,— 'La Columbina,' of which a reproduction is given in the present number, a slightly tinted drawing of a woman in the Albertina, Vienna, and this 'Portrait of a Lady' in Mr. R. H. Benson's collection, London.

It is not known whom this carefully painted portrait represents. The lady wears a dark gray gown with white embroidered chemisette and yellow headdress. In her right hand is a marten, and with her left hand she touches a long necklace to which a jeweled cross is attached. A green curtain forms the background.

"The work is an altogether unexpected revelation on the part of Luini," writes Signor Frizzoni, "but in the noble bearing, in the smile which seems to us like a reflection of Leonardo's 'Mona Lisa,' yes, even in the somewhat awkward arrangement of the fingers of his beautiful model, we recognize that this is unmistakably a genuine Luini."

'THE HOLY FAMILY' PLATE III

IN this panel-picture, painted in fresco, Luini has represented the Madonna standing with outstretched arms, infolding in her mantle the infant Jesus and St. John, who, seated on a parapet in the foreground of the picture, are embracing one another. Beside the Madonna is a tall flowering lily such as Luini frequently introduced into his compositions, and against the dark and shadowy background is the figure of St. Joseph, leaning upon a staff. The whole work is full of that tender pathos especially characteristic of Luini's Madonna pictures, which perhaps more than any others are like melodies and "create a mood."

The picture was sent by Philip IV. of Spain to the monastery of the Escorial, and was later removed to the Prado Gallery, Madrid, where it now hangs.

'ST. CATHERINE AND TWO ANGELS' PLATE IV

ST. CATHERINE of Alexandria was a favorite subject with all the artists of the Lombard school, and Luini has repeatedly represented various incidents in the life of this virgin saint. In the inner chapel of the Church of San Maurizio, Milan, he painted two frescos depicting her martyrdom; at Saronno we find her figure in one of the niches of the church; among his easel-pictures are two representing her mystic marriage, and others in which she is introduced as attendant upon the Madonna; and again, he has shown her borne by angels to her tomb (plate x). In the picture which is here reproduced we see her richly robed in red, and holding in her hands the book expressive of learning and eloquence, of which she was the patron saint. A light gauzy drapery is over her shoulders, and jasmine flowers, like stars, adorn her hair. Child angels stand on either side of her, one holding a palm and the other a wheel, emblems of her martyrdom.

This picture belonged originally to the Duke of Medina, and then passed into the possession of the kings of France. Subsequently it was at Malmaison, the residence of the Empress Josephine, and in 1815 was acquired by the Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg, where it now hangs.

'THE CRUCIFIXION' [DETAIL] PLATE V

LUINI'S vast fresco of 'The Crucifixion,' of which the central portion is here reproduced, covers the whole screen before the choir in the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli at Lugano, a space which measures some fifty feet broad by twenty-five feet high. It bears the date 1529, and is one of the last as well as the greatest of the artist's works. Unfortunately, it has suffered sadly from the ravages of time, and its originally rich colors have become blackened, and in some places effaced, by smoke and incense.

It has been said that in this celebrated fresco all Luini's virtues and his one great fault—failure in composition—are manifested. But although the work is far too crowded as a composition, and so lacking in unity that the spectator at first feels lost in the complexities of its design, the beauty of the single groups is so striking, and the devotional spirit which inspired the artist so marked that the picture cannot fail to be profoundly impressive.

In the center stands the lofty cross on which the Saviour hangs, a crucified thief is on either side, while crowds of men, women, and children, soldiers and horses, stand around. The air above is filled with groups of sorrowing angels which hover about the dying Christ; and in the distance, on a raised plateau, the consecutive events of the Passion are depicted.

Still farther beyond stretches a hilly landscape with a view of the town of Lugano and the church which contains the fresco. The style of the picture is, as Mr. J. Beavington-Atkinson has said, "a little out of keeping with its chronology. It survives, indeed, as the last masterwork which succeeds in reconciling the spirituality of the earliest Christian period with the perfect physical development of the Italian Renaissance."

The part of the fresco that is here reproduced represents the group of figures at the foot of the cross. In the centre stands Joseph of Arimathea bearing the vessel of vinegar in which a sponge has just been dipped. Near him is St. John, a figure full of beauty and pathos, standing with one hand upon his breast, his gaze upturned to Christ. In front are the soldiers disputing over the garments of the Saviour, and behind is the centurion on horseback, whose face is said to be a likeness of the artist. To the extreme left the Madonna is seen swooning in the arms of the holy women, and at the foot of the cross kneels Mary Magdalene, richly dressed, her arms passionately outstretched, her head raised to the Redeemer, her long hair falling in golden waves over her shoulders. "A sublime figure," Monsieur Gauthiez calls her, and Symonds says that in this kneeling Magdalene Luini more nearly approached a dramatic motive than anywhere else in the whole range of his art.

'THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS' PLATE VI

"SALOME, the daughter of Herodias, was often selected by painters as the theme of their pictures because of her traditional beauty," writes Signor Frizzoni, "and we know that this subject was treated by Luini at least four times. One of these works is in Florence, another in Milan, a third in Paris, and a fourth hangs in the Imperial Gallery, Vienna. In all four versions Salome's cold beauty, her regular features and rippling golden hair, are contrasted with the tragic spectacle offered by the severed head of John the Baptist."

The Vienna version, formerly attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, is here reproduced. Salome is holding a silver dish upon which lies the head of St. John, with its calm, peaceful face and long, dark, curling locks. Behind Salome is seen the executioner.

"Salome differs in features in each version of the subject," writes Dr. Williamson; "but her style of dress, her full bosom, only partially hidden by the undergarment, her long, rich, waving hair confined by a fillet, are similar in each picture. She is a beautiful, sensuous, and voluptuous woman, devoid of sympathy or tenderness,—characteristics which are marked not only in her face, but in her form and hands."

"LA COLUMBINA" PLATE VII

THIS celebrated picture has long been a subject of dispute among the critics. As was the case with so many of Luini's works, it was for many years ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci, an attribution which in this case seemed a natural one, owing to the fact that the face of the lady in 'La Columbina' bears a close resemblance to that of the Virgin in Leonardo's great cartoon of St. Anne in the Royal Academy, London. Mr. Claude Phillips, who calls 'La Columbina' "a puzzle," suggests that the reason of its indisputable fascination is that in its composition some drawing of Da Vinci's has been closely followed. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, however, pronounce the picture to be the work of Solario; Morelli attributes it to Gianpetrino; in the Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg, where it now hangs, it is catalogued under the name of Francesco Melzi; while Dr. Williamson, his latest biographer, unhesitatingly gives the work to Luini. It is the original of the well-known painting called 'La Columbina,' or 'Flora,' or 'Vanity,' which in 1649 was in the collection of Marie de Médicis, and after passing through various hands, was acquired in 1850 by the Hermitage Gallery, for the sum of 40,000 florins. Three ancient copies of the picture are in private collections in England.

'La Columbina' represents a young woman, probably some Milanese beauty, idealized after the Leonardesque fashion, dressed in a white gown embroidered in yellow, and with a blue mantle thrown over one shoulder. In her lap are white jasmines, and in her left hand she holds the spray of columbine that gives the picture its title. "The face is thoroughly Luini's," writes Dr. Williamson, "and resembles his Madonna faces, especially about the eyes. The posture of the hand holding the columbine so daintily is very characteristic, and Luini loved to express feeling, as is done in this case, by pose and gesture. The hands themselves and their wrists are very Luinesque, the parting of the hair, the dress, the falling of the draperies, and the gathered-up flowers in the lap all bespeak the same hand, but the flowers and fern in the background appear to have been added by another."

'ADORATION OF THE MAGI' PLATE VIII

IN the pilgrimage church of Saronno, Il Santuario della Vergine, as it is called, Luini painted a series of frescos representing incidents from the life of the Virgin. The fourth in this series, the 'Adoration of the Magi,' is here reproduced.

The subject was a popular one with the Milanese because of a tradition that an archbishop of their city, St. Eustorgius, who lived in the fourth century, had brought to Milan the bodies of the three kings who had journeyed to Bethlehem to worship the new-born Christ, and deposited the precious relics in a large sarcophagus in the church, which still bears the archbishop's name. After many years, however, when Milan was captured by Frederick Barbarossa, in 1162, the bones of the three kings were carried off by the conqueror and enshrined in the city of Cologne, but the Church of St. Eustorgius, in Milan, where they had reposed for centuries, was still regarded as a holy spot, and continued to be the favorite shrine of the faithful.

Luini painted the subject of the 'Adoration of the Magi' again and again, and never more successfully than in the pilgrimage church of Saronno. He has observed the traditional ordering of the subject. The scene is laid out-of-doors. The Virgin, young and beautiful with a beauty as far removed from the slender and somewhat angular type of the fifteenth-century masters as from the massive figures already coming into vogue in the Roman school, is clad in a pale blue mantle and pink robe. Seated in front of a ruined stable, she presents the Holy Child to the three strange kings who have come from afar to worship him. One of these, an old man with a long white beard, kneels before the Mother and Child with clasped hands, the folds of his orange-colored mantle falling about him. The second king, cap in one hand and golden chalice in the other, kneels on the left of the Virgin, and the third, a Moor, richly dressed and wearing a gold crown upon his white turban, is at the right. St. Joseph, his hand uplifted in thanksgiving, stands near; various attendants of the kings are grouped around; and in the distance a long train of riders leading camels and a giraffe slowly descends the road that winds among the hills. The star of the east is in mid-air, and in the clouds above is a choir of five little angels singing the "Gloria in Excelsis" from a scroll held in their hands.

"This version of the oft-repeated subject," writes Julia Cartwright, "is remarkable alike for the freshness and originality of the conception and for the brilliancy of the execution. It unites the splendor and festive gaiety of the Renaissance with that tender and reverent feeling that marks all Luini's works."

'MADONNA AND CHILD' PLATE IX

THIS picture, which, it is said, Luini painted for a convent of nuns, is now in the Layard Collection, Venice. It is a beautiful example of that art defined by Mr. Selwyn Brinton as "not reflective, nor introspective, nor subtly intellectual, as was that of Leonardo, but sweet, open, steeped in the sense of beauty, deeply devotional, and always entirely fascinating."

The Child, clad in a little embroidered tunic, stands on a parapet holding an apple in one hand, while the other arm is around the neck of his mother, who, with her right arm placed protectingly about him, gazes at him with a look in which is seen that presentiment of coming sorrow which the artist so often expressed in the faces of his Madonnas.

This picture, and one similar to it in the Louvre, contain almost the only representations of the Madonna by Luini in which the eyes are fully seen. Usually he painted her with lowered eyelids, and frequently with a veil covering a portion of her forehead.

'THE BURIAL OF ST. CATHERINE' PLATE X

"AND when St. Catherine was dead," says the legend, "angels came and took her body, and carried it over the desert, and over the Red Sea, till they deposited it on the summit of Mt. Sinai. There it rested in a marble sarcophagus." It is this scene which is represented in this early fresco by Luini, painted originally for the Casa Pelucca, near Monza, and now in the Brera Gallery, Milan. The fresco was executed, so the story goes, while

Luini was living at the Casa Pelucca, whither (as is related in the foregoing life) he had fled for protection when charged with having caused the death of a priest who had fallen from a scaffold where the painter was at work. It was during this sojourn that Luini fell in love with Laura Pelucca; and tradition has it that the St. Catherine of the fresco bears her likeness.

Exquisitely perfect in design, sentiment, and workmanship, Luini never exceeded the mystic beauty of this decorative fresco. The colors of the draperies are green, red, yellow, and brownish-purple, shaded with darker hues of the same tints. The angel in the center has fair hair, the others auburn, bound in each case with gold fillets. Gold is also introduced in the nimbuses and borders of the robes.

"Luini not only knew how to create the most poetic figures," writes Eugène Müntz, "but excelled also, as in 'The Burial of St. Catherine,' in the invention of themes as picturesque as they were original. In the lower part of this fresco is the sarcophagus, adorned with bas-reliefs representing mermaids, and inscribed with the letters 'c. v. s. x.'—*Caterina Virgo Sponsa Christi.* In the air are three angels who bear with tender care the body of the young saint, chastely wrapped in its long draperies. The plastic simplicity of this group, its harmony, its rhythm, defy all analysis, and class Luini in the first rank of Italian painters. I do not hesitate to say that Leonardo himself could not have given to one of his compositions such clearness, such grace of outline, and so decorative an arrangement."

Rio says of this work: "It is a truly heavenly inspiration, and may be compared with the most perfect productions of mystic art in Tuscany and Umbria. I doubt if even the beatific painter of Fiesole, Fra Angelico, through the prism of his celestial visions, ever dreamed of a figure more lovely than that of St. Catherine borne by angels to her tomb on Mt. Sinai."

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY LUINI WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA. Budapest Gallery: Holy Family; Madonna and Child—Vienna, Imperial Gallery: The Daughter of Herodias (Plate vi)—Vienna, Czernin Gallery: Madonna and Child—ENGLAND. Ashridge Park, Earl Brownlow's Collection: Madonna with Saints and Donor (fresco)—Brighton, Collection of the Misses Cohen: Head of Christ—Knutsford, Collection of Colonel A. Cornwall Legh: Marriage of St. Catherine—London, National Gallery: Christ Disputing with the Doctors—London, South Kensington Museum: Two figures of Saints (fresco); The Ascension (fresco)—London, Wallace Collection: Madonna and Child (*bis*); A Child-genius holding Grapes (fresco)—London, Collection of Dr. Abercrombie: Five frescos—London, Collection of R. H. Benson, Esq: Portrait of a Lady (Plate ii); The Nativity; Three Panels of a Predella—London, Dorchester House: 'La Columbina'—London, Sir William Farrer's Collection: Three Angels—London, Hyde Park House: Madonna, Child, and Saints—London, Lansdowne House: Lady with a Vase—London, Collection of Ludwig Mond, Esq: Madonna, Child, and St. John; St. Catherine of Alexandria and Angels; Venus—Maidenhead, Collection of W. H. Grenfell, Esq: Holy Family—Peterborough, Countess of Caryfort's Collection: Boy with a Toy—Richmond, Sir Francis Cook's Collection: Madonna with St. George—Stratton Park, Earl of Northbrook's Collection: Madonna—FRANCE. Chantilly, Condé Museum: Infant Christ; Two Heads (frescos)—

Paris, Louvre: Holy Family; Infant Jesus Asleep; The Daughter of Herodias; Vulcan's Forge (fresco); The Nativity (fresco); Adoration of the Magi (fresco); Annunciation (fresco); Christ (fresco); Child seated (fresco); Child kneeling (fresco); Head of a Girl (fresco) — Paris, Collection of Signor E. Cernuschi: Fragments of frescos from Casa Pelucca — Paris, Collection of Monsieur de Reizel: Infant Christ — Paris, Collection of Baron Edmond de Rothschild: Martha and Mary Magdalene — Paris, Baron Alphonse de Rothschild's Collection: Madonna and Child — GERMANY. Berlin Gallery: Madonna and Child — ITALY. Bergamo, Lochis Collection: The Nativity — Bergamo, Morelli Collection: Madonna, Child, and St. John — Como, Cathedral: The Nativity; Adoration of the Magi; Madonna and Saints; St. Sebastian; St. Christopher — Florence, Pitti Palace: Magdalene; St. Catherine; Woman's Head — Florence, Uffizi Gallery: Holy Family; Beheading of John the Baptist; The Daughter of Herodias — Legnano, Church of San Magno: Altar-piece of Madonna and Saints — Luino, Church of San Pietro: Adoration of the Magi (fresco); St. Peter (fresco) — Milan, Brera Gallery: Virgin, Child, and St. John with a Lamb (fresco); St. Joseph and the Virgin (fresco); Child crowned with Laurel (fresco); Girls playing at Forfeits (fresco); Young Woman (fresco); Two Jesters (fresco); Flying Angel (fresco); Head of a Woman (fresco); St. Joseph chosen as the Spouse of the Virgin (fresco); The Redeemer (fresco); The Resurrection (fresco); St. Ursula (fresco); Angels Playing the Timbrel (fresco); St. Thomas Aquinas (fresco); The Visitation (fresco); Presentation of the Virgin (fresco); Apollo and Daphne (fresco); Habakkuk and the Angel (fresco); Two Angels in Adoration (frescos); Two Heads of Men (frescos); Virgin and Saints (fresco); Birth of the Virgin (fresco); God the Father (fresco); Meeting of Joachim and Anna (fresco); Burial of St. Catherine (fresco) (Plate x); Angel with Incense-boat (fresco); St. Marcella (fresco); Sacrifice to Pan (fresco); Education of the Virgin (fresco); St. Martha (fresco); Angel with Censer (fresco); Presentation of the Virgin (fresco); Israelites leaving Egypt (fresco); Dream of St. Joseph (fresco); Madonna, Child, and Saints (fresco); Madonna, Child, and St. Anne (fresco); Birth of Adonis (fresco); Noah derided by Ham; Madonna of the Rose-hedge (Plate i); Madonna and Child — Milan, Ambrosian Library: The Crowning with Thorns (fresco); Holy Family; Christ in Benediction; John the Baptist with a Lamb — Milan, Museo Borromeo: The Chaste Susanna; Madonna; Madonna and Saints; The Daughter of Herodias — Milan, Palazzo Reale: Fifteen frescos from Casa Pelucca — Milan, Church of San Maurizio: [altar-screen] Figures of Saints, Kneeling Donors, Assumption of the Virgin, King Sigismond presenting the Church to St. Maurice, Martyrdom of St. Maurice (frescos); [chapel] Christ bound to the Column (fresco); [nun's choir] Scenes from the Life of Christ (frescos); St. Apollonia, St. Lucy, St. Catherine, St. Agnes, St. Sebastian, St. Roch (frescos) — Milan, Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie: Madonna, Saints, and Donor (fresco) — Milan, Church of San Giorgio al Palazzo: Entombment and Crowning with Thorns, Scourging and Ecce Homo, Crucifixion (frescos) — Milan, Poldi Pezzoli Museum: Marriage of St. Catherine; Tobit and the Angel; St. Jerome; Adoration of the Christ-child — Milan, Palazzo Scotti: Madonna and Saints — Monza, Cathedral: St. Gerard — Naples Museum: Madonna and Child; John the Baptist — Pavia, Certosa: Madonna and Child (fresco); St. Sebastian and St. Christopher (fresco) — Ponte in the Valtellina, Church: St. Mary and St. Martin (fresco) — Rome, Albani Palace: Madonna and Child — Saronno, Santuario della Vergine: Marriage of the Virgin (fresco); Christ disputing with the Doctors (fresco); Adoration of the Magi (fresco) (Plate viii); The Nativity (fresco); St. Apollonia, St. Catherine, St. Roch, and St. Sebastian (frescos) — Venice, Layard Collection: Madonna and Child (Plate ix) — RUSSIA. St. Petersburg, Hermitage Gallery: St. Catherine and Two Angels (Plate iv); St. Sebastian; 'La Columbina' (Plate vii) — SCOTLAND. Duns, Langton House: The Annunciation — SPAIN. Madrid, The Prado: Holy Family (fresco) (Plate iii); The Daughter of Herodias; The Christ-child and St. John (fresco) — SWITZERLAND. Lugano, Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli: The Crucifixion (fresco) (see Plate v); St. Sebastian and St. Roch (frescos); The Last Supper; Madonna, Child, and St. John — WALES. Cardiff, Lord Windsor's Collection: The Nativity.

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131

MASTERS in ART

131 28

THE ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART